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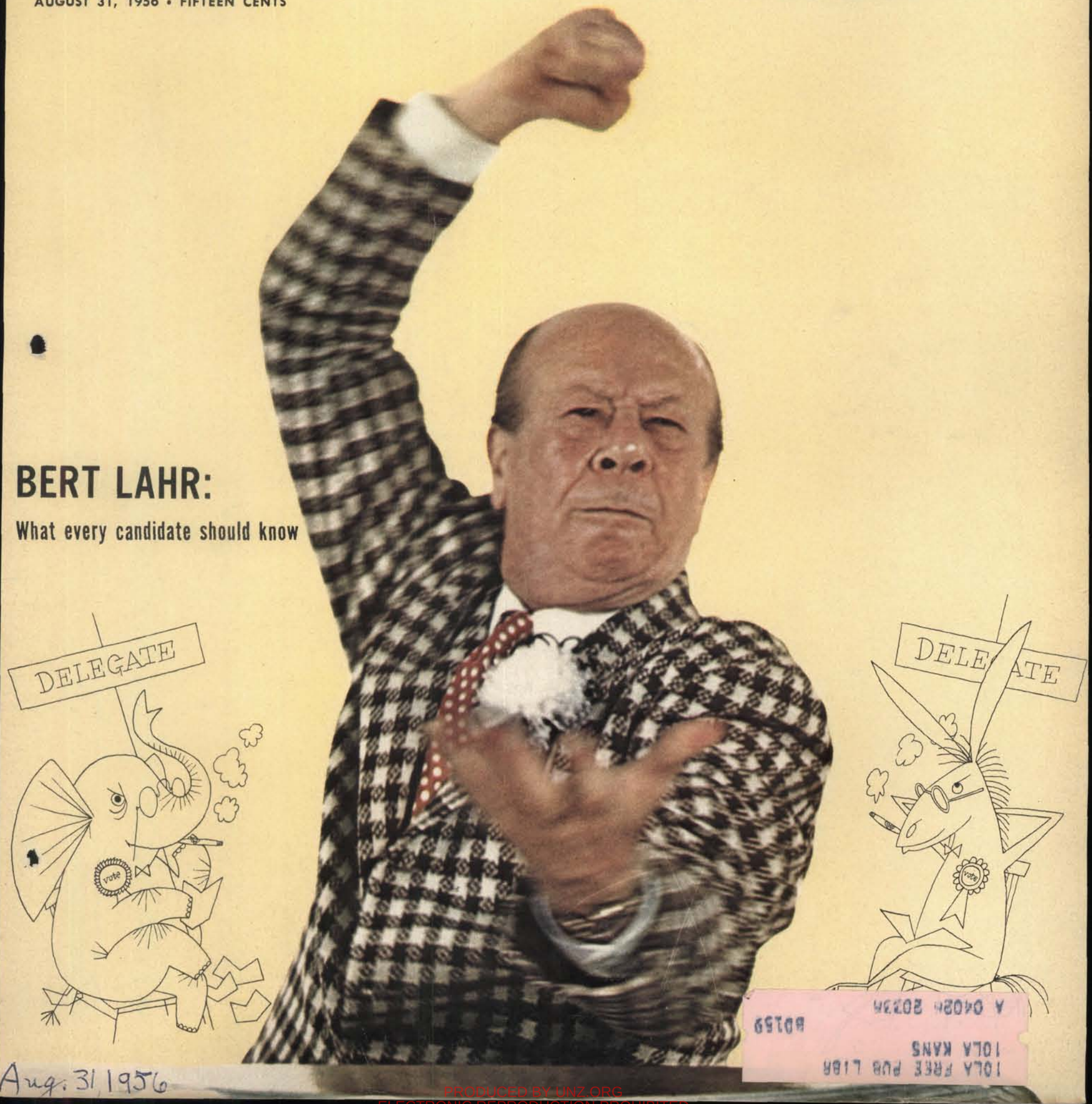

BERT LAHR:

What every candidate should know

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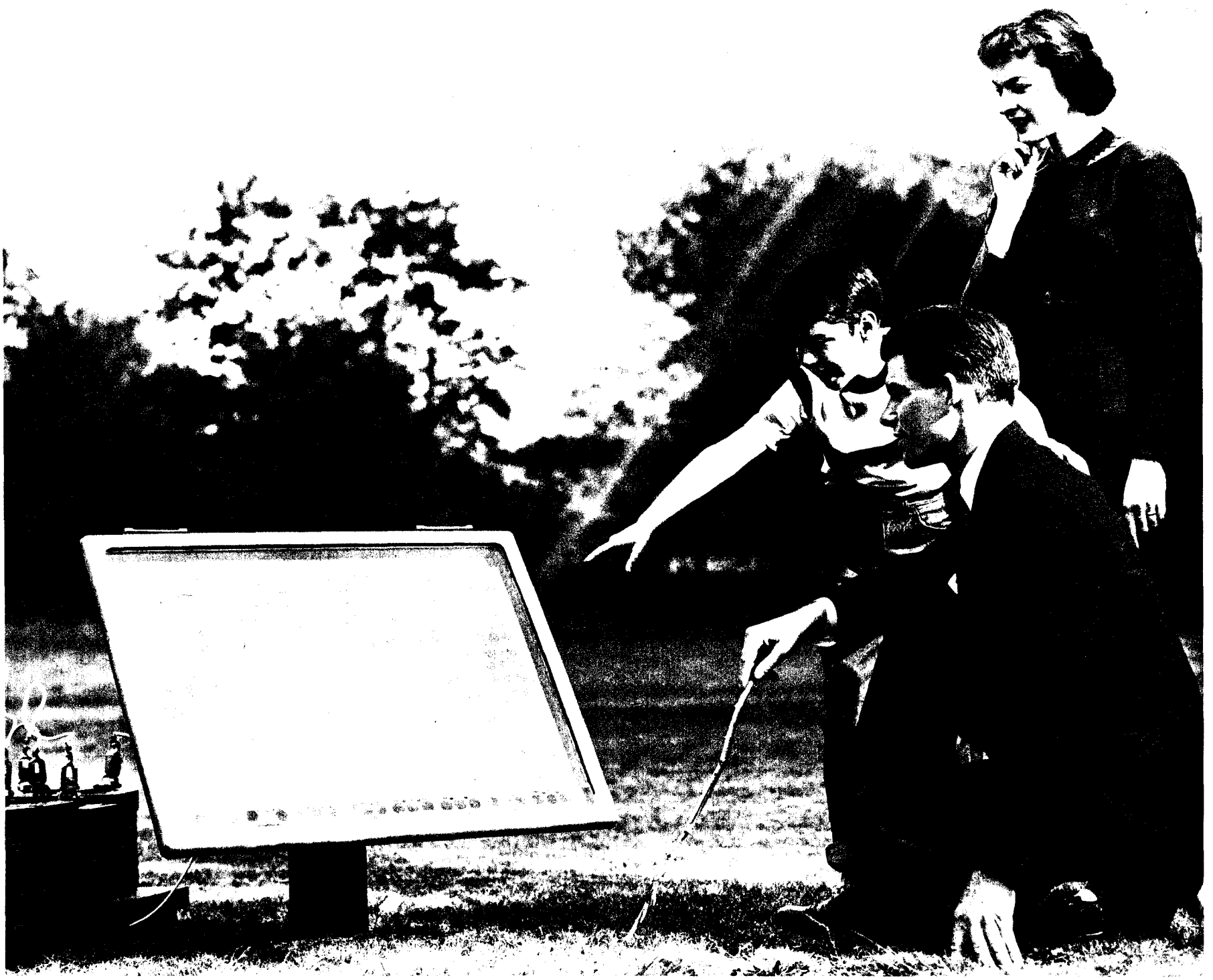

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COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Paul C. Smith, President; Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Sumner Blossom, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to *The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department*, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
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"Stomach" Ulcer

ACCORDING TO recent conservative estimates, about half a million people in our country today have ulcers of the digestive system in an active form. This includes both ulcers of the *stomach* and ulcers of the *duodenum*—that part of the small intestine into which the stomach empties. There is evidence that this disease is increasing, especially among those from 30 to 50 years of age.

Medical science can now offer greater hope than ever before to those who have this condition. Many cases can be cured completely, and others can be controlled. This has been made possible largely by increased knowledge of the nature of the disease—particularly the part that the emotions play in causing ulcers. There has also been great improvement in methods of diagnosis and treatment.

An ulcer is essentially an irritated or inflamed area in the lining of the stomach or duodenum. Although the *exact* cause is unknown, there are several factors which may be responsible for its onset. *Constant* abuse of the stomach through eating hurried, irregular meals—or eating food that is too highly seasoned, or too hot or too cold—may lead to an ulcer. *Prolonged* emotional tension, accompanied by *excessive* secretion of the acid digestive juices formed by the stomach, is also believed to be an important factor in the development of this ailment. As the ulcer develops, pain, an unnatural feeling of hunger, so-called "heartburn" and "indigestion," or other digestive complaints usually occur.

Through improved X-ray techniques and other diagnostic aids, the doctor can almost always determine the size and location of an ulcer. If the condition is detected, he will recommend prompt treatment, as an ulcer may quickly undermine general health by interfering with the body's nutritive processes.

Fortunately, in many cases, ulcers can be treated successfully by appropriate dietary

measures. Specialists say that the patient must also readjust his daily life so as to reduce mental and emotional strain. In addition, new drugs are proving helpful. Cases that do not respond to either drug or diet therapy are often benefited by surgery.

As a safeguard against ulcers and other diseases of the digestive system, doctors urge everyone to seek immediate medical attention whenever persistent discomfort occurs in the region of the stomach. With prompt medical care, many persons with ulcers and other digestive disorders recover completely and lead normal, healthy lives.

* * * * *

Since emotional factors are often so important in stomach ulcers and other diseases, Metropolitan has published a new booklet called Emotions and Physical Health. *If you would like a free copy, just clip and mail the coupon below.*

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Appointment with

SINCE MY ONLY political ambition never will be realized—I'd like to be governor of Pennsylvania for one month because I was born there and no member of my family has ever been higher than Assemblyman—I need not worry about reprisals when I speak my occasional little piece. I can even give Harry hell if I feel like it, and still go to bed at night without fear that somebody'll be around in the morning to take away my official badge or my official Cadillac.

Someone surely has said before this that politics is the first refuge of the scoundrel, but some of my second-best friends are scoundrels and I do not offer the back of my hand to a man because he happens to be in politics. The professional politician has a practical cynicism toward the human race that I constantly struggle with in myself, so I probably understand him a little better than do more virtuous men than I. It is even possible that if I had not had an overactive conscience and self-appraisal, I might now be Prothonotary of Schuylkill County or Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. I don't want you to think that I do not applaud evidences of idealism that I have seen displayed by some working politicians, but I must ask you not to insist that I regard any politician as a full-time idealist. Or at least no *elected* politician. In this naughty world it would be asking too much of a politician to require him to get elected while restricting him to the practice of ideals.

These remarks, mostly about myself, are really a subtle warning to the nonelective public servants. Men like Charles E. Wilson and Robert Moses. I like a man with spunk, if spunk is not all the man has, and I don't think anyone will deny that Wilson and Moses have plenty to offer—and have had plenty accepted—over and above the spunk they display when, in the old railroading term, they are called up on the carpet. Any man who has been in the Cabinet, especially any man who has been in the Cabinet since 1940, will tell you that more time is wasted preparing for and appearing at congressional investigations than is consistent with the good results obtained. Occasionally there is a Dean Acheson, whom the congressmen seemed to love to investigate because they disliked the man. Occasionally there is a crook. But we have had so many silly investigations that we may be forgiven for being a little bit suspicious of all of them. Something bad happens and gets on Page One of the newspapers and the very next day Senator Replevin (D., Me.) asks for, and gets, $35,000 to conduct an investigation. There seems, from this comfortable distance, to be a gentlemanly agreement among the lawmakers to go along with each other more or less bipartisanly on the small-potatoes kind of investigation, and even when there is a big one they all try to get into the act in one way or another.

The musical comedy is generally accepted to be the major American contribution to the Arts. The major American contribution to the world's economy is generally accepted to be big production. Big production, a highly complicated process, is never successfully big unless there is one independent, more or less original, inevitably tough man at the top, and that seems to be the kind of man Wilson was before he left General Motors to work with the President as a Cabinet officer. But when he displays those same qualities (which I concede are hardly lovable) as a Cabinet officer that made him desirable or acceptable in the first place, the senators develop severe cases of sensitivity and huff-puff.

The job of Secretary of Defense is a tough one needing a tough-minded man. If he is not doing the work he is supposed to do, he ought to get his pants kicked out of there. But he ought to be allowed to talk his own language when he is testifying at an investigation, and if he says damn, or hell, or nuts-to-you, okay.

And I also believe no Cabinet officer ought to approach the Congress as a suppliant when his department needs funds. There is no reason why a Cabinet officer should have to be humble when he asks Congress for money. That kind of humility is, if I may borrow the word from Mr. Wilson, phony. As phony as a congressman who will cut an appropriation because the Cabinet officer hasn't been sufficiently obsequious.

* * *

IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY to sound off about politics and politicians. Politicians, prize fighters and picture people share one unenviable distinction, which is that it is almost impossible to libel them. That, of course, is a fact only because it is a journalistic axiom. You can libel a district leader or a pug or a movie actor, but the libel doesn't mean anything unless the offended party sues, and you don't have to read the sports pages too carefully to learn that sports writers are always saying libelous things about prize fighters, and are not being sued. Same thing goes for the heelers and the glamour boys and girls. The reason there are hardly any lawsuits is, I'm afraid, that it is inexpedient for the victims to go to law.

A newspaper may be all wrong when it heavily hints that Tiger Blake took a dive in his fight with Rocky Shaw, but the Tiger may be reluctant to order his legal battery to charge because he's a little afraid that the newspaper might have the facts straight on his tank job with Killer Montmorency. From W. O. McGeehan to Dan Parker it has been the custom of sports columnists to tag fighters and managers with everything in the book, beginning mildly with larceny. A highly readable sports writer named Westbrook Pegler got where he is today—Tucson, Arizona—by availing himself of the privilege created by McGeehan and the others. It just happens to be true that the sports pages operate under a different set of rules, rules that sports writers made themselves. It is kind of like the right of eminent domain: if you walk all over certain people every day it becomes legal.

I have no intention of crusading for a change in these arrogated rules. It is hard to take seriously the professional troubles of a prize fighter or a movie actress. After all, a man who decides to use up the best years of his young manhood in getting his brain hammered and scar tissue grown about his eyes has not made the original decision at the point of a gun. There's nobody whose opinion is worth anything who has advised the young man to go into professional boxing. He is inspired by greed, or the soft touch, and encouraged by experts at greed, the managers. If he quits with all his marbles he is as lucky as he can ever hope to be.

The same kind of greed and vanity motivates the young doll who submits herself as her favorite candidate for movie queen, but vanity at least has always been more forgivable in a young woman, especially if she has something to offer. Something like a pretty kisser and 37-24-37 dimensions.

But the politicians are another story, and the reason they are contemptible is that they are ineffectual unless they can fool around with the one thing that should not be fooled around with, namely, the public trust. Sometimes when I consider the character of the men we elect I conclude that the saying *Vox populi, vox Dei* is rather blasphemous.

* * *

I HAVE BEEN INVITED to become a member of the Peabody Committee, and I have accepted. Just by way of testing yourself on current events and all-around hipness, mark an X where you think it belongs:

1. ( ) The Peabody Committee judges a contest to determine the best pre-Charleston cake-eater type dancer.
2. ( ) The Peabody Committee encourages underprivileged boys to leave St. Mark's and get an education at Groton.
3. ( ) The Peabody Committee gives a solid gold plectrum to the champion five-string banjo player.
4. ( ) The Peabody Committee hands out awards for various activities in radio and television.

Happily I consider myself just as well qualified to be on the Peabody Committee for any or all of the activities listed. If you picked the fourth you are, of course, correct, but in any event I'm morbidly certain I'll be in a minority of one.

* * *

I HAVE DEVOTED so much of this installment to politics that I have suggested we run a picture of a girl in a bathing suit for no other reason than that it's summer. —JOHN O'HARA

GENE COOK

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

WE'VE KNOWN Bob Bendiner for his fine political reporting in various magazines over the years, but this time we see him strike a lighter note in his amusing piece on "European know-how" on page 66.

There was one occasion, he recalls, when European and Yankee know-hows traveled the same grim path.

"I was on the train from Munich to Salzburg, normally a two-and-a-half-hour run. The trip took five hours; the brakes froze; the heat went off in zero weather; there was no food available, and all I had was a huge bar of Austrian chocolate. In halting German I offered my Bavarian fellow passenger a bite. He said thanks and grabbed the whole thing.

"Somehow this entire experience reminded me forcibly of my life on the Long Island Rail Road, which supposedly transports me between Huntington, New York, and New York City. I sat there, hungry, cold and late, and felt at home."

★ ★ ★

MILTON SILVERMAN, author of our story on virus research, has been science editor of the San Francisco Chronicle since 1934. He got that job by kidnaping the Chronicle's editor (the late Chester Rowell) in true Richard Harding Davis style.

Just out of Stanford, Silverman was doing odd jobs such as writing sports stories on the string, but he wanted to write science on the Chronicle. He couldn't even get in to see Rowell, much less ask him for a job.

He learned that Rowell was flying to Los Angeles. Silverman posed as the chauffeur of the car hired to take the editor to the airport, drove Rowell to an isolated spot and dropped his scrapbook into the lap of the astonished Mr. Rowell and made his pitch. The upshot was that Rowell took the scrapbook with him, and the next day Silverman got a phone call to report to work. Since then the same kind of trick has failed a thousand times, we figure.

In any case, Silverman is probably the only newspaperman in the country with a Ph.D. in biochemistry. Besides his excellent newspaper stories he has written numerous magazine articles on science and medicine. Last year he won the Lasker Award for medical journalism. He is consultant for the California State Department of Agriculture, too, supervising a research job on wine chemicals. They want to find out why wine behaves as it does when people drink it.

★ ★ ★

IN HIS CAREER as a foreign correspondent and writer, Theodore H. White has flown almost a half-million miles, he guesses. His story in this issue, he says, was written because "it seemed like a good time to sit back and take a look at the wonder and romance of the business."

There wasn't wonder and romance connected with his very first airplane flight. It was in 1939 in an old German trimotored Junker which had had no spare parts since the beginning of the Sino-Japanese war in 1937. It was flown by a Chinese pilot in the middle of the night from Hong Kong to Chungking, then capital of free China, over the Jap lines on a route where a transport plane had been shot down the week before. Today White sits back and smiles: "It was a completely uneventful trip. After that no flight ever seemed dangerous."

★ ★ ★

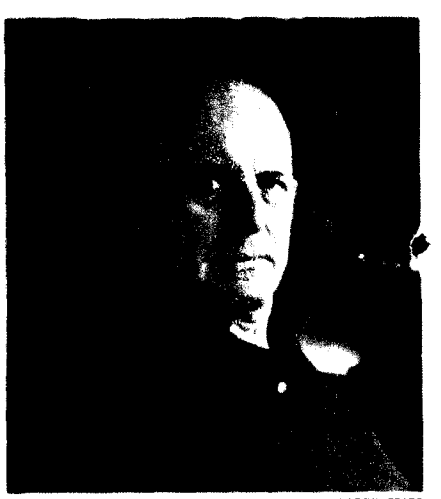
IN HIS LATEST BOOK (America, I Like You), Pelham Grenville Wodehouse gives an accounting of what he's written in the last 55 years: 10 books for boys, one book for children, 43 novels, 315 short stories; he's been author or part author of 16 plays and has written the lyrics for 22 musical comedies. (Bill, from Show Boat, and Till the Clouds Roll By, the title song of the picture about Jerome Kern's life, have words by Wodehouse.) He forgot to mention that he spent several years writing scenarios in Hollywood, and that now his most famous character, Jeeves, will be seen on television.

When you learn that P. G. Wodehouse was born in England in 1881, that he came to this country in 1909 and sold his first story to Collier's, you might expect to find him in some sort of semiretirement at his home on Long Island. But the fellow who has been one of the world's most popular authors for about 40 years still sits at his custom-made typewriter and pounds out the stuff. Beginning in this issue of Collier's we're printing Something Fishy, which some are saying is the funniest he's ever written. Wodehouse puffed on his pipe and told us:

"Something Fishy must have been kicking around in my subconscious ever since I read Robert Louis Stevenson's The Wrong Box some 50 years ago. I finally started on May 7, 1955, and by October had assembled 400 pages of notes, most of which were pure delirium. I was able to begin writing on my birthday, October 15th, and slogged away at it for the next seven months." (Wodehouse wrote two versions of Something Fishy—the short one for Collier's and a full-length novel version for Simon and Schuster.)

Not long ago some literary people asked Wodehouse the secret of his success. Did he carefully watch the odd behavior of his fellow human beings? Did he keep a notebook and pencil at bedside so he could jot down his curious dreams? How did he do it?

Wodehouse pondered the questions gravely. "I'll tell you," he finally said. "I just sit at a typewriter and curse a bit." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.



LARRY FRIED

At 75, P(elham) G(renville) Wodehouse shows no sign at all of diminishing output

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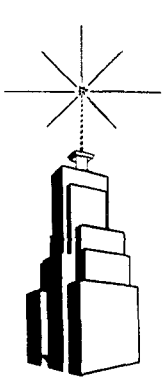

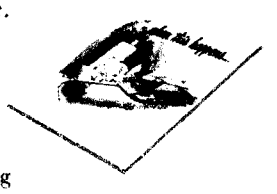

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As Tom read aloud the tale of Pudgy Panda, he knew his wife—Mrs. Know-it-all of 1956—was listening with cool disdain

AURELIUS BATTAGLIA

REVOLT IN SUBURBIA

By JOHN KEASLER

SUBURBANITE. Suburbanite. That's what I am, Chaney thought. In the crowded commuters' bus the summer air was steaming, and sweat soaked through the (Needs No Pressing! Just Hang Up to Dry!) miracle fiber of his lightweight suit.

A fat woman squeezed in beside him. Tom Chaney felt like a damp loaf of stale bread.

Now, he thought, just settle back, old boy, for thirteen dandy miles of sweltering. An hour to get to work, an hour to get home. In just the time I spend on this crate every year I could go to Tahiti, in that sloop I was always going to get.

How did I get trapped like this? he wondered. When I was young—younger, that is—I was going to all those places with beaches and balmy breezes, where everybody wears a—whatchacallit?

"Lava-lava," he muttered aloud, and the fat woman glared at him suspiciously. He wished he had on a Dacron lava-lava. The heat was awful and his thoughts were disjointed, feverish. *A suburbanite!* Eking out the shekels, supporting the wife, rearing the child. To think it should end like this. Not with a bang but a mortgage.

Tom Chaney had been shaving, early that morning, when he heard a voice behind him say, "Hey."

"Yes?" Tom said, looking around and down at a little man with a green face, long nose and pointed ears. "I am the furnace brownie," announced the little man, and Tom Chaney screamed, "Good Lord!"

"Tom!" his wife called indignantly from the kitchen. "Watch your language in front of Junior!"

"Language heck!" Tom said, dabbing at his cut chin. "Where did he get that getup?"

Louise Chaney came in from the kitchen. "It's *just* an old Halloween mask! Think of his psyche."

"Think of *my* psyche," Tom snapped.

"Well, it's your own fault," his wife said firmly. "Telling him those horrible stories about the brownie that lives behind the furnace and paints little boys' hands green if they suck their thumbs. Dr. Van Hock says in his book that the worst thing you can do is force a child to . . ."

Some days not only get off to a wrong start, they keep it up. By noon, Tom was up to his chin in office irritations. At one o'clock his insurance man called up to remind him his automobile liability was overdue. At two o'clock Louise called up to state the washing machine was busted.

My washing machine, Tom thought, is psychic; it knows just what day to break down.

At four o'clock Louise called to reveal that Junior had painted a neighbor's dog. Green, on both forepaws.

"What that boy needs is a good walloping," Tom said. "As soon as I get home I'm going to—"

"You'll do no such thing," Louise broke in. "The first principle of permissive child rearing is—"

"*My* parents never even heard of permissive child rearing, and—"

"You are *not* going to take out your domineering personality on a defenseless child!"

Tom sat steeped in dour thoughts. You marry a woman, he thought; she looks sensible and speaks intelligently. All a front, a deliberate deceit. She has a headful of cobwebs. I feel, he thought, staring at his littered desk, like I'm being nibbled to death by ducks. *(I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, and all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by. Masefield.)*

He slammed on his hat at five o'clock and walked out into the blast-furnace day. Whatever became of the days when a *man* ran his home? Women, he decided, never should have got the vote. Vote hell! They never should have got the library-card franchise.

As Tom got on the bus, a large man stepped on his instep. A woman shopper jabbed him with a bundle. Then the fat woman sat down. That was when he realized that he was a damp loaf of bread on a futile merry-go-round. . . .

He got off the bus at his stop, thinking of himself on the bridge of a clean-lined sloop. As he stomped up his porch stairs, he barked his shin on a tricycle placed directly inside his front door. My wife, he thought, is contributing to the delinquency of a minor; she's spoiling Junior.

I, he said, am going to put my foot down. About something. It might as well be that.

Junior hurtled down the stairs screaming, "Hehwo, hehwo, hehwo!"

"Hehwo," Tom said, scooping up his four-year-old son. "What's new in the field of crime?"

"Hello," said Louise, coolly and uncompromisingly, en route into the kitchen.

Tom said, "Louise, I want to talk to you . . ."

"After dinner," she said.

THEY HAD tuna-fish casserole for dinner. He had known they were going to have tuna-fish casserole. They had it every time the washing machine broke. Or when a squabble was in the air. It's her combat dish, he thought, like C rations. I'll bet every time she wins an argument she paints another tuna-fish casserole on her fuselage.

After dinner, he said, "I—"

She looked down warningly at Junior, playing on the rug. She had a book that said Father couldn't say anything "unrestive" until the child was in bed. "Dr. Van Smithers says the prime cause of insecurity in children is bickering among adults to whom they look for security," she said.

"Okay," Tom Chaney said. He said it with what he was sure was a foreboding calm. "Okay, Mrs. Know-it-all of Nineteen Fifty-six. But when he's in bed I want to talk to you. Once and for all."

After a while Louise disappeared up the stairs with Junior. She put him to bed and kissed him good night and then got the water and kissed him good night again. Then Father went upstairs and kissed him good night. Tom and Louise came back downstairs and took up battle positions, Tom on the edge of his sofa and Louise inside a magazine.

"I—" Tom said, as Junior ambled downstairs.

Junior said, "Wead Pudgy Panda."

"He wants you to read Pudgy Panda," said Louise, from deep inside the cave of her magazine.

Tom said he could understand English. He started up, book in hand. "Bofe!" Junior yowled.

"He wants us both to go up with him," said Louise, very calmly.

Tom sat at the foot of Junior's bed. Louise sat at the head. Tom glared at her. She did not choose to acknowledge him. Tom opened the book. He knew it by heart. "Once upon a happy time in a land far from your own little beddy-by," he snarled, "lived the chubbiest little pudgiest little wudgiest little Panda bear, who loved peppermint sticks with all his chocolate-covered heart." *(Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears, like a something piece of music from the something something years. Masefield.)*

"Ella Phant, the calico elephant, and Pudgy Panda climbed down the lollipop tree," he recited, staring with cold rage at Mrs. Know-it-all of 1956. Her lips twitched slightly but her nose was high. I never should have let this child-psychology business get this far, he thought. No, no, mustn't pank the little dog painter; Dr. Goofus says naughty.

"Whee!" Tom Chaney said. "And Pudgy Panda was the happiest Panda Bear in all of Candy Land."

His wife was trying not to look at him. Both corners of her mouth were twitching. Tom felt the grin start deep inside him, but fought manfully to cling to his anger. He thought of Tahiti, and of sloops. He thought: Any appeasement is futile. You can't do business with the enemy.

"And that," he concluded, "is how Pudgy Panda got his peppermint house!"

The grin won; he felt it widen out all across his face as his wife broke into laughter, flicked the bed lamp out and came into his arms.

Through the window the moonlight fell on the peaceful, angelic face of the sleeping boy, and Louise's head was on Tom's shoulder; they sat there together, long after the laughter had ceased. THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

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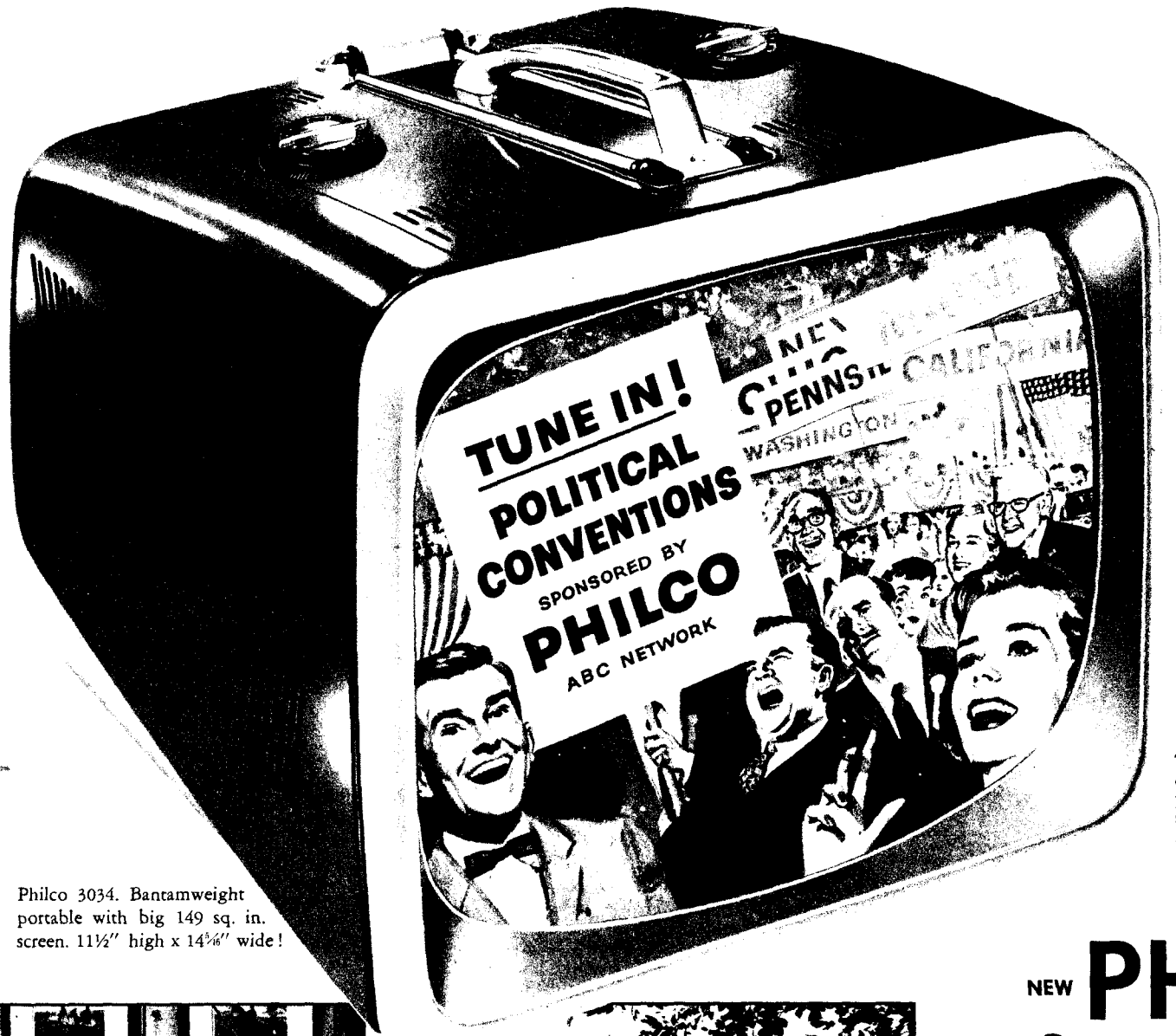

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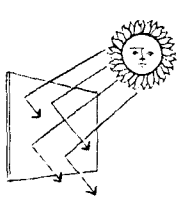

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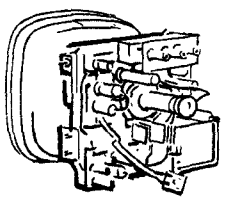

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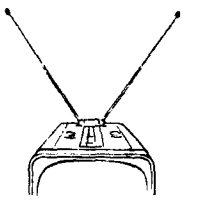

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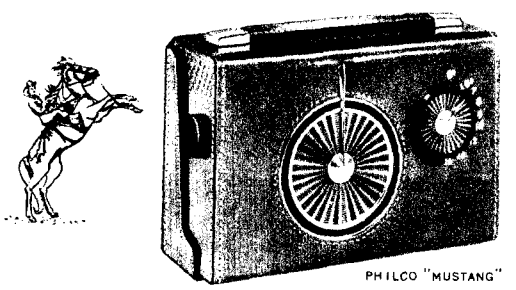

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LETTERS

The President's Health

EDITOR: I have read Louis Harris's article in Collier's for July 20th (How Voters Feel about Ike's Health) with great interest. His sampling of public opinion is factual and realistic. . . .

MAX F. DALMATIN, Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . I still like Ike and, sick as he is, he can do a better job than any one of the half-baked aspirants. . . .

MRS. VIOLA J. HERSCHMAN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Nobody asked me, but:

Item: I'm a Democrat.

Item: If Ike runs and feels and says he can make it, I'll vote for him.

Item: This will be a personal vote for a great man; *not* a party endorsement. I don't like Republicans nor the Republican party. Next choice: Adlai.

Item: I wouldn't vote for Nixon, on any party line.

EDWARD E. FUCHS, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Why are you giving so much publicity to President Eisenhower's health? . . .

MRS. W. J. NANCE, Butte, Mont.

. . . The Democrats are doing a fine job of having somebody pull their chestnuts out of the fire. They get somebody like the esteemed Louis Harris to raise the question about Ike's health. . . .

HARVEY MARETTE, Denver, Colo.

. . . Wasn't Harris, in his piece, actually striving to help Ike in the coming election? . . .

DON STULL, Columbus, Ohio

. . . The President is possibly just as ready and physically able to work at his desk in the White House as was the late F.D.R. . . . As a recently returned Negro veteran, I intend to explore further the coming campaign's vital issues . . . and vote not only for the men who will do the most for me and my people, but also for the country as a whole.

ROZELL LEAVELL, Chicago Heights, Ill.

. . . It's impossible to overlook Ike's health. How can a sick President run the whole country when most of us can't even run our homes if we're sick for just *one* day? . . . No, thank you. I wouldn't vote for him.

MARIE SCHLAMANN, Leadville, Colo.

. . . The G.O.P.ers should reward Ike by permitting him and Mamie to live out their remaining years on their Gettysburg farm in peace and comfort. . . .

M. J. MOLANS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

They Marry 'Em

EDITOR: A cynical friend, a hale bachelor crowding seventy, took one look at your cover (July 6th) (Why Women Live Longer than Men) and refused to look further.

"Easy," he said. "Men marry women."

W. A. MCDERMID, New York, N.Y.

They Don't Know

EDITOR: I read in your July 20th issue the article How to Eat a Lobster, by John Gould . . . It brought back fond memories . . . My husband was stationed at Quoddy during World War II and it was during this time that I tried to eat my very first lobster. . . .

I could never take more than the first bite . . . so, I found a place where I could go right on cooking the good old Arkansas dishes. Almost before I knew what was happening, these good people of Maine were deserting their lobsters and New England boiled din-

A Man of . . .

EDITOR: We . . . thought your readers might like to see what Yul Brynner (Collier's Cover, July 6th) looks like with hair. We think he's better-looking without hair.

RICHARD VIOLA, Staff Artist, The Independent Record, Wildwood, N.J.

. . . Many Parts

. . . My husband was griping about so many women admiring that "bald Brynner," so I doctored him up a bit. Now even my husband thinks he's "good-looking." What do you think?

MRS. LESTER SAUER, Defiance, Ohio

The Cover — **Louis Renault**

Even though photographer Renault is an ex-vaudevillian himself (he was once straight man to the late Bugs Ragland), he wasn't hopeful when Burt Lahr showed up. The great comic was dead-pan, looked tired and the least likely candidate to pose for funny mug shots illustrating TV tips for political candidates (pages 24-25). But Lahr got before the camera, said, "Tell me when you're ready," and, as one, went into a hilarious, spontaneous act. Little more than an hour's shooting time later, Renault had over 100 pictures. "We have enough," he said happily. "Thank you," said Lahr, and his face sat in old lines as he got in a taxi and drove away.

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LETTERS

ners for some good Southern fried chicken and French fries. They have wonderful people in Maine—it's just that they don't know how to eat.

MRS. J. O. WASSON,
Fayetteville, Ark.

Address, Please

EDITOR: We read with interest your editorial telling us about Meals for Millions (Comment, June 22d).

We hope you are planning also to publish the address so we may send them a bank of pennies.

SARAH E. BERKLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

The address: Meals for Millions Foundation, 115 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 14, Cal.

Mill Iron Is Here

EDITOR: In regard to the Frank Farmer article, The Vanishing Cowboy, which appeared May 25th . . . I refer to the statement that Mill Iron (ranch) is *gone.*

Such a statement is untrue and the Mill Iron Organization feels that it reflects unfavorably on them. . . .

FRANK L. PHILIPS, Mill Iron Ranches,
Denver, Colo.

Frank Farmer, who wrote that "the Mill Iron [and other great] cow-spreads are gone . . ." reports that his original source of information said the Mill Iron had sold all its registered Herefords, and that he thought it had quit ranching. "Be that as it may," he said, "the Mill Iron reference was incorrect."

Sic Semper Elvis

EDITOR: After reading what Mr. John O'Hara had to say about Elvis Presley (Appointment with O'Hara, July 6th), I feel that I must come to the defense of Elvis . . . You older men seem downright jealous if the young girls and women admire a male singer or movie star. . . . MRS. A. G. TREPANIER,
Augusta, Ga.

. . . We hope nothing ever changes Elvis Presley. . . . BETSY WARFIELD,
PAT HASSON, BETTIE PROVA,
Baltimore, Md.

. . . Why can't [O'Hara] keep his comments to himself? . . .
JEAN DOWNING, Wagoner, Okla.

. . . I dig Elvis the most. . . .
JANIE LILTON, Chillicothe, Mo.

Not So Ridiculous

EDITOR: The paragraph on courtesy to chickens (48 States of Mind, July 20th) isn't so ridiculous as it sounds. . . . My husband and I visited a poultry farm of 10,000 chickens in New Jersey and I noticed the owner knocked before entering each building . . . It gave them a warning . . . and they didn't get so excited. MRS. L. J. BERGERON,
Northampton, Mass.

We Own It

EDITOR: I refer to your July 6th issue and the article on The Mormon Trek, by Wallace Stegner. I was disappointed by your omitting some recognition of our ownership of the mural painting by Lynn Fausett.

Mr. Fausett, a descendant of one of these pioneers, spent over three months painting [it]; each figure is authentic and actually represents a person who was in the handcart company. . . .

LEON W. HARMAN, Harman Café,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, What an Error!

EDITOR: Oh, my, what an error Walter Davenport made in his July 6th 48 States of Mind!

Let it never be said that our western Colorado Representative Wayne Aspinall comes from California. It is bad enough that California tries to take all the water from our Colorado River, but now to take our congressman!

MRS. C. B. GRANT,
Grand Junction, Colo.

Mrs. Grant is correct—about Representative Aspinall's residence—we hasten to add. He represents the Fourth Congressional District of Colorado, and calls Palisade, Colorado, his home.

Big Industry—Big Country

EDITOR: Why does Collier's publish an editorial that is so obviously not in the public interest? (Collier's Comment, May 25th) . . . No one could legitimately protest at bigness in business per se, if large corporations such as General Motors were not so blatantly in pursuit of the coercive power that only monopoly provides.

P. L. FORSTALL, Evanston, Ill.

. . . More power to you and yours, that give American enterprise a boost and a good one. . . .

M. B. FOLLGATTER, Kintyre, N.D.

What Time Was It?

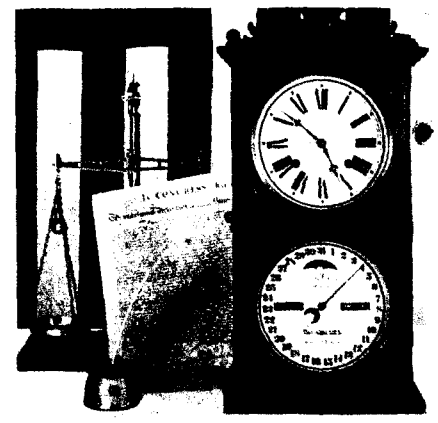
EDITOR: The clock face (Collier's Comment, July 6th) has me stumped. What time *was* it Thursday, July 4, 1776?

GEORGE W. HEFLIN, De Beque, Colo.

. . . The clock is wrong.

MRS. ROBERT S. WOOD,
Charlottesville, Va.

Photographer and clock owner John Locke reports that the small hand is obviously out of position and has been for many years. From habit, he says, he reads the clock correctly. With the hand in its correct position, the time would be eight minutes to five. The clock is very old and Mr. Locke says he thinks he won't get it fixed.



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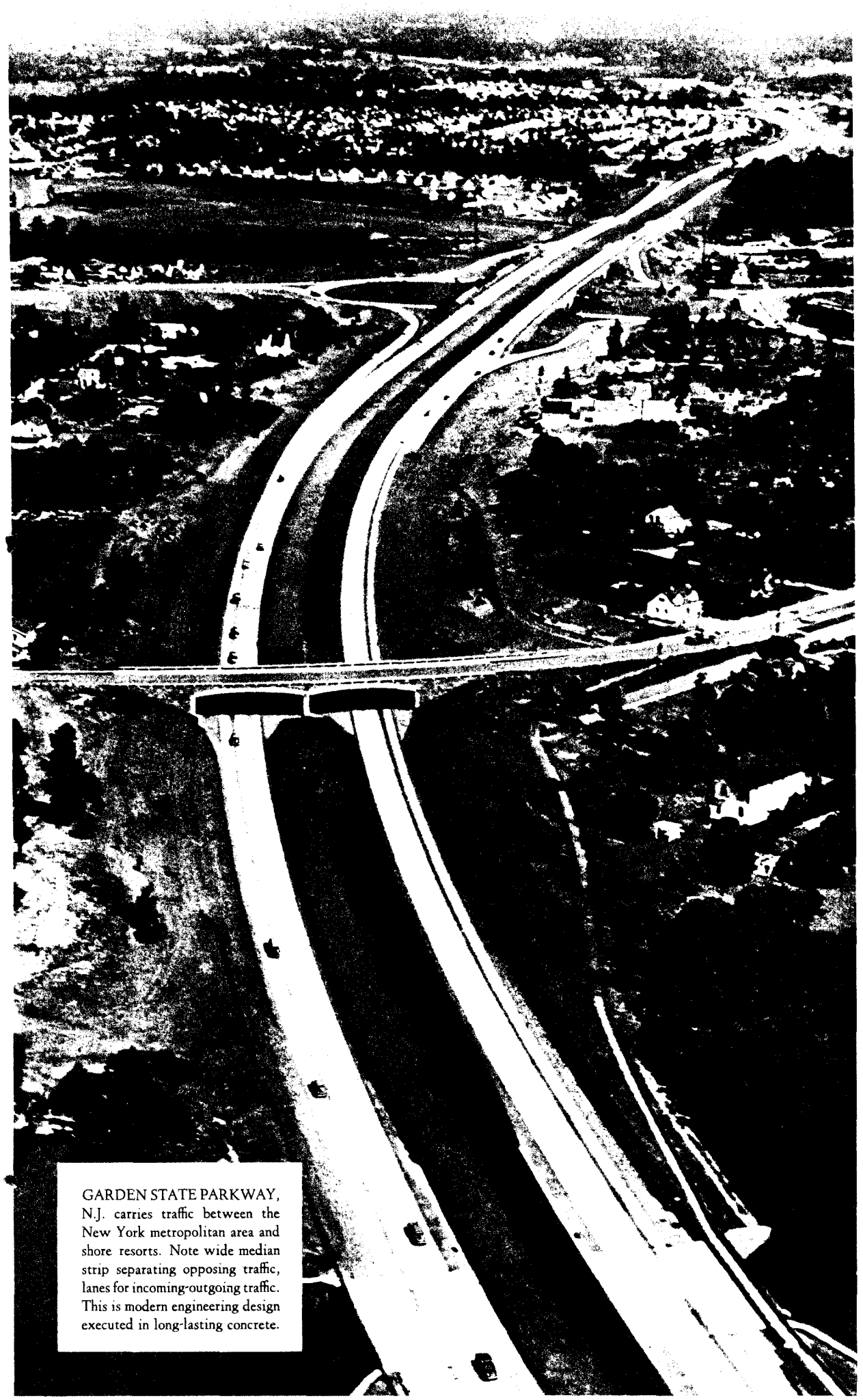

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The men who serve labor, industry and government in settling labor relations problems generally have had broad experience in personnel work.

Should your child go into Personnel Work?

by CYRUS S. CHING

Former Director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service
(As told to HAROLD BARON)

A CLOSE BRUSH with death made me realize how important personnel work can be.

On a warm August day in 1904 I was repairing equipment for an electric railway. Standing on a dry board, I gripped a wire carrying 5,000 amperes and began to twist it off. My clothes were wet with perspiration, and while leaning over, I touched the damp wall of the tunnel.

The shock threw me off balance, I grabbed a steel truss rod and the full power flashed through my body, wrapping me in blue flames.

It was six days before I regained consciousness in the hospital.

During the four months I spent there, some friends cared enough to visit me, but not one person from the company called. You can imagine how I felt.

Fifty years ago, my experience wasn't unusual. Today, it would be. Most businessmen now know that a feeling of well-being among employees is vital to a firm's success. There are specially trained experts whose task it is to develop just such a feeling. Personnel specialists, they're called, and I know of few professions which are more rewarding.

What does a personnel man do? Primarily, he sees to it that manpower is used in the most effective way possible. For example, he tries to fit the right employee into the most suitable job.

Not long ago a personnel man in a large industrial plant had to warn a clerk that he would lose his job if he continued to do poor work. "Here was a man of good caliber," the personnel man said later, "who wasn't doing well. I gave him a series of tests, found he had fine mechanical ability and liked to work with his hands. Now, after training and a change in jobs, he's risen to department head."

Today, that employee is valuable to the firm and to himself.

The personnel man in business and industry fills another important need by finding out what causes friction and helping to prevent or correct it.

When a factory had to close down a department of 375 skilled men, the personnel director made plans far in advance by explaining the situation to the employees. "We'll find a spot for each of you," he said. As new jobs came up, transfers went through smoothly. By foresight, he prevented any discontent or friction.

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In general, the functions of a personnel department in business and industry may include:

Hiring, which involves judging and testing future employees.

Training employees in their jobs.

Wage administration: This includes setting salaries and wage rates, as well as cutting down waste time and motion.

Settling labor relations problems: Negotiation and administration of union contracts, the handling of grievances and the maintenance of good rapport with union officials.

Developing the attitude of management and individual employees toward each other. This involves determining personnel policies and explaining them.

Encouraging safety and health: Many personnel workers specialize in the prevention of accidents and the promotion of good health through safety education, inspection, physical examinations and sanitation.

There are all sorts of special services, too. These may include housing assistance, restaurant management, social clubs, counseling, and publishing employee news.

Although the largest number of men and women doing personnel work are in business and industry, there are personnel specialists in most government departments and in our schools and colleges, as well. The educational background necessary for each varies.

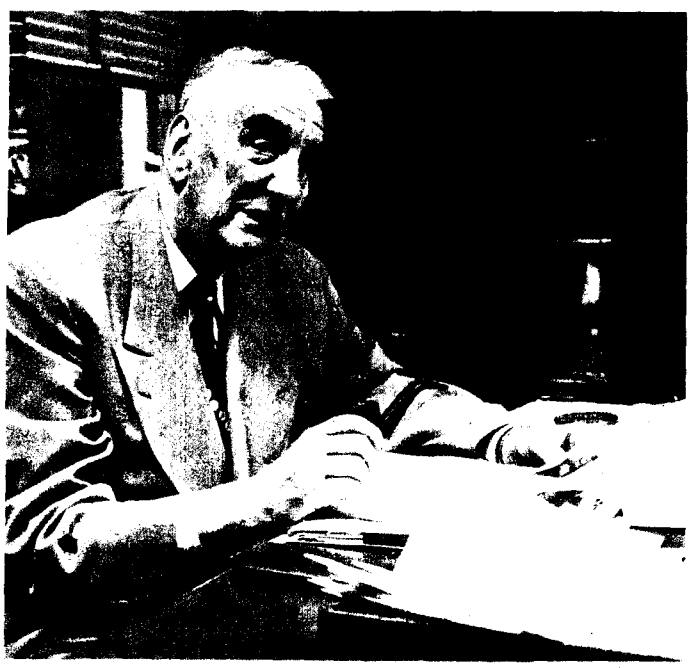
Most of the men doing personnel work in industry, in the early days, came from the ranks. But generally, now, a child wanting a career in personnel work should plan for a college degree. He may want to specialize in such subjects as business management, safety engineering, or psychology.

Government service often requires a degree in one of the social sciences. College personnel work usually demands an M. A. in psychology. In secondary schools, the personnel department often teaches, too, so they must meet the requirements for teaching.

Ambitious men and women aiming for the top jobs in industry should take graduate professional training. I have found my legal training invaluable in handling labor relations problems because so many State and Federal laws can be involved.

A young man interested in personnel work will find practical experience as important as his degree. Many companies hire college graduates who become personnel workers after training periods where they learn about jobs, methods, and people. I know of no better basic training than working right with people on their jobs.

There are wonderful opportunities for a career-minded student to start getting practical experience through a summer job in a community center, a department store, or a factory. One young man I know works during his summer vacations as a clerk in a machine shop. By keeping the bulletin boards in different departments up to date, he's getting to know the men and learn some of the details of their work. His experience will help him, later, in handling industrial personnel relations.



CYRUS S. CHING has pioneered in industrial relations for 50 years. Closely associated with leaders in labor and industry, he has himself participated both within industry and with the government under several Presidents. He is now a consultant on labor-management and public relations.

Are there many jobs for women in this profession? Yes, in almost every large personnel department. Many firms, because of the nature of their business, prefer women in personnel—particularly when the rest of their employees are mostly women.

One girl, although she had a degree in personnel management, took a job as a receptionist in a fashion-shop chain. "I studied the customers, their reactions and problems," she said, "and learned more about the business than I could have anywhere else in the firm."

Within a year she impressed the personnel director with what she had learned and he shifted her to interviewing in his department. Then, she became his assistant. Now, she is in charge of training the country-wide staff.

Obviously, this girl likes people and enjoys working with them. To be successful in personnel work, though, liking people is not enough. What are the other characteristics your child must show in order to be successful in this field?

Does your child have horse sense? It's surprising how many personnel problems can be solved with a simple, common-sense approach.

Does he like detail? Many records must be kept or examined. Decisions affecting one employee's job or a whole firm's investment in a new product can depend on this kind of careful analysis.

Does he understand people? It's necessary to handle all kinds of people. Doing this effectively requires a keen eye to see their strengths, weaknesses, and to judge their reactions.

Is his memory good? For a contact job, it's important to observe and recall how employees act in various situations. In a crisis, this can be important.

Is he persuasive? A personnel worker must have some traits of a fine salesman. In a sense, he sells company policy to the employees and new personnel plans to management.

Does he have integrity and courage? A sense of justice earns the respect of employees. Sometimes, to put beliefs into practice requires courageous action.

Does he have moral and spiritual values? Men's lives and livelihoods are often in the hands of personnel specialists. I think that faith in the basic dignity of man under God helps to insure fairness.

What can a personnel worker expect to earn? College graduates often start at $3,600 to $4,800 a year. Government workers may earn about $5,400 a year, and top men earn as much as $13,400. Personnel workers in schools earn salaries on a par with those of teachers. The average income for classroom teachers is $3,405 for nine months' work. The industrial relations director averages $12,000, with a range from $3,600 to $50,000. His assistant averages $8,500, with a range from $3,000 to $23,500.

Besides the monetary rewards, a boy or girl entering this profession can find rich personal satisfaction. American employers have become more and more aware that the maintenance of good employee relations can be even more important than the maintenance of machines.

Screening job applicants is a key function of the personnel department in any organization. It is a fascinating task that calls for a keen sense of judgment and a liking for contact work. Women will find many opportunities in personnel work today—particularly with firms whose employees are predominantly women.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

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This article on Personnel Work is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics *and* the Mineral Industry. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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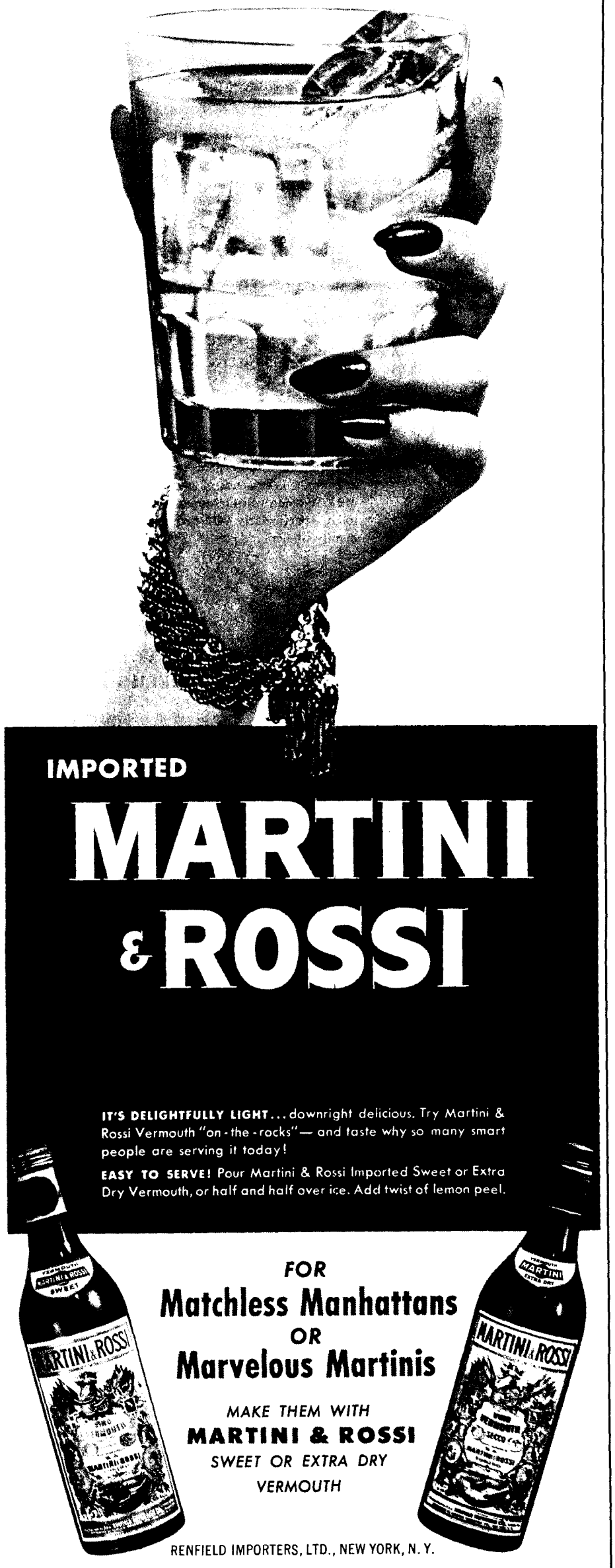
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By WALTER DAVENPORT

The accuracy and veracity of the contributors to this department of Collier's are universally regarded with awe. If it were not so we would be the first to warn you that Mr. Lonny Funderberk's imagination may have tripped him as he drove toward Albuquerque, New Mexico. But things being as they are, you need not doubt that he actually did see this sign: "Goforth and Daudel. Travel Bureau."

★ ★ ★

Just in case you are one of those intrepid souls determined to go to Vermont, we have news for you. Mrs. H. Casey, having just returned from St. Johnsbury, warns you from her home in Flushing, Long Island, New York, that Vermont law demands that "on Sundays between twelve noon and 3:00 P.M. you must eat with a fork."

★ ★ ★

Of course we can't blind you readers with brilliance in every paragraph. Don't want to spoil you. So, as a sort of gentle letdown, we tell you what a newspaper editor said about a brand-new candidate for the United States Senate. We asked this editor whether the office seeker had any specialty, any unusual appeal to the voters. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "he's pretty good at being dull."

★ ★ ★

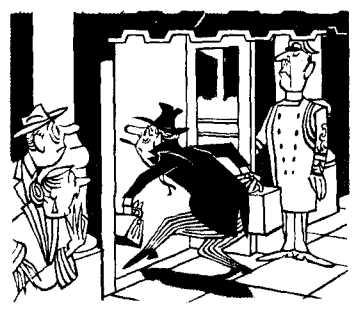
The customary serenity of Dahlonega, Georgia, was interrupted by a free-swinging fracas between a couple of local ladies. Editor Jack Parks of The Nugget reports that it was caused by one of the ladies "being out with the husband of the other lady *too much*."

★ ★ ★

Just arrived: one of the countless reasons why Mr. Ike London, of Rockingham, North Carolina, is far-flung famed for his observations on life. It's about the mountain gal who made pappy put a silencer on his shotgun because she wanted a quiet wedding.

★ ★ ★

We maintain our usual neutrality by not mentioning this east Tennessee candidate's name. His chances of election look pretty puny. His opposition



charges that he is losing touch with the people. For example, "Last time he went to Washington he stayed at a hotel." The fellow should know that such hifalutin is politically about as healthy as making a pass at a small-town police chief's girl friend.

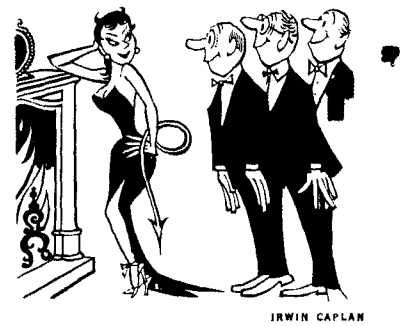
Having just heard that the government sharply restricts travel by Russians in our country, Mr. Willis Eggbrecht protests from Concord, New Hampshire. Says they ought to be made to take their chances on the highways just like the rest of us.

★ ★ ★

The only thing we hear from South Carolina this week is a yawn from Mr. Blaid Loughborough, who happened to be in Greenville at the moment. He merely says world conditions have got him so nervous that the only place he can relax is on his job. "I wish," says he, "that you guys who write what I read would get together and confuse me with only one thing at a time."

★ ★ ★

Naturally you'll be bitterly disappointed, but the contributor of this revealing intelligence does not mention where she saw it. Just says "a newspaper," which ought to make it pretty



IRWIN CAPLAN

easy to track down. Anyway, the paper said that this lady came to the party in "a strapless *satan* gown." Raised Ned with the compositor, anyway.

★ ★ ★

In the Little King Motel, in Coldwater, Michigan, Collier's own Bill Fay and photographer Archie Lieberman, two more reasons why Collier's is indispensable reading, found literature extolling the sheer delights of the place. Above all, visitors were reminded to remember forever the charm of "Friendly, Warm Coldwater."

★ ★ ★

Nice friendly note from Mr. Bert Appenzeller. Cordial, too. Another nice thing about it is, it won't cost us a cent. It's an invitation to attend a barbecue on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Last line of Mr. Appenzeller's amiable, hearty and fraternal note says: "Veterans and their widows more than welcome." That's the kind of generous mail to get. Truly hospitable.

★ ★ ★

Realizing that it is long past time that somebody's mother-in-law spoke up, the following is forwarded from Denver, Colorado, by the neighbor of a family in which unity, peace and concord are unhappily lacking. Said the bride's mother to this neighbor: "Well, she was always getting upset over nothing and now she's married it."

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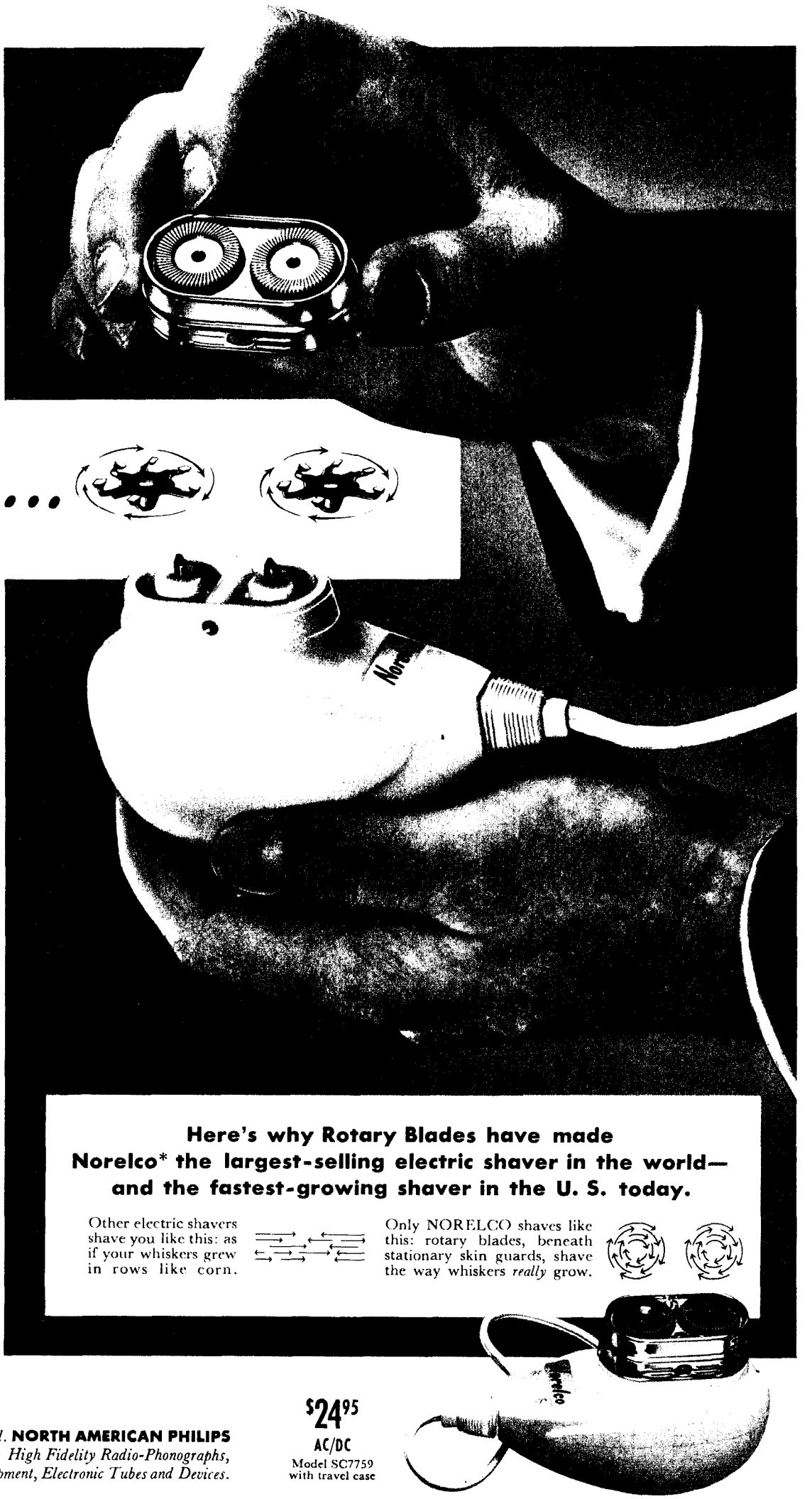

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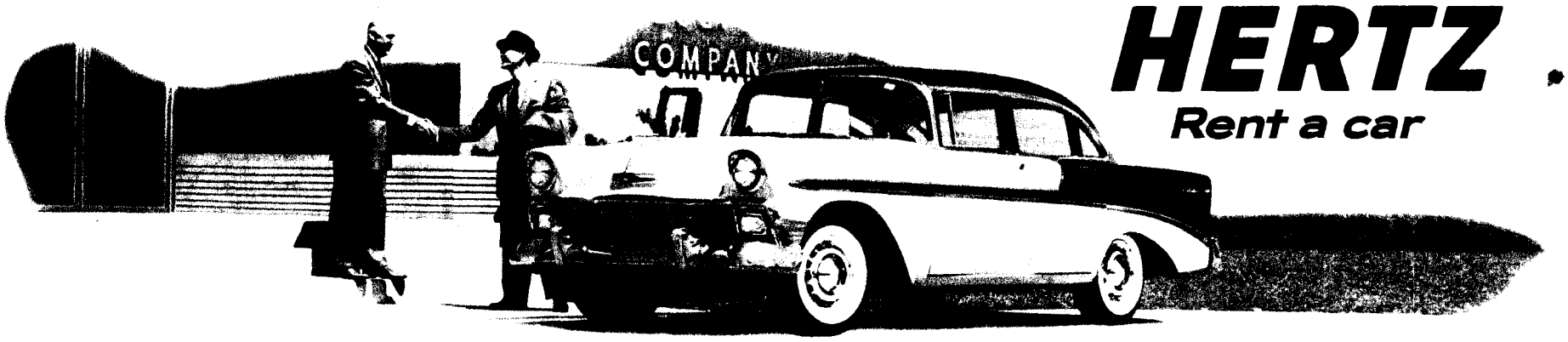

Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Airs (or other fine cars)—just like your own!

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Something fishy

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

When six Wodehouse characters get a whiff of $1,000,000, there's bound to be outrageous skulduggery—only the finest of finaglers can survive

Beginning a new two-part serial

THE dinner given by J. J. Bunyan at his New York residence on the night of September tenth, 1929, was attended by eleven guests, most of them fat, and all, except Mortimer Bayliss, millionaires. Not one of those present but had made a hundred thousand dollars or so in the past few hours, and no doubt Keggs, Mr. Bunyan's English butler, and the rest of the Bunyan staff had added appreciably to their savings. For the bull market was booming, and the only problem worrying those speculating in it was what to do with all the easy money.

It was this subject that engaged the company's attention when dinner was over, and the debate was in full swing when Mortimer Bayliss intervened in it.

Mortimer Bayliss was the curator of the great Bunyan picture collection. Mr. Bunyan liked having him as a guest at these otherwise all-financier banquets, partly because he lent an intellectual tone but principally because he made a specialty of being abominably rude to everyone except his employer, which appealed to the latter's rather primitive sense of humor. Mortimer Bayliss was tall and thin and sardonic, and he had the supercilious manner that so often renders art experts unpopular. He considered his fellow diners clods and Philistines, and their foolish babble offended him.

"Yachts!" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Villas on the Riviera! Have you wretched embryos no imagination? Get some fun out of your beastly wealth, why don't you? Ever heard of a tontine?"

"Sure," said J. J. Bunyan. "It's where a bunch of guys put up money and found a trust, and the

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Something fishy continued

money goes on accumulating till there's only one fellow left in, and he takes the jack pot. Right?"

"Correct in every detail, J. J."

"What made you bring it up, Mort? Are you suggesting that we start a tontine?"

"Why not?"

One of the stouter millionaires wrinkled his brow. "I don't get the idea. What happens? Suppose we each put up a thousand dollars—"

"A thousand!" Mortimer Bayliss snorted. "Fifty thousand. You want to make it interesting, don't you?"

"All right, fifty thousand. And then?"

"You start dying. You die off one by one, and when you've all died except one, that one scoops the kitty."

The stout millionaire shook his head. "I don't like it. Gruesome, I call it. And another thing. The winner wouldn't collect till he was about ninety, and what use would the money be to him then?"

Six other millionaires said that was precisely the flaw that had struck them. "The voting seems to be against you, Mort," said J. J. Bunyan. "Try again."

"All right, how about your sons? You've all got sons, and pretty repulsive most of them are. Start a tontine for them. No, wait," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Here's a really bright scheme. Start a tontine for your revolting offspring, but fix it that the cash goes to the last to get married. Same thing, really. Death or marriage, what's the difference?" said Mortimer Bayliss, who had been a bachelor for forty-three years and intended to remain one. "If you each put up fifty thousand, that's over half a million to begin with, and by the time it's paid out it should have doubled itself. And the most you stand to lose is your original stake, which you're going to lose anyway in a week or two, when this bull market blows up, as it most certainly will.

"All right," he went on, as shocked voices rose in protest, "I'm just telling you. There's a crash coming, my hearties, a crash that will shake the fillings out of your back teeth. That's why I suggest this tontine for your progeny. Then at least one of the unfortunate little tykes won't have to end his days selling pencils in the streets. Of course, you'll have to keep the thing under your hats. Tip the lads off to what they're going to lose by entering the holy state, and you'll have eleven permanent celibates on your hands. Brigham Young would have stayed single if he had been told that listening to the voice of love was going to set him back a million bucks . . . Well, there you are, that's the best I can do for you," said Mortimer Bayliss.

There was a hushed silence. It lasted till J. J. Bunyan said: "Boys, I think Mort has got something."

THE sunshine of a fine summer morning was doing its best for the London suburb of Valley Fields. At the house in Mulberry Grove, which a romantic builder had named Castlewood, it shone into a cozy living room, where it lighted up, among other interesting objects, a silver-framed photograph of an elderly man with a long upper lip and beetling eyebrows, signed *Cordially yours, Uffenham*. Nearby, in an armchair, rested the portly form of Harold Keggs, retired butler, who was reading the Times. The date on the paper was June 18, 1956.

The twenty-six years and nine months that had elapsed since J. J. Bunyan's dinner party had robbed the world of that dinner's host and most of his guests, but they had touched Keggs lightly. For some reason probably known to scientists, butlers—as far, at any rate, as outward appearance is concerned—do not grow old as we grow old. Keggs, reclining in his chair with his feet on a footstool and a mild cigar between his lips, looked precisely as he had looked a quarter of a century ago.

The door opened, and a small, fair-haired girl came in. "Good morning, Mr. Keggs."

"Good morning, miss," said Harold Keggs, heaving himself up like a courtly hippopotamus. This was Jane Benedick, niece of the Lord Uffenham who, as stated on that photograph, was cordially his. Lord Uffenham, under whom he had served on his return from America in the early thirties, had been the last of Keggs's long list of employers.

Jane was a pretty girl, but the most attractive thing about her was her voice, which was one of singular beauty. It sometimes reminded Lord Uffenham, who had his poetical moments, of ice tinkling in a highball glass.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you," said Jane, "but the big shot is screaming for breakfast and I can't find his Times."

"I have it, miss. I am sorry. I was glancing at the marriage announcements."

"Any hot news?"

"I see that Mr. James Brewster was married yesterday. I remember him as a small boy. His father was a friend of Mr. J. J. Bunyan, in whose employment I was many years ago in New York."

"Would that be a relative of the Roscoe Bunyan who's rented Shipley from Uncle George?"

"His father, miss. A very wealthy gentleman. I believe the younger Mr. Bunyan inherited twenty million dollars."

"Golly! And he argued about the rent like a shopkeeper in an Oriental bazaar. He isn't married, is he?"

"No, miss."

"A bit of luck for some nice girl. What I could tell you about Roscoe Bunyan! I met him in America. You knew that I was sent off to America at the beginning of the war?"

"No, miss. I had retired and was no longer with his lordship when hostilities broke out."

"Yes, they exported me, with a lot of other children, and I was taken over for the duration by some kind people who had a summer home at a place called Meadowhampton, on Long Island. Roscoe was there, and he made my life hell till one of the other boys stopped him. He had a foul habit of ducking me, and one day he held me underwater till my whole life passed before my eyes. This angel boy told Roscoe he would knock his block off if he didn't desist. So Roscoe desisted. And now after all these years he has popped up in England and evicted me from my childhood home. It's a strange world, Mr. Keggs."

"Most extraordinary, miss."

"Still, too late to do anything about it now, I suppose. Ah," said Jane, as ponderous footsteps made themselves heard on the stairs. "Here comes Uncle George. He plans to breakfast in the garden, and I don't blame him. You certainly picked a good spot when you settled here," said Jane. "I don't say it's Shipley, but it's the next best thing. You can almost feel you're in the country . . . Well, I'll be going and getting that breakfast."

A shadow flitted across *(Continued on page 70)*

At Keggs's proposition, Roscoe quivered like a harpooned whale. "A hundred thousand dollars!" he said. "Why, you—" Bayliss watched him with greatest glee

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

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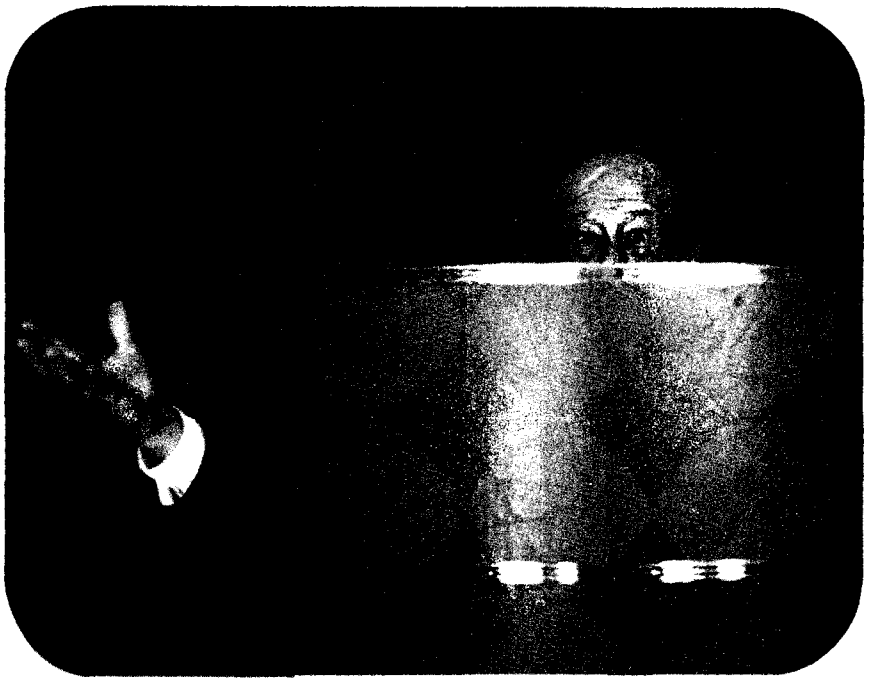
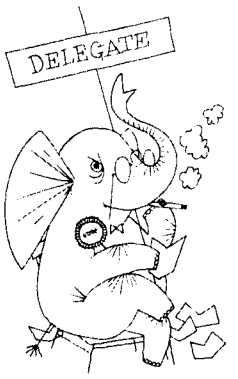
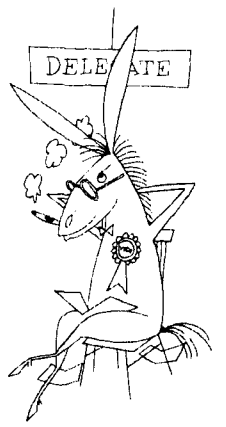
Watch all cameras; talk to the one with the red light



Before the speech, adjust rostrum's height to your own

Project warmth and sincerity, but don't be too smooth





BERT LAHR

What every candidate should know

In this office-seeking year, political orators throughout the land are grappling with a new art and etiquette of campaigning. Special schools are being set up, manuals written, experts hired to tutor candidates *in the possibilities—and perils—of Telepolitics.*

On television today's candidate can expose himself to more voters in 15 minutes than he could ever hope to inspire in weeks of street-corner speechmaking. But TV's living-room audience makes new demands on the old-fashioned spellbinder. His platform manner, the experts say, must now be relaxed, informal, intimate. And he must demonstrate mastery of the mechanical monster in the studio with know-how about such things as make-up, stop watches and camera angles.

The advice to Telepoliticians on these pages has been distilled from helpful hints issued this year by networks, party headquarters, advertising agencies and other electronics experts. In essence, the message is usually the same: keep the upper hand over roving cameras, waving technicians, floating booms, studio bedlam—and go on the air relaxed as a hound-dog.

The new art is illustrated for Collier's by comedian Bert Lahr, who discovered and demonstrated how to hold an audience some time before the birth of the picture tube.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS RENAULT

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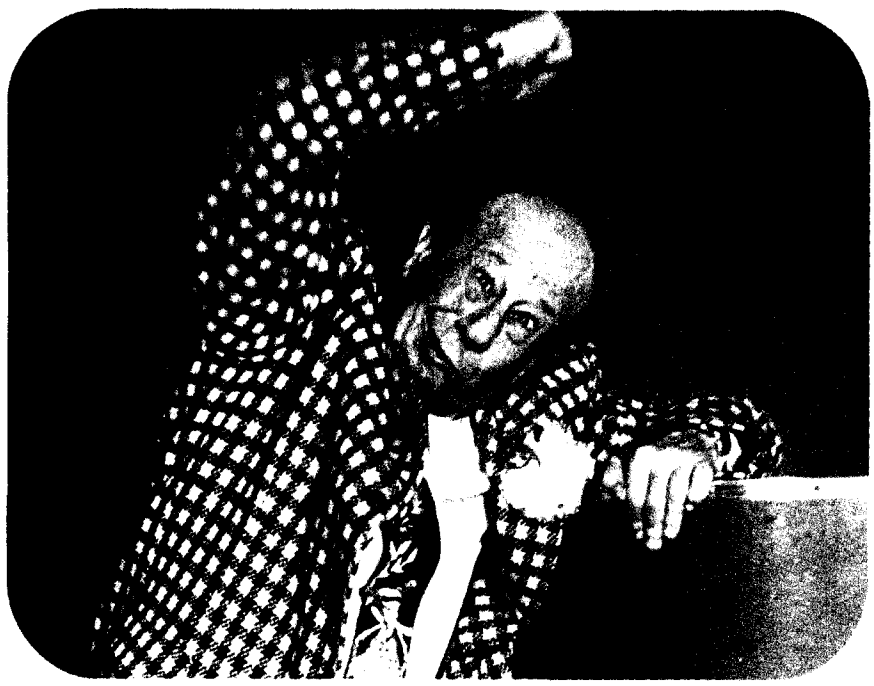
Be neat, not gaudy; wear a plain suit, a solid-colored tie

A glance at your notes should be both swift and subtle

Gestures should be restrained—and never toward camera

Smile to ease tension, but don't laugh at your own jokes

Don't be overemotional; you're in the audience's home



Don't overindulge beforehand; you can be too relaxed

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OUR CROWDED SKY

Travel in the air from the Jenny to the Jet

On its 30th anniversary America's civilian aviation faces a new era: the adventure of the jet plateau. The air age ahead promises much but poses problems too—jammed air lanes, outdated airports, noise

By Theodore H. White

Here on the ground, the plane seems restless and ill at ease, its wings swept back like a hawk caught swooping. Even on the runway, this plane talks of speed; it cannot wait. For it is parent not only of a family of aircraft but of a whole new age.

The plane is Boeing Model No. 707, poised on a sun-washed strip outside the cavernous factory at Seattle where engineers first dreamed its lines —and it is racing. Some 1,100 miles south, in California, at Douglas's Santa Monica plant, men are speeding the jigs and dies of its rival, the DC-8. One hundred and twenty-three miles away, draftsmen ink the lines of the competitive Convair 880.

These are the pure-jets, to be hurled through space by the simple thrust of bursting gas. Then there are the prop-jets, whose whirling gas turbines turn a conventional propeller. In Los Angeles, Lockheed is almost ready with its Electra. Across the continent, in Hagerstown, Maryland, Fairchild designers trace the last finery on the medium-range Friendship. Along the East Coast, Capital is already in the air with a British prop-jet, the Viscount.

All these are planes of peace, passenger carriers. Yet with their screaming speeds and unimaginable perplexities, they promise—in two or three or five years—as spectacular a revolution in the thought of man as their military counterparts, the fighting jets, have brought to the art of war.

Already, men have bet almost $2,000,000,000 on these planes. With them, by 1959, they must be prepared to pioneer what now, vaguely, they call the jet plateau. The prospects are exciting—and disturbing.

Not that these aircraft themselves are complicated. As Tex Johnson, the placid, drowsy-eyed test pilot, strokes the controls of No. 707 (the only American jet airliner flying thus far), and tells of its first flight coast-to-coast (three hours and 58 minutes at normal cruising speed), the plane seems strangely simple. A "one-hand plane," Tex calls it, so gentle is the big jet's response to the pilot's finger-flexing, so serene its flight.

Only when you walk away from the plane, and start to question the men who must weave it into the pattern of American living, does it become less simple. For before it can be absorbed, the contour of an entire industry must be changed—and perhaps much of our way of life, too.

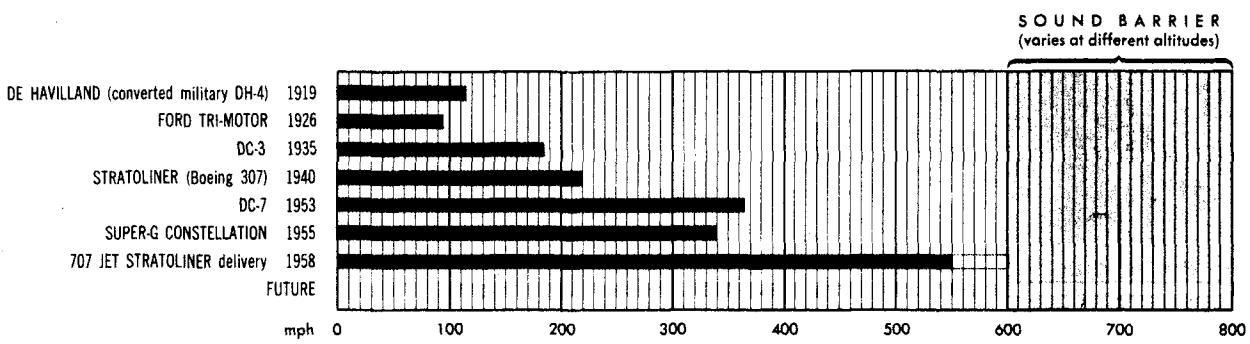
There is, for example, the problem of air space itself. With ever more people flying, the skies are now as congested as the whirling heart of the subatomic nucleus. In the last six years, the Civil Aeronautics Board records, there have been 81 collisions in the air. Most have occurred as the planes gathered over cities to enter or depart. But the most horrifying, costing 128 lives, took place only a few weeks ago over the Grand Canyon—seemingly an area as vast and free and uncluttered as any in our nation. In this continent-wide traffic jam, helicopters, flying in new patterns, and convertiplanes, shortly to come, are becoming increasingly a factor. Now comes the jet, hurtling at fantastic new speeds. How will we fit it in?

There is the staggering problem of noise. Never have the eardrums of man been invited to sustain such extravagant, terrifying noise as pours from the tail pipe of the jet. It is a new, menacing kind of pollution of the air.

There is the obsolescence of our airports. We have spent almost $1,000,000,000 on new airports since the war—yet our airports squirm with hordes of irritable, snappish, clamoring passengers pushed and pulled about in confusion. The jet swoops down on these choked airports with every promise of overwhelming them in a tide of baggage and passengers that present systems cannot possibly handle.

In a single sentence, one airline president vividly summed up the turmoil of the new jet age: "We're buying planes that haven't yet been fully designed, with millions of dollars we don't have, and we're going to operate them from airports that aren't ready, in a traffic control system that can't handle them, and we have to fill them with more passengers than we know how to service."

Looking ahead, one can only measure the swelling impact of the jet on



The astounding upsurge of speed in our commercial planes through the years is shown on chart. Fastest thus far is Boeing 707 (right), here at rest on strip outside Seattle plant where it was developed. The giant craft is the only U.S. jet airliner now flying

KOSTI RUOHOMAA

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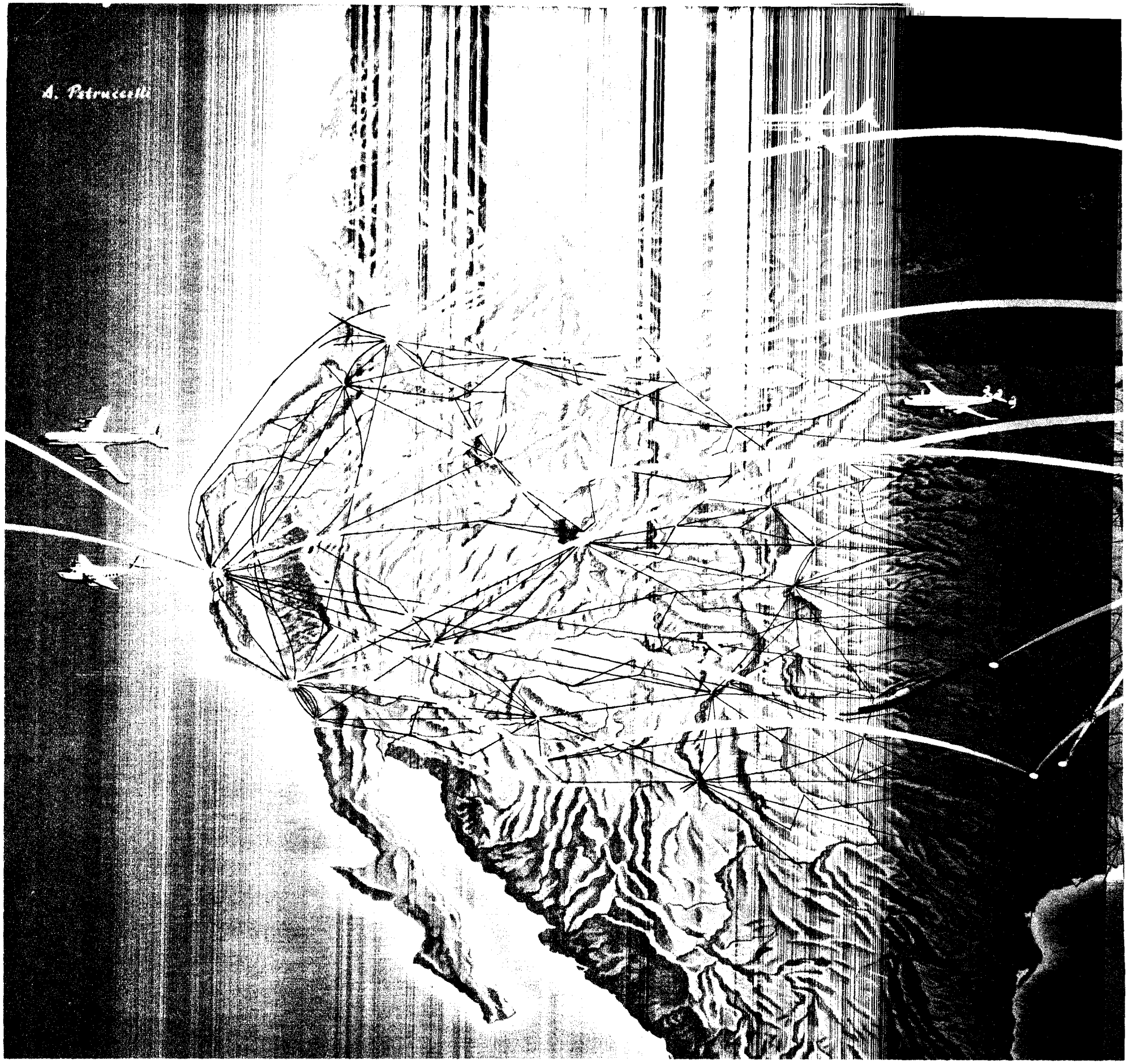

Although Europeans pioneered regular commercial flying, the American continent, with its vast distances, gave aviation the historic opportunity to change a way of life.

America by reviewing what has preceded it, gaping at how American life already has been changed by wings.

Last year, 41,623,000 Americans flew the regularly scheduled domestic and international routes of our commercial air carriers—nearly twice as many as flew five years ago. Last year, more than three times as many people traveled between our cities by air than by Pullman train. Last year, more people left New York for overseas by plane than by ship—by a margin of 432,692 to 418,487. Just four years ago, the number flying abroad out of New York was only 212,979.

Yet this is only the beginning. With approximately 250 new pure-jets (and 266 prop-jets) on order for delivery between now and 1960, the dimensions of an entirely new era rise ahead. The jet's speed, combined with its capacity, gives it a carrying size that stuns imagination. If used for only 450 trips a year, a single $5,500,000 jet airliner will be able to haul 60,000 passengers across the Atlantic each 12 months, which is almost as many as were carried last year by America's queen passenger liner—the 53,000-ton S.S. United States, built at a cost of $70,000,000 only four years ago. At a minimum, American commercial aviation expects to lift its annual passenger total to 76,000,000 by 1965, to haul 80 out of every 100 travelers who journey farther than 700 miles.

Somewhere, somehow, a reporter keeps telling himself as he talks of the new age ahead with the men of the aviation world, there should be a note of caution, of restraint. But there is not. For in the art of American industry —that curious blend of dream and common sense which restlessly shapes the changes in our life before the constraints of dollar-accounting and public relations counsel set in—the men of aviation have always been pre-eminent.

"This," said one veteran, "is the industry of hashish-eaters. Nothing will ever seem as crazy a dream, nothing will ever seem as high or dark as night-crossing the Alleghenies seemed in 1928. You have to look back at how far we've come to understand."

* * *

To be exact, you have to look back 30 years—to the sultry, pregnant summer of 1926, when commercial aviation first tried its wings.

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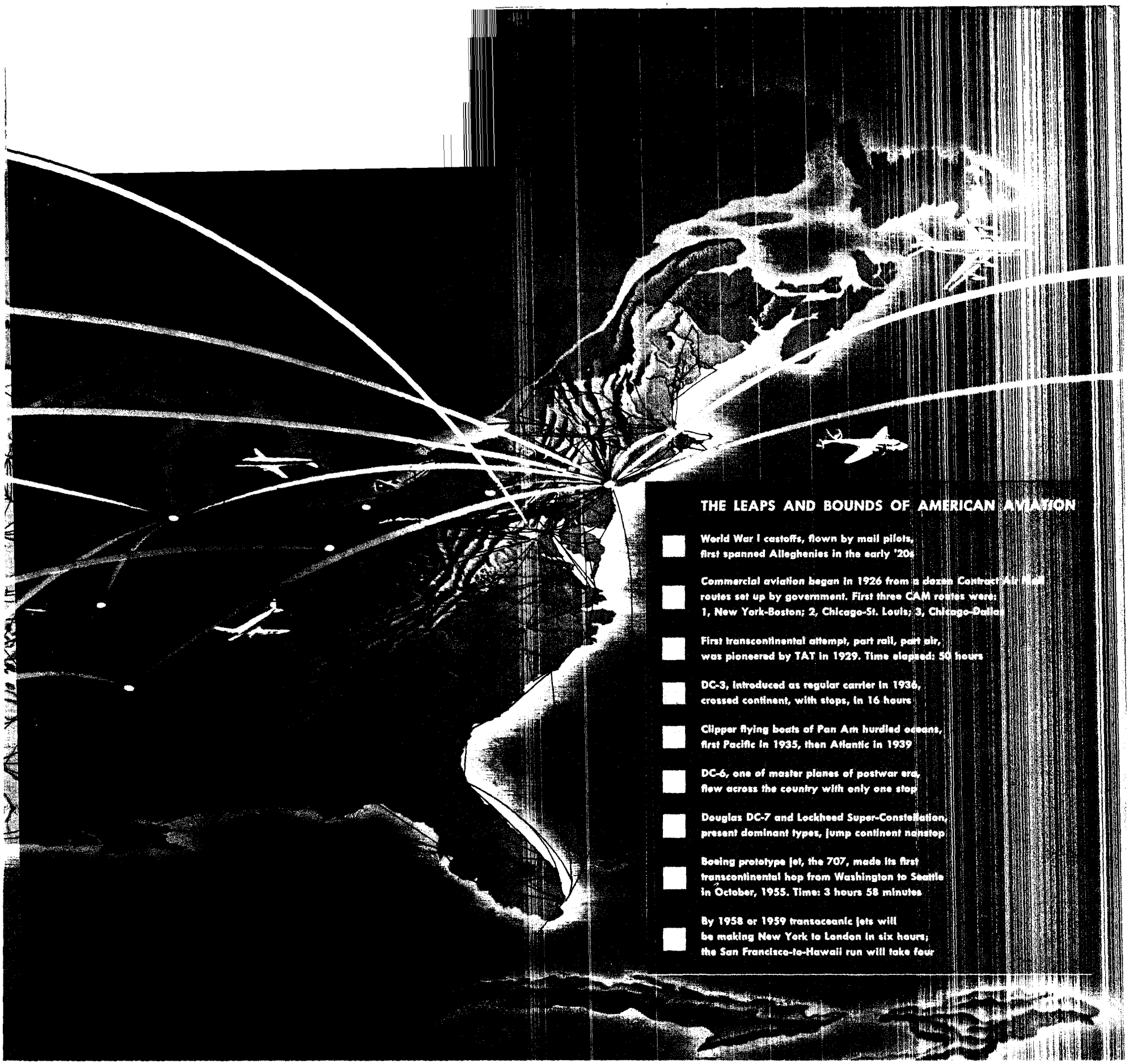
THE LEAPS AND BOUNDS OF AMERICAN AVIATION
World War I castoffs, flown by mail pilots, first spanned Alleghenies in the early '20s
Commercial aviation began in 1926 from a dozen Contract Air Mail routes set up by government. First three CAM routes were: 1, New York-Boston; 2, Chicago-St. Louis; 3, Chicago-Dallas
First transcontinental attempt, part rail, part air, was pioneered by TAT in 1929. Time elapsed: 50 hours
DC-3, introduced as regular carrier in 1936, crossed continent, with stops, in 16 hours
Clipper flying boats of Pan Am hurdled oceans, first Pacific in 1935, then Atlantic in 1939
DC-6, one of master planes of postwar era, flew across the country with only one stop
Douglas DC-7 and Lockheed Super-Constellation, present dominant types, jump continent nonstop
Boeing prototype jet, the 707, made its first transcontinental hop from Washington to Seattle in October, 1955. Time: 3 hours 58 minutes
By 1958 or 1959 transoceanic jets will be making New York to London in six hours; the San Francisco-to-Hawaii run will take four

Color strips show the strides and lengthening legs of U.S. flight; black lines indicate air network today. Coast-to-coast air travel will soon take less than five hours

That was the time when the air mail, unwanted child of the Post Office Department, flying the castoff Jennys and De Havillands of World War I, sped two planes a day east from San Francisco and two planes west from New York; each took two days en route. Man thought then that the art of aviation had reached a summit. Only a few years before, a mail pilot, Jack Knight, had become a hero flying the first night flight across America from Omaha to Chicago; farmers on the rolling plains had lighted bonfires to guide him through the storm and help him prove it could be done. But now, in 1926, the Bureau of Lighthouses was maintaining light beacons on the air-mail routes, new planes were developing, flight was becoming routine.

So routine had it become, in fact, that the government a year earlier, by the Kelly Act of 1925, had daringly thrown the air open to private enterprise. The Postmaster General, stipulated the act, should have the right to trace air-mail routes across the map and then let contracts to any group of men bold enough to think they could make a profit by bidding for the right to fly mail. And thus, in the summer of 1926, it all began.

The names of these first post-office routes—CAM 1 (Contract Air Mail 1), CAM 2, CAM 3 and so on—lie buried in the archives of Washington. But their dry code names still trace the roots and branches from which American commercial aviation was to flourish.

CAM 1 (the contract between New York and Boston) was the fief of a new company called Colonial Air Transport—chiefly interesting in retrospect because of its visionary young chieftain. Juan Trippe saw the whole round globe with its wide oceans as the airplane's realm. The staid Boston owners of Colonial did not agree with him, so young Trippe left to found another airline called Pan American Airways, whose ambition was to jump the ocean from Florida to Havana.

In this, the first of his major aviation wars, twenty-seven-year-old Juan Trippe clashed with an equally colorful young man named Eddie Rickenbacker, who was at that time a director of a company called Florida Airways. Rickenbacker was also desperately interested in getting the Florida-Havana air-mail contract. When Trippe won, Florida Airways folded and Rickenbacker was not again to tap the lush travel market of Florida until eight years later. Then, in 1935, as new general manager of

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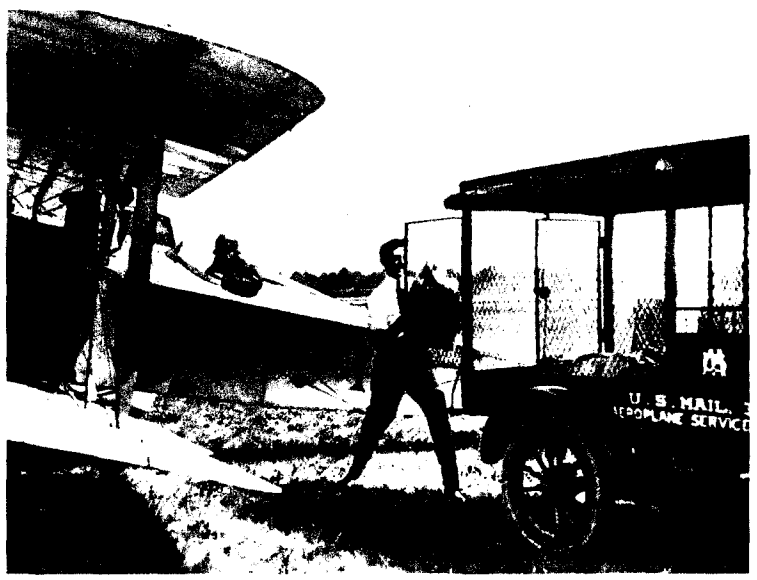
"You have to look back at how far we've come to understand," say airmen of their industry



World War I castoff planes carried earliest air mail. New Yorkers got letters from Chicago in September, 1918, in this plane-truck transfer

One of our early flying heroes was mail pilot Jack Knight (l.). Fires lighted by farmers guided his historic first Omaha-to-Chicago night flight

Donald Douglas of Douglas Aircraft was 30 years ahead of his time when he designed commuter's plane below, his only effort in this direction

Eastern Air Lines, he salvaged the company from almost certain bankruptcy and rode the Florida vacationland boom to great fortune and profit.

In San Francisco, a young banker had become interested in airplanes and joined an outfit called Pacific Air Transport which had bid and won CAM 8, the contract between Los Angeles and Seattle. His name was William A. Patterson.

In the next few years, as PAT was merged with the ownership of CAM 5 (the high Rockies), CAM 18 (Chicago-San Francisco) and the New York-Chicago leg of National Air Transport, Patterson soared with it to manage the first all-air coast-to-coast route in the country. Today, as United Air Lines, the system he directs crisscrosses the entire northern half of the nation and reaches all the way to Hawaii.

DOWN IN TEXAS, another young man fresh out of college was about to go to work for a speculator who had latched onto five or six beat-up planes and an air-mail contract, all based on Fort Worth. This operation, known as Texas Air Transport, flew to Houston-Galveston-Brownsville, down the Gulf Coast. The young man was C. R. Smith. From his tin-roofed shed by the dirt strip of Fort Worth's field, he was to shake this line down to operating efficiency and rise with it, as New York interests linked it to other stump contracts, until it became American Airlines, biggest of them all, and he became its president.

Now that air travel is commonplace and its stocks and debentures are first-class investment material, the audacity of the men who flew the planes and the men who financed them has all but been forgotten. But those were the days when even CAM 9—the simple flight between Chicago and Minneapolis—was high adventure, and the first bidder on that contract, a bewhiskered pioneer named Charles Dickinson, folded in four months. Of the five planes with which he opened his line, four had crashed in three months. A hastily assembled company called Northwest Airlines replaced him with better luck—today its original Minneapolis-Chicago run reaches from New York to Tokyo.

The settled, middle-aged men who today sit behind the command desks of American aviation seem like any other businessmen. But all that they command they created in their own lifetime; when they talk of yesterday, they become young again, remembering how all the early triumphs were hand-hewn out of human ignorance.

There was the battle of weather. John Collings, who now bosses the far-flung lines of TWA, remembers the weather back in 1926 when he was flying in Detroit. His boss was Henry Ford, who was already running a regular private service of one-a-day flights of spare parts from Detroit to Chicago in 1925.

"We had no weather service at all in those days," remembers Collings, "so when the hangar burned down on New Year's Day, 1926, we used our spare time to set up a weather system. Two of us got in a car and went to Chicago. We'd stop every now and then, pick out a Ford dealer and take

Jack Herlihy, now a vice-president of United Air Lines, pioneered in instrument flying in 1930, when 26

C. R. Smith took over a straggling collection of air routes in 1934, and soon shook it down to American Airlines, now the biggest of them all

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him outside and point to the sky and say, 'See, when it's like this, we say it's clear, or, if it's like that, we say it's scattered, or broken, or socked in.' Then we'd say, 'If you can see down the hill, visibility is one mile; if you can see as far as the church, visibility is two miles; if you can see as far as you want, it's unlimited.' Then we'd explain what ceiling was, tell him to send us two telegrams a day, and drive on." Mr. Collings is not sure how many trained meteorologists work for Trans World Airlines today—50 or 60, he thinks offhand. (Actually there are 56.) But he remembers, precisely, each station he set up on the first airline weather service in the U.S.—Detroit, Sturgis, Coldwater, White Pigeon, all in Michigan, and Elkhart in Indiana.

EVEN WHEN WEATHER was learned, there was the problem of what to do about it. That meant instruments. Jack Herlihy, vice-president of United Airlines, just last winter committed his company to purchase $200,000,000 worth of jet airliners—planes he discusses with dry mastery of technical detail. But as he talks about instruments, his voice changes, and he is again sitting on his parachute, silk scarf about his neck, peering through his goggles out over the black Alleghenies between Cleveland and Jersey.

"A lot of us were trying to see whether we could get through the clouds, instead of ducking under them and following the canyons," Herlihy recalls. "I put cardboard covers on my goggles with only two slits in them, so I couldn't see anything but the instruments, and forced myself to practice instruments on clear days. Then one day I was flying over a place called Greenwood, Pennsylvania, and I hit this big bump—and instead of looking outside to see what happened, I found I was looking at the instruments first! Then it dawned on me, that this aviation business was going to amount to something . . . but a lot of guys who never learned instruments aren't here today." There are between fifty and sixty instruments on a modern cockpit panel today, and dozens of more subtle ones in development. But the men of Herlihy's day had to prove that airplanes could fly from here to there, through dark skies or cloudy ones, on a single compass, single radio and a simple needle-ball gyroscope to show their tilt and turn. When they had learned that, there were tracks across the sky.

The late twenties were heroic days in aviation. A young man named Lindbergh sped across the Atlantic. America's imagination flared—and the following year applications for pilots' licenses tripled.

On the ground, a solemn young engineer named Herbert Hoover, Jr., began to tinker with radio problems for an outfit that specialized in flying passengers—Western Air Express, later to become part of TWA. Out of his tinkering came a two-way radio for the pilot's cockpit, putting him instantly and permanently in touch with ground control.

Two rival engineering plants, Curtiss-Wright and Pratt & Whitney, began to leapfrog each other, as they have been doing ever since, in providing ever more powerful engines for an industry that clamored always for more power. Out of their rivalry, compact, radial air-cooled motors began to grow to 400 to 600 horsepower to replace the cumbersome leftover designs of World War I. With these new engines, plane makers found new shapes for cabins, wing structures, fuselage.

Yet something continued to be lacking—money and profit. It was only the air mail, an outright subsidy from an indulgent government, that kept the struggling airlines from instant bankruptcy. Profits rested on payment by poundage of mail. Sharp operators could flesh out the dry bones of airmail poundage by trickery—by wrapping heavy telephone books in brown paper and shipping them as air mail over their own lines, or by shipping spare parts and machines, ticketed as air mail, from one field of their operation to another. But there was little or no profit in this.

One could, of course, fly passengers. But passengers, to the early airmen, were a bother—to be jammed on top of the mailbags up front, or to be kicked off by pilots annoyed by their chatter. Passengers would get sick and foul up the cabins at the bumpy, churning altitudes airplanes then flew. And to fly passengers profitably from, say, New York to San Francisco, would require an air fare of $1,003.12. There was no permanent market to be won at such rates. Today's $80 coast-to-coast tourist fare was, in those days, not even a lunatic's dream. "Fundamentally," says American Airlines' C. R. Smith as he looks back, "we were stuck until we got a new kind of plane, because every passenger seat we sold was sold at a loss."

The financing of the twenties and thirties mirrored this dismal situation; it was based on hope rather than fact, a gamble rather than an investment. The root of airline profits ran to political contacts in Washington, and deals made in Washington back rooms recalled all the squalor of primitive railroad financing 80 years before. Connivance, of course, led to vulnerability —as was proved when the New Deal in its righteous wrath canceled all airmail contracts and nearly wiped out the fledgling industry overnight in the black year 1934. Yet the miracle was about to happen.

* * *

C. R. SMITH, who only that year had been named president of the rickety agglomeration of routes he was to make into American Airlines, says, "The DC-3 was the miracle. It was the first airplane where, if you sold all the seats, you actually made a little money. I bought the first twenty-five DC-3s when we were so broke we told the Douglas people we'd buy planes only if they didn't ask for a deposit—bought them over the phone, too, and never did sign a contract."

It is good to pause and look at the DC-3, a stubby, silver-winged monoplane, which will someday be enshrined like the Model T Ford and the Conestoga wagon in the museum of America's travel memories. The DC-3, like the great jets of today, was simply a wonderful coming together of innumerable unrecorded triumphs of American imagination in far-flung laboratories and unknown drafting rooms.

The engines, Curtiss-Wright Cyclones, turning up 900 horsepower each, had been born out of Yankee engineering skill just two years earlier, in the sheds of Paterson, New Jersey. On Long Island, another group of engi-

Charles A. Lindbergh, at controls of Ford Tri-Motor "City of Los Angeles" nicknamed the Tin Goose, warms up for epochal flight on July 8, 1929. He thus launched coast-to-coast air-rail service which was inaugurated by Transcontinental Air Transport, TWA's predecessor

Pan American skipper Edwin C. Musick (top of steps) waits to pilot first flight across Pacific to Orient. Date: November 22, 1935. James A. Farley, then Postmaster General, stands by sacks of mail

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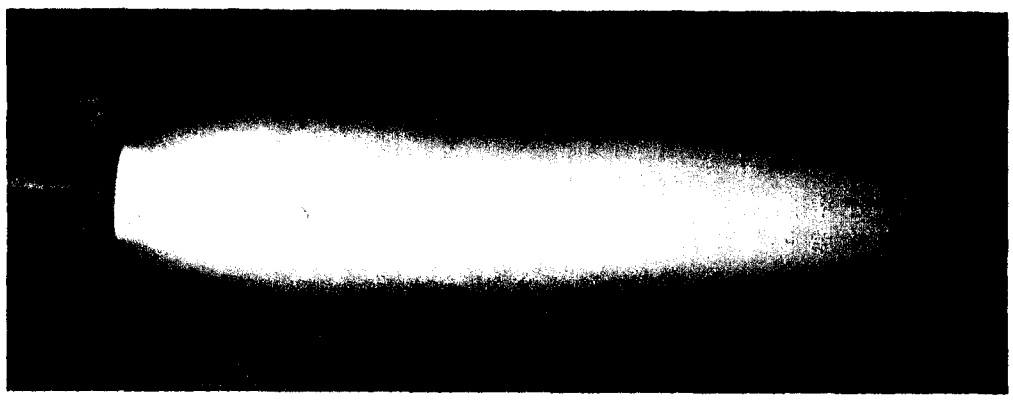


JOHN FLOREA

The plume of hot gas bursting from the tail pipe of jet plane sets up a horrendous combination of shriek, whine, hiss and rumble. Until the noise problem is solved, jets will be barred by New York City airports

The two biggest problems of the jet age: the air-traffic maze and the noise of jet engines

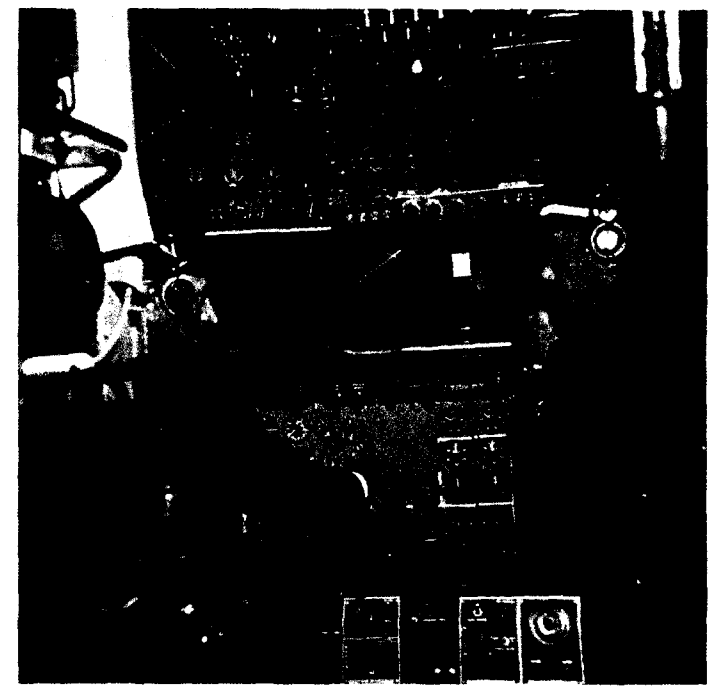
neers at the Sperry plant meshed all the growing family of panel instruments into a master automatic pilot—a device that locked the plane on course and flew it by itself. Along the leading edge of each wing, a boot of rubber flexed slowly back and forth to break the malevolent grip of the ice demon. The DC-3's undercarriage drew up into its body, presenting a smooth surface to the air flow. Uncountable streams of diverse ingenuity had been pulled together by Douglas engineers at Santa Monica to make a plane which flew at altitudes of 6,000 to 12,000 feet and carried 6,000 pounds of passenger or pay load in 21 seats or 14 berths at 185 miles an hour.

Now, in 1936, aviation's legs began to lengthen. Chicago was a single hop of four hours from New York; the East Coast was three stops, or 18 hours, from the West Coast. Where formerly money in aviation could be made only from subsidies of government air mail, it could now be made from people, and the horizons were totally new. Only 678,500 Americans had flown the airlines in 1935, the year before the DC-3; five years after the DC-3, this number had almost sextupled. These new passengers wanted neither thrill nor adventure but speed, and they insisted it be backed by safety. These two constants drew the industry faster and faster forward.

As traffic doubled, tripled, multiplied, the air became crowded and demanded traffic control. The way the pilots spin the yarn, traffic control really began in 1935 over Newark, New Jersey, then one of the busiest airports in the country. One day that fall, two pilots sat over coffee in the cafeteria after both had burrowed down to landing through the overcast. "I had the funniest thing happen today," said the first pilot. "I crossed the range at 4,000 feet and just as I crossed it I ran into this turbulence, as if the air had rocks in it." "Is that so?" said the second. "I came in at 4,000, too, and the same thing happened to me when I was on top of the range—I came in at 12:01—what time did you come in?" "Twelve-oh-one," said the first pilot. The two men looked at each other stunned, knowing they had almost grazed wing tips in the thick air just a few minutes earlier.

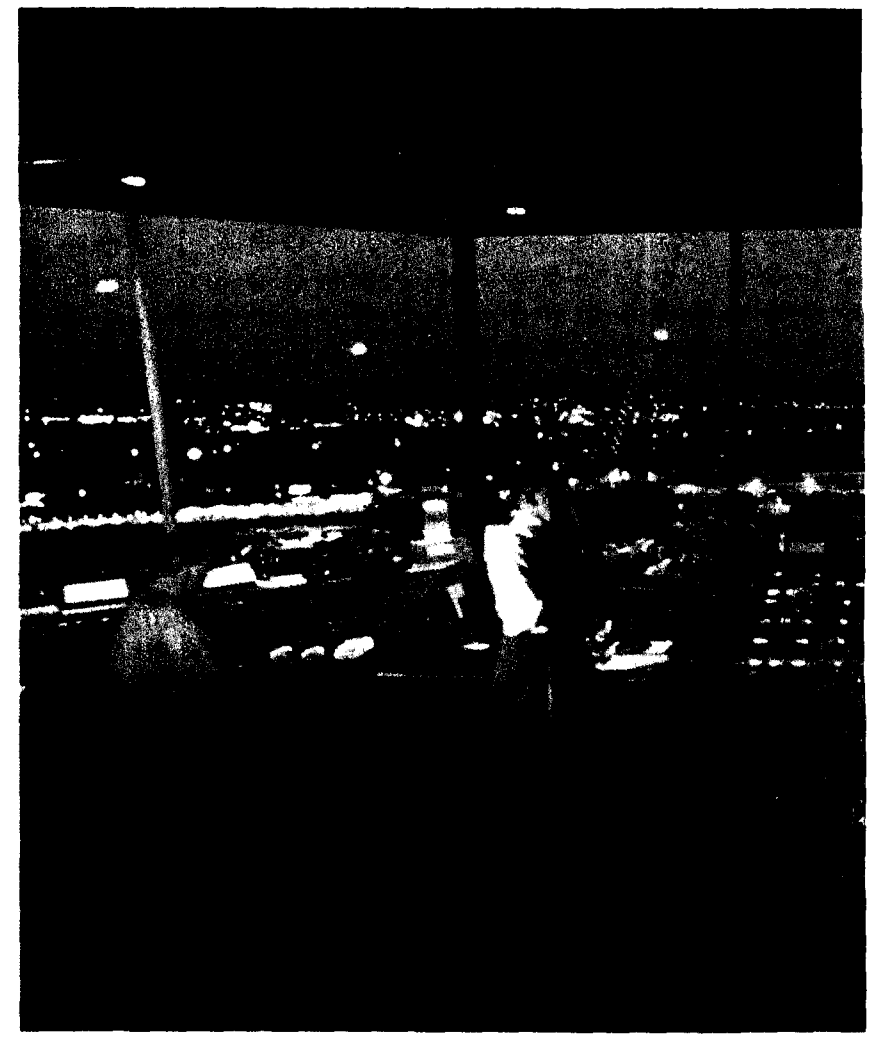
IT WAS AT NEWARK, therefore, on December 1, 1935, that four commercial carriers decided to set up a traffic control of their own, with a tower and posting board to make sure that no two of their planes approaching Newark were planning to occupy the same air space at the same moment. In April, 1936, they opened another center at Chicago, in June a third at Cleveland; by July the government, through the Civil Aeronautics Administration, had taken over responsibility for these centers and was opening more. By 1938, 11 different traffic control centers were separating planes by time, by flight levels, by routes all over the country.

Safety and speed were strengthened each month, each year, by a hundred different developments, meeting and marrying each other in the unique and unpredictable romance of American technology. Thus, in 1937, TWA, seeking a way to fly higher, fitted out an experimental Northrop at its Kansas City base with a whirling, compressive device called a "supercharger." The "supercharger" was ready because engineers and metallurgists had for years been working at General Electric on metals that could withstand high temperatures and centrifugal forces, and had only just solved the problem. The supercharger made it possible for airplane engines to thrive on the rarefied air of the upper atmosphere. This in turn freed the airframe of the plane from the thick, dragging lower atmosphere and allowed it to slice



MARTIN IGER

National Airlines DC-7 makes final approach on instrument landing. The runway and approach lights are now visible through windshield



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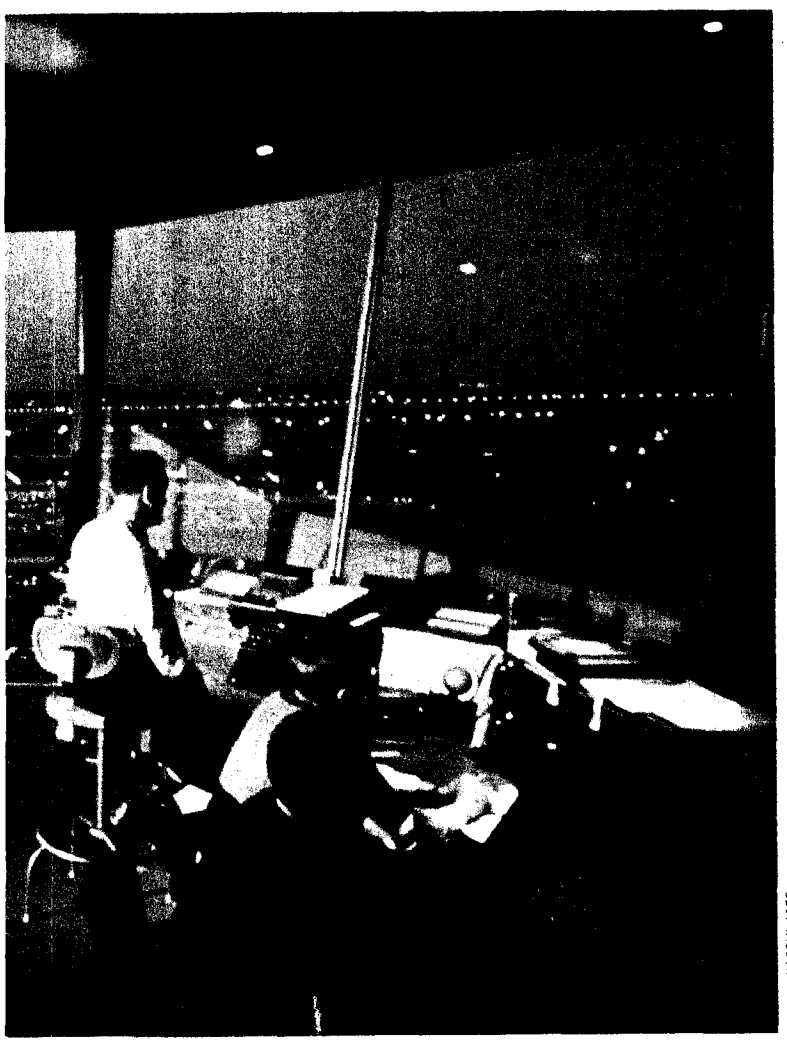
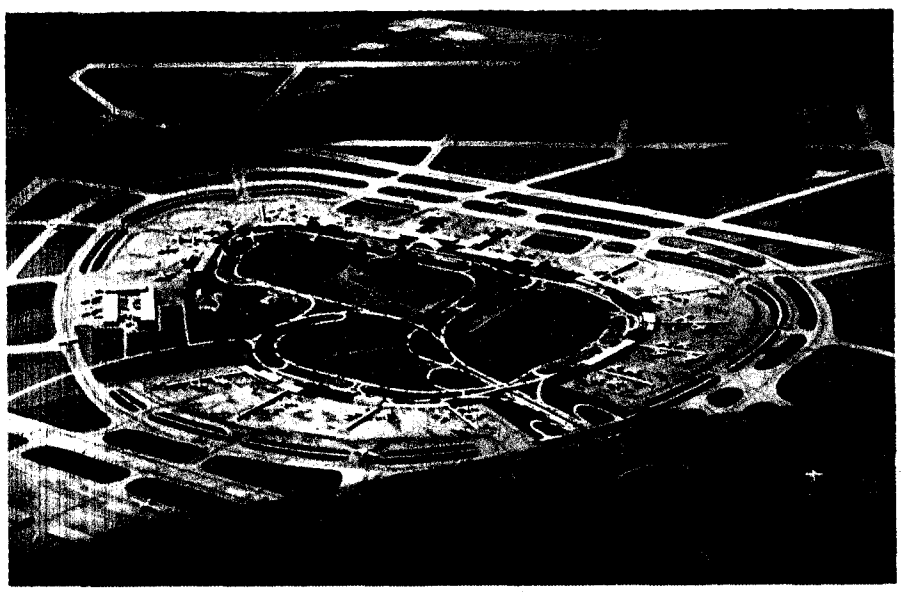
ROCCO PADULO

Time exposure shows intertwining pattern of lights left by arriving and departing airliners in hour and half at Midway Airport in Chicago, busiest in the country



MARTIN IGER



N. Y. PORT AUTHORITY

Here's how New York's International (Idlewild) Airport area will look in future. Work has already begun on ambitious $90,000,000 program to enlarge the airport's facilities to handle an anticipated 8,500,000 passengers a year, more than twice present number

Traffic controllers atop tower scan Idlewild's vast expanse at dusk. They control air traffic visually on clear days. Equipment for instrument landings is on the floor below

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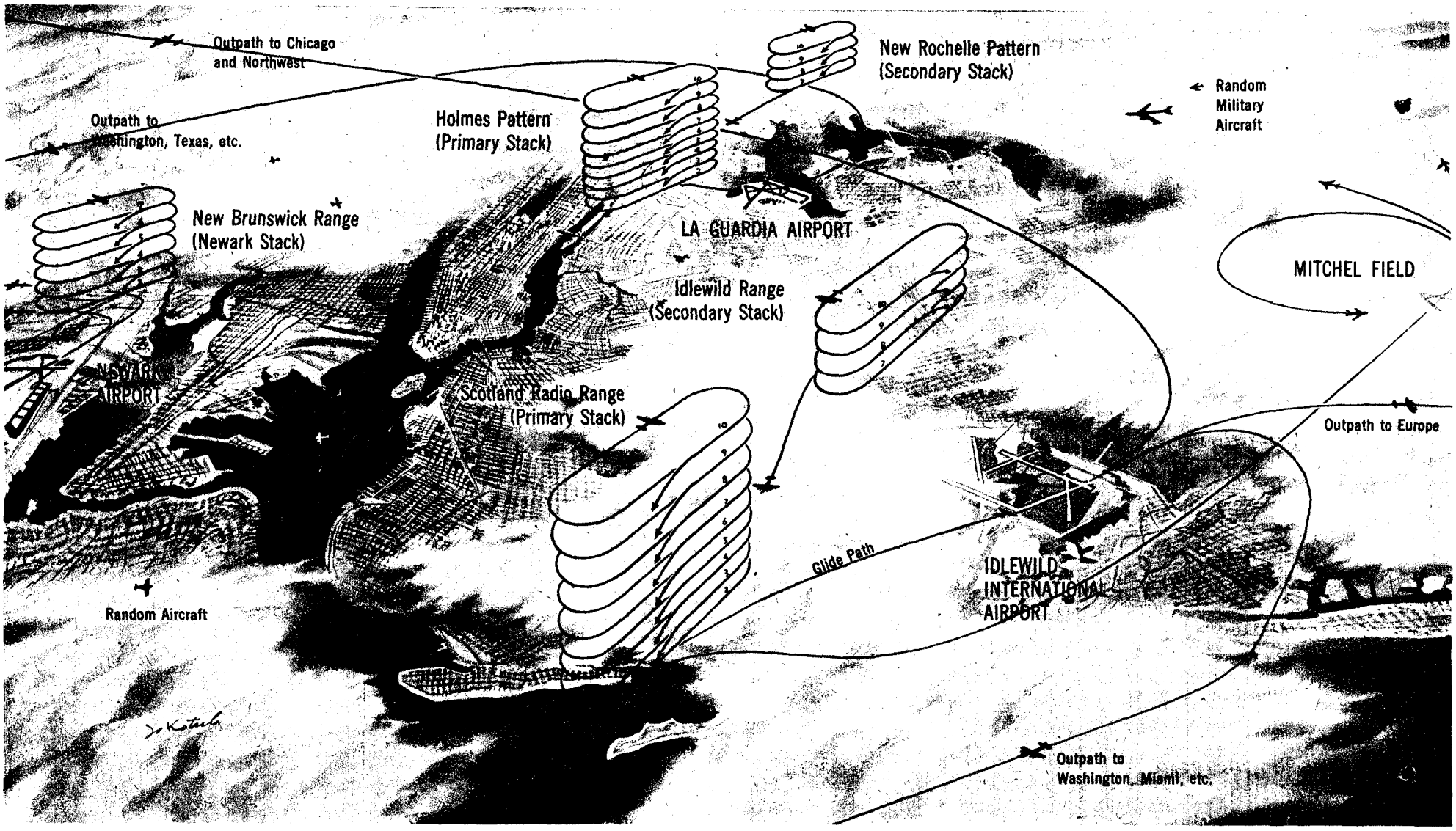

JO KOTULA

Artist's conception shows how a vast, invisible traffic control system guides planes in and out of New York's three great airports: Idlewild, La Guardia and Newark. In the foreground is Idlewild, with planes awaiting their turn to land revolving in "stacks." Primary stack is called Scotland, a radio range, located just south of Coney Island. As new planes arrive, they are assigned next higher levels. If primary stack is already crowded, new arrivals are sent to secondary stack known as Idlewild Range. When lowest-level plane lands, others descend one level. Two stacks are also set up for La Guardia while Newark, smaller, has only one. In bad weather the system also controls traffic for Navy's Floyd Bennett Field (obscured by clouds, lower center) and AF's Mitchel Field (top right). In 20 years of operation, this delicate system at the country's most complex air center has never lost a plane. Below, left: On final approach, tower control watches aircraft's descent through darkness or fog on this GCA radarscope. So precise is it that deviation from glide path by 100 feet or a pilot's misjudgment of altitude by as little as 25 feet can be instantly noted. Lower light streaks show any left-right deviation; angled streaks, the altitude

through the quick, clean air of the stratosphere. But to use this height the entire plane had to be redesigned. It had to be pressurized, to give passengers enough oxygen to breathe safely.

By 1940, Boeing had produced a pressurized Stratoliner, flying at 220 miles an hour; it was not only quicker, cheaper and faster, but infinitely safer, because it could cruise at 18,000 to 20,000 feet, high above the grasping fingers of the Rockies. The airmen could look down now on Utah's ominous Wasatch Range, where the bones of aviation pioneers whitened, and the Wasatch was no longer there to haunt them, as the Alleghenies were no longer there when the DC-3 blew in.

All the while men of the domestic airlines were mastering the heights of continental America, other men were attempting to master the sweep of the oceans. They were operating under the flag of a single company, Pan American, lavishly supported by the U.S. government. Pan American had first spread its wings over the Gulf of Mexico, flying thirsty citizens from the parched deserts of prohibition America to the oases of Havana's bars. Between 1927 and 1934, it stretched its span to the farthest tip of South America. By the spring of 1935 its expeditionary ship, the North Haven, a black Japanese-built freighter, was laying bases on unknown islands of the Pacific. By November of that year, with a radio communication system all across the Pacific and island bases at every stop, with the new Martin 130 Flying Boat ready for action, the China Clipper could take the air from Alameda Bay, California, and report arrival in Manila in three and a half days (59 hours 50 minutes of flying time later). By May of 1939 it was the Atlantic's turn, when the first Clipper out of New York made its landfall in Lisbon. But by then the war was on its way—and the war was to make of domestic and overseas airlines one community of the air and whirl them both forward on their way.

* * *

IN AVIATION the war was an incubating force. Across the Atlantic, the British and American governments flung a magic labyrinth of electronic aids as the pilots of every airline, as well as thousands of civilians in uniform, learned the art of ocean navigation. From the seedbed of engineering dreams new engines, shapes, planes were wrung faster and faster. The great four-engined prototypes of the postwar era—Douglas's DC-4 and Lockheed's Constellation—first made their bow in war paint, as by the thousands they infected Americans with their war-born contempt for distance.

At home, the war ripped airports and towers from the control of individual cities and private companies and gave the Civil Aeronautics Administration direct radio contact and control over all planes from take-off to landing. The crush of emergency traffic forced uniform new procedures. By 1945 these new procedures and new devices were bringing planes in to land by instruments at the rate of 12 an hour, in any weather, with far greater safety than in 1941 when only four an hour could be handled.

Yet the war did more than incubate air technology; it incubated Americans' demand for air travel. The first postwar year of flying, 1946, saw more than four times as many passengers aloft as flew in 1940, Ameri-

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ca's last prewar year. Under the hammering of new nonscheduled airlines (mostly bands of ex-servicemen with engineering or flying experience), fares began to drop to their present coach-fare low of $80 coast to coast. And as fares dropped, as prosperous America's leisure and wanderlust soared, air traffic surged in a tide that shows no sign of slackening.

* * *

THE YEARS SINCE THE WAR have not been quiet years in aviation. Yet they have been waiting years, a long pause before a bigger question mark. On every frontier, aviation's advance has continued—but it has been advance on marked paths, whose signposts have long been known.

The weather has been learned, and weathermen plot plane courses over continent and ocean to fly the pressure pattern of the winds, flipping from tail wind to tail wind in a manner that mocks yesterday's obsolete mile measurements. One day the winds may make the shortest distance between New York and Los Angeles lie across Canada, the next day across the Gulf of Mexico, the next, directly over the middle of the country.

Instrumentation has been elaborated both on the field and in the cockpit.

The new master planes of the postwar years, the Douglas DC-7 and Lockheed Super-Constellation, have stretched the legs of aviation until both continent and ocean are a single jump. American planes, American procedures, Americanese itself, have become the code of all flying everywhere. "You come down out of the night," said a Pan Am pilot in reflective wonder, "and there's Istanbul below—talking English from the tower." As first TWA, then Delta, then Northwest, then Braniff followed Pan American to foreign shores, in the postwar years competition has pushed American standards ever higher. Today American overseas navigation and efficiency have become as much the standard of intercontinental air as the operation of the white-sailed American clippers was the standard on the broad seas a century ago.

Essentially, however, nothing either radical or new has happened in the aviation industry from 1948 until the year just past.

The engineers who like to philosophize about technology find this natural. As their art developed a generation ago, they point out, the easy first steps followed one another, almost month by month. But each further, new step became more complicated, more costly, more difficult.

Each major new achievement thus became a plateau of development measurably longer in time than the one before. The DC-3 was master of the commercial skies for 10 years. By 1959 the postwar, four-engined, pressurized planes will have reigned for 14 years. Each has required time, first to teach its operators the problems, then to teach the community its opportunity.

Now comes the jet, and the jet plateau promises to be the longest yet. The jet finally ends speed competition among planes. Flying at 550 to 600 miles an hour, it slams the plane's nose right up against the sound barrier.

Whatever plane eventually succeeds the jet will have to be able to jab a full planeload of civilian-suited passengers all the way *through* the sound barrier right up to the heat barrier—with speeds twice those considered practical today. This, say the engineers, will be a long, long day in coming. The jet is thus the plane of our immediate future, with a life reign of 15 to 20 years. In this period we must learn to solve the problems the jet raises before we can begin to worry the problems of the plateau beyond it.

* * *

FIRST AMONG PROBLEMS that must be solved afresh during the years on the jet plateau is the problem of air traffic control. The 1,200 airliners which carried last year's 41,623,000 paying passengers had to share air space with the Air Force as well as with 67,000 other civilian craft—business, pleasure, crop dusters and trainers—flown by citizens who claim they have a constitutional right to use the free air above their cities and towns. And every year there is less free air than before—TV towers about our great cities thrust spires 1,000 to 2,000 feet high; the Army pre-empts vast areas for the testing of A-bombs, missiles, artillery; when the Strategic Air Command conducts its necessary maneuvers, it may for hours or days carve great chunks of forbidden space, covering entire states, out of the skies.

From whatever vantage point, be it the tower on the ground or the cockpit in the air, one is always impressed by two constants in traffic control: first, the brilliant technology which has been elaborated to guarantee our safety in the skies; and, secondly, the utter dependence of all this technology on the human judgment and skill of the men who use it.

I have sat for an hour in the cockpit of an airliner wrapped in fog over Chicago, in a stack of a dozen planes. Tense and sweating, listening to the gibberish of instruction on the radio, I followed our course down as each three or four minutes another plane was added above us in the high fog, another stripped beneath us on the ground, each of us meshed into a revolving, wheeling blind circus of precise altitudes and compass bearings as groundlings at panels and dials flicked us about in spiraling parabolas, drawing us closer and closer, tighter and tighter, lower and lower. We landed just one minute after the plane that preceded us, which we had never seen.

MARTIN IGER

Tension and drama of crowded skies are reflected in the grim faces of these men in new CAA Idlewild traffic control center, first of a number to be set up around country. This center controls all planes in the air from Hartford to Philadelphia, from Atlantic to Alleghenies. Bottom: Positions of planes are hand-posted on boards

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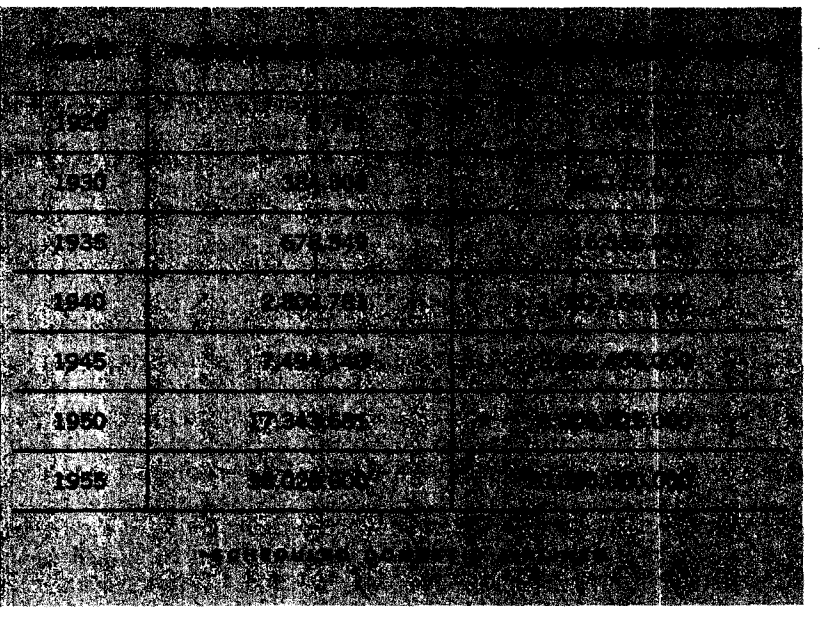
The boom in our air traffic: snappish passengers and soaring statistics



MARTIN IGER

on a course which the slightest miscalculation might have changed into disaster, dependent totally on the skill and instant reflex of our unruffled pilot.

Sitting in the tower at New York International Airport at Idlewild, I have seen the 12-inch radarscope so crowded on a clear day that the amber pips of planes in flight seemed to overlay one another like fish scales. Some clear days this scope will show 70 planes revolving in a 30-mile circus. Handling these, say the operators, is simple—if the weather is clear. But on overcast days, when all pilots fly on instruments, the air seems a nightmare of wheeling projectiles—all of them dependent on the superlative skill and training of a handful of men, who, as one of them said, "drive in, do eight hours' work, and go home mighty tired."

THAT AIR TRAFFIC has reached a stage of downright danger became most shockingly apparent to the public with the Grand Canyon tragedy last month. But aviation people have been aware of it much longer. Each day, says the Air Line Pilots Association, four near collisions are reported over our airports—many with margins of less than 100 yards. Near misses are generally not reported, but their stories spread among airmen by word of mouth—stories of planes passing so close as to jar one another's shock lights on, of wings flicking so near as to cut the antenna of another's fuselage. And it will get worse, for the jet will place unbearable pressure on our traffic control system. Not that the jet itself is dangerous; it can be flown at conventional altitudes and speeds (150 to 200 miles an hour) with perfect safety in present traffic patterns. But at these altitudes and speeds the jet becomes a voracious fuel hog, an impossibly uneconomic plane to operate.

By 1960, air traffic control in this country will be chaos unless something is done now, quickly. The White House, the industry and the CAA have all shown acute awareness of the urgent need for an effective, long-range solution. In February of this year the President called into being a civilian planning committee, headed by Edward P. Curtis, an Eastman Kodak vice-president, to ponder a solution and 20-year program equivalent in scope and magnitude to the Clay Committee's conception of the great national highway program. Industry and local authorities have been discussing or experimenting with cockpit radar, more automatic equipment of all sorts, closed-circuit television between traffic control points, high-intensity runway lights, a subtler and swifter communications system.

The CAA itself, within the range of its budget, has been exploring every avenue of hopeful solution. This February a completely new traffic control system was installed at the edge of Idlewild's huge fields. Here elaborate control and posting methods revolve around a radar screen that gives traffic controllers vision of incoming planes within a radius of 80 to 100 miles out of New York (as opposed to the former 30-mile range of airport surveillance). Two more long-range radar installations are under construction and 69 more are called for in the five-year program launched with the 1956 Presidential budget. It is hoped that the overlap of their radar vision will wipe out such blind spots of control as the Grand Canyon area. Even more advanced solutions are being tested at the CAA's Technical Development Center in Indianapolis—a Radar Beacon system, where radar signals from ground stations will trigger coded responses, clearly locating and identifying aircraft from wherever they come, and a microwave relay system, to link civilian traffic control to military air defense radar control.

The shortcoming of all present operating devices and most of those now under discussion, however, is that they carry their radar pictures only to human minds. The position of every plane seen must still be laboriously posted by hand on sector boards (see picture, bottom page 35). And distances, levels, separations must be charted by methods that have changed little since the days of the DC-3.

Technically, what CAA and the industry both yearn for is a huge net of radar stations and computing machines similar to the military air defense system SAGE (Collier's, February 3, 1956). Such a system, with electronic eyes and electronic brains to compute speed, height, distance and expected arrivals and departures, could instantly juggle all 3,000 commercial planes expected to be in the air simultaneously at peak periods by 1960. It would automatically control the air traffic of the entire country. The only trouble with this dream system—even if still-tricky technological problems can be worked out—is that the cost might run as high as that of SAGE, which is in the billions. No Washington realist expects the railways, truckmen and bus operators to sit by and, without protest, let the government make so lavish a gift to a rival industry.

Next to traffic control, the onrushing jet plateau's most urgent problem is noise. Jet noise has made us realize, suddenly, how little we understand the theory of noise and its unexplained variations as weather, operating conditions and the angle of the listener's position change.

THIS CORRESPONDENT spent two days at Boeing's Seattle plant. Some times, I found myself able to stand within 200 yards of an eight-engined jet and talk quite normally. Other times, from equal distances, I found it to be more kin to physical punishment—as if someone had put two thumbs into my ears and was jabbing there, while, at the same time, someone else kept thumping my chest with a baseball bat.

In the community, jet noise could make tomorrow's airport a center of blight and decay, the core of growing new slums. The problem is so vexing that the Port of New York Authority has declared flatly that no present-day jets, no matter how vast the airlines' investment, or how great their promise, will be allowed to use New York or Newark's great airports unless the problem is solved. "The jet has got to adjust to civilized community life," says John Wiley, the thoughtful director of aviation for the Port Authority. "It can't come in raw and screaming, it's got to be housebroken first."

Basically, the jet's horrendous combination of whine, shriek, hiss and rumble is the product of air turbulence. The plume of hot gas bursting out of the jet's tailpipe is trying to squeeze in and mix with cold, solid outer air too inelastic to receive it. All over the country public agencies, great universities and private industry are struggling to master this growling plume.

Probably the best break-through to a solution yet made is embodied in devices of the type shown to me at the Boeing plant. There engineers, faced with the prospect of seeing their sleek, aerodynamic darling, the 707, de-

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cared an outlaw in civilized communities, have come up with something that looks like an iron flower fitting over the tail pipe. It forces the escaping gases to pass through its corrugated, fluted openings in such a way that they mix indefinably faster with the outside air. Even to my own ear it seemed to have a remarkably muffling effect—so much so that Boeing engineers can probably claim honestly, as they do, that their 707 will fly with no more, perhaps less, noise than present conventional piston engines.

Yet these strange experimental devices may be only interim solutions. Every muffling device must choke the gases streaming from the tail pipe—and since the push of the escaping gas gives the jet engine its thrust, each noise muffler steals power. Beyond the present Pratt & Whitney J57 engines of 10,000-pound thrust are others of 14,000-, 16,000-, more than 20,000-pound thrust. "We ain't heard nothing yet," says General Nathan F. Twining, our Air Force Chief of Staff. Faced with the prospect of these ever more powerful engines, such outstanding theorists of noise as Dr. Richard H. Bolt of MIT somberly predict that "within less than a decade the increased noise from greater power will outstrip the largest possible noise reduction from mufflers." Either our entire system of air traffic must be reorganized (perhaps with outlying staging ports for the great roarers of the future) or the jet age will have to halt at the point where men's ears have had all they can stand—and a totally new form of power propels aviation from the jet plateau to the one beyond.

Noise and traffic control are, however, problems of only technical and industrial adjustment to the jet plateau. Far more difficult to predict is the shape of American living after the jet begins to change it, and the further adaptations aviation will have to make to the conditions of the world it has changed by its own dynamic exertions.

In the future, the time required to travel between two places no longer will be measurable in proportion to miles. This is because all travel time is a combination of time in the air and the ground time between air terminals and downtown. The revolutionary speed of the pure-jet is most useful only at distances of 750 miles or more; below that distance the time it saves in the air is counterbalanced by the inflexible time required to get to and from airports through the tangled traffic of our big cities.

In the intermediate speed range the bustling new prop-jet—slower than the pure-jet but faster than the piston-prop, quieter, more economical and easier to operate—will probably reign.

The shape of American distances, in the age of the jet, thus gets squeezed into new profiles. At the lower end of the scale, all cities within a radius of 800 miles of one another will be three hours apart, figuring the combined total of ground and air time. Thus Chicago will be as close to New York as Boston is, Los Angeles as close to San Francisco as Sacramento is. At the farther end of the speed scale, no city in America will be more than seven hours distant from any other.

THEN THERE IS the steadily cheapening cost of air travel. Already, in the last five years, cheaper coach fares have come to apply to over 34 per cent of all domestic passenger-miles flown, and the percentage is rising steeply; on the Atlantic, round-trip tickets have fallen from a low of $585 in 1948 to a low of $425 as of October 1st, and only violent international dissent prevents American aviation from cutting the price even lower. Savvy groups of air travelers can now find even cheaper fares; they can charter planes to fly round trip across the Atlantic to Paris and back for only $230 per person. With the jet—carrying up to 150 passengers per flight—prices may fall even lower. Nonscheduled Trans American Airlines, gadfly of the big scheduled lines, claims that if it can get permission from the government to fly the ocean, it might be able to offer a Paris-New York round trip at $200. When speed and low cost are coupled to the ever-growing leisure time of Americans, many things become possible.

If Paris becomes only $100 and seven hours away, how many Americans will it lure away from Maine, Florida and the Rockies? Is it possible, as some economists insist, that a European vacation, given Europe's low prices, will be substantially cheaper than America's high-cost vacation spots at home? Will the airports, which expect nearly to triple their overseas travel by 1965, be able to handle this flood of passengers with anything less than their present horrid congestion—or must they grow worse?

And what of routes, the airlines people ask themselves? Every city in America is already lapped by the same air-ocean that laps every foreign capital and resort. Will New York's pre-eminence as the great port of embarkation for all America shrink as Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, Houston, St. Louis all develop their direct connections, jet-sped over the North Pole, to every dispersal point in Europe?

And how will the new time-distance-cost equations affect business? If New York is only three hours direct from any point in Chicago's trading hinterland, will buyers skip Chicago's markets and further concentrate their purchasing in the national market at New York? Or will the effect be quite the opposite—will Chicago's natural trading market expand to reach as far south as Texas, as far west as Denver? And how about industry? Can the new jet, and the promise of cheap air cargo it holds, bring Europe's small, quick, adaptable industrial plants into the supply stream of subcontractors for massive American production? If Düsseldorf is only eight hours from Detroit, or Sheffield eight hours from Connecticut, can the ingenuity of American and European businessmen create new patterns of commerce from these changes?

* * *

NO ONE KNOWS precisely how long the art of aviation will linger on the jet plateau. Pan American will fly its first overseas jet flight to Europe in December of 1958—six hours and 15 minutes to London, six hours 35 minutes to Paris. American Airlines has already confirmed over 100 reservations on its maiden jet flight—dated June 15, 1959, probable departure from New York (after breakfast) at nine, local time, arrival at Los Angeles by noon, local time (before lunch).

These are the inaugural dates. There will be years ahead when the jet shares the air with old-fashioned conventional planes, and years following when it rules the air unchallenged. But after that must come another age, another plateau—in 1970, 1975 or 1980.

In this industry the future is always infinitely closer than the past. C. R. Smith, for example, grew up in the little town of Whitney, near Hillsboro, in Texas. He remembers the wagon ride from Whitney to Hillsboro, only 14 miles away, as a dawn-to-dusk trip. Today, he has ordered planes that will go from New York to Los Angeles and back quicker than he could visit in Hillsboro. Whitney seems much farther away in time past than the postjet age in time future. Already Smith has started to think of the new tools beyond the jet. The power plant, he thinks, will be nuclear—"and just think what that means, a plane that can fly forever, that never runs out of fuel, that needs no warming up, that's soundless."

The future is just as close to other men, too, although they may differ on its shape. John Borger, now chief project engineer of Pan American, graphing and planning the use of its new jets, began his career with the company in 1935—blasting coral heads out of the lagoon at Wake Island so that the first transoceanic plane could make its first landfall in mid-Pacific. The plane that required his exertions then was the old Martin Flying Boat, toddling through the air at 140 miles an hour. Now the Martin is lost in the antiquity of flying history while Borger is still young at forty-two.

Says Borger: "I'm sure that before I get out of the industry, I'll be handling a power system completely different from the jet. No, I don't think it will be nuclear—I don't see how we can lick the weight problem of the shielding that the nuclear plant requires. If I had to guess, I might guess that I'll be buying planes that fly with solar energy. When you get up to the altitudes we're reaching for, the sky is full of energy. Even at night the air is charged with power from the sun; we only have to learn how to use it."

Whether nuclear energy or solar energy or some other energy plant now completely undreamed of will power the aircraft of the future, men know that the immediate next step beyond the jet will be a jump as great as all those preceding it put together. "For," says Ed Wells, engineering genius of Boeing's nest of skills, "there's no sense in building a plane just to pierce the sound barrier. If we're going through, we have to go all the way through—say double the present speed, say something like 1,200 miles an hour. But there are lots of problems we have to lick before then."

Even as the 707 jet flies back and forth from the field outside the windows of the Boeing plant at Seattle, the engineers at the long white table are drawing, erasing, redrawing the plane that will someday make the 707 obsolete too. Somewhere, of course, there may be an end and a ceiling both to the industry and progress. But no one has named it yet.

Mused Don Finley, chief of advance design at Boeing: "I'll bet, even if we figure out a way to disintegrate man electronically and shoot him over a wire and reassemble his electrons at the other end—I'll bet even if we do that, we'll have to figure out a way to give him a cocktail en route before he's happy."

THE END

What are the facts on Russia's civil aviation today? See next page for an eyewitness account and appraisal by the first American journalist permitted to ride a Soviet commercial jet plane

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RUSSIA'S JET!

By James J. Haggerty, Jr.

Just how good is the Red jet? A Collier's writer takes a ride in it—and finds some sobering answers

Moscow

It was a routine training flight. The big twin-engine passenger transport purred along smoothly and quietly four miles above the earth. Up front, in "the office," the pilot was checking each member of his crew in the handling of this new plane.

But for me the flight was anything but routine. Below and to the west, the gilded onion-shaped domes of the Kremlin glinted in the sunlight, and through a layer of broken cloud I could make out the Moscow River winding past the walls of the Soviet seat of government. I was in a Russian jet, the first journalist—so I was told—permitted to fly in the new Tupolev 104, pride of the Soviet Union's commercial air fleet.

Collier's had sent me to Moscow to bring back a report on the plane as a clue toward evaluating the progress of Soviet air technology. Surprisingly, the Reds not only granted my request for a flight in the 104, but also permitted me to meet and interview some of the top men in Soviet civil aviation.

The Tupolev 104, I found, is a well-built, high-performance airplane of advanced design. It is not, as rumor in some Western aviation circles has had it, a hastily contrived adaptation of a bomber to be used as a propaganda tool. Although it employs the basic design features of its bomber counterpart—a common practice in aircraft construction—the 104 is a separate and very modern airplane. It is much larger than the British Comet and French Caravelle jet transports now flying, and, though smaller than our American designs, it is three years ahead of them because it is already in service. It incorporates modern electronic gear, the workmanship that went into it is of high quality, and it is propelled by a pair of mighty engines of a power range that only our very latest experimental aircraft can match.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to evaluate Soviet air power in the light of this one airplane. Yet even a casual inspection of it makes clear a point which is becoming increasingly obvious: Red aviation technology has come a long way from the early postwar days when the Soviets were just

SERGEI PAVLOV

JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR., shown watching a cigarette stand on end on a table in a demonstration of vibrationless flight in Russia's new Tupolev 104 (top of page), is one of America's best-known aviation writers. After World War II, in which he flew 52 combat missions over southern Europe as a navigator with the 15th Air Force, he spent two and a half years in the Pentagon as a public relations officer handling technical aviation information. On separation from the Air Force in May, 1948, he was named military editor of American Aviation Publications. Five years later, he joined Collier's staff. An ex-president of the Aviation Writers Association, he has logged over a million miles in the air

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13 Gold Bond moc oxfords—with stormwelt trim, match the rugged life of a growing boy.
Cordo-brown or black. Sizes 3½ to 7 . . . **6.98**
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Gold Bond Prep, 7½ to 11, 12 . . . **8.95**

13 Boyville shirt—interlock knit combed cotton keeps a boy looking neat. Maize or blue.
Sizes 4 to 10 . . . **1.79**

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Boys' waist sizes 24 to 26 . . . **3.15**
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16 Gold Bond oxfords—tough Searolite soles give him three months guaranteed wear.
Brown or black. 10 to 3 . . . **6.98**

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17 Kerry-Teen* Orlon® sweater—newsy this season because it now looks and feels like cashmere. White, peacock blue, red. Orlon is a DuPont acrylic fiber. Sizes 8 to 16 . . . **3.98**

18 Kerry-Teen corduroy jumper—in red or peacock blue. Notice the slimming empire lines and dashing silk 'kerchief in slit pocket.
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19 Royal Purple triple-roll cotton anklets.
White. Sizes 8½ to 11 . . . pair **59c**

20 New saddle oxfords—get big raves, feel light as a bubble. White with black or blue, two-tone gray. Biltwel*, sizes 8½ to 3.
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21 Honeylane* blouse—fashion for her saucy-sweet stage. Sanforized cotton in peacock blue, red, avocado, pink with white.
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22 Honeylane corduroy suspender skirt in peacock blue, red or avocado. Shoelace closure accents nip waist for hi-rise effect. Mother please note: skirt is machine washable!
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23 Cotton—nylon stretch anklets . . . pair **49c**

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Kerrybrooke, 4 to 9 . . . **5.98**

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One impressive feature of Russia's new jetliner: its two mammoth engines, perhaps half again as powerful as ours

SOVFOTO

Air Marshal S. F. Zhavoronkov bosses Soviet Union's commercial airline, called Aeroflot

SOVFOTO

Some Red jets—like that in which writer rode—are divided into several compartments. One may be modern, the next Victorian with lace curtains

SOVFOTO

Tupolev 104 comes in two models–for 50 and 70 passengers. Jets are already in service between Moscow and the Far East

copying American and British plane and engine designs. If it is true, as I was told several times, that the Tupolev is being built in large numbers, that fact also argues a great aircraft production capacity, for if the Reds have plants and materials to spare for second-priority commercial equipment, they must already have attained a degree of complacency as regards their military plane schedules.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In a report to the Senate Armed Services Committee covering his recent trip to Russia, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining stated that the U.S.S.R. is "progressively narrowing the technological lead of the West." Research facilities, he said, are of an advanced type, the planes he inspected evidenced "a high level of scientific and engineering talent," and production scheduling and quality of output impressed him as being good.)

I spent my first week in Moscow being shuttled from one bureaucrat to another with my request for a ride in the 104. But finally I was notified that Air Marshal S. F. Zhavoronkov, general manager of the Soviet airline Aeroflot, "would be graciously pleased to receive me."

MARSHAL ZHAVORONKOV proved a lot less formidable than I had expected. He wore a neat gray civilian suit with necktie, a rarity in Moscow. The crinkles at the corners of his eyes and his ready smile gave him a paternal appearance, completely at odds with the photographs I have seen of a uniformed, hard-looking marshal of the Soviet air force. The conference room in which we talked had a generally seedy appearance, as did the whole back-street Aeroflot headquarters building, but an Aeroflot man told me later that trappings are not considered important in the Soviet Union—only performance.

I chatted with Marshal Zhavoronkov through my interpreter, Tamara Domashode, furnished by Russia's Intourist agency, and through Sergei Pavlov, an assistant to Zhavoronkov who spoke some English. The marshal showed a great deal of reticence in discussing his own background, but I extracted from him the fact that he had commanded a navy air division in World War II and had been flying for more than 30 years.

He was more informative about his airline, Aeroflot (Air Fleet)—a vast organization whose routes spread from Copenhagen in the west to Vladivostok and Peiping in the east. Aeroflot has some four-engine planes, notably the Tupolev 70, a direct copy of the American Boeing B-29 of World War II fame. For the most part, though, Aeroflot operates with small, twin-engine equipment, chiefly the Ilyushin, named for its designer. The Ilyushin bears a marked resemblance to the American Convair, but is smaller, lighter and considerably slower. Aeroflot apparently has an endless supply of these planes, and the Ilyushin plant near Moscow is still turning them out in quantity. At Moscow's Vnukovo Airport one morning I counted almost 70 twin-engine planes on the ramp near the terminal, and across the field, apparently undergoing maintenance, was another large group.

From observation at Vnukovo, it is obvious that Aeroflot handles a great volume of passengers and freight. An endless stream of *delegatsia*—delegations of students, scientists, trade missions and party politicos from the satellite countries and partner China—makes up a large portion of the traffic. Another large group consists of Soviet government officials, military and civilian, who seem to be constantly on the move. But ordinary citizens fly, too. The vast distances in the Soviet Union, coupled with inadequate, uncomfortable and almost equally expensive train service, make the airplane attractive to anyone who can scrape up enough rubles.

Aeroflot undoubtedly operates more planes and probably flies more route miles than any other airline in the world, but Zhavoronkov had a standard reply to my requests for actual statistics on freight carried, passengers hauled, numbers of planes and route miles flown: "These things are not published."

On the other hand, the marshal dwelt for some time on the lot of the Russian airline pilot, which seems to be a good one.

"It is a great honor to be a pilot in the Soviet Union," he said. "Our pilots occupy a very select position." Honor aside, they do pretty well rublewise, too. While the average Russian worker earns seven or eight hundred rubles a month, an Aeroflot first pilot averages about 4,000 rubles and some airmen on routes where difficult weather and operating conditions are encountered make more than that. At the official exchange rate, 4,000 rubles comes to $1,000. However, the rate of four rubles to the dollar is completely unrealistic. In terms of purchasing power, say Moscow veterans, the ratio is closer to 10 to 1. Thus, it is difficult to translate a pilot's wages into American dollars, although it is safe to say that the Aeroflot pilot is well up in the Soviet salary scale.

The pilots' pension arrangement is even more attractive. A pilot can

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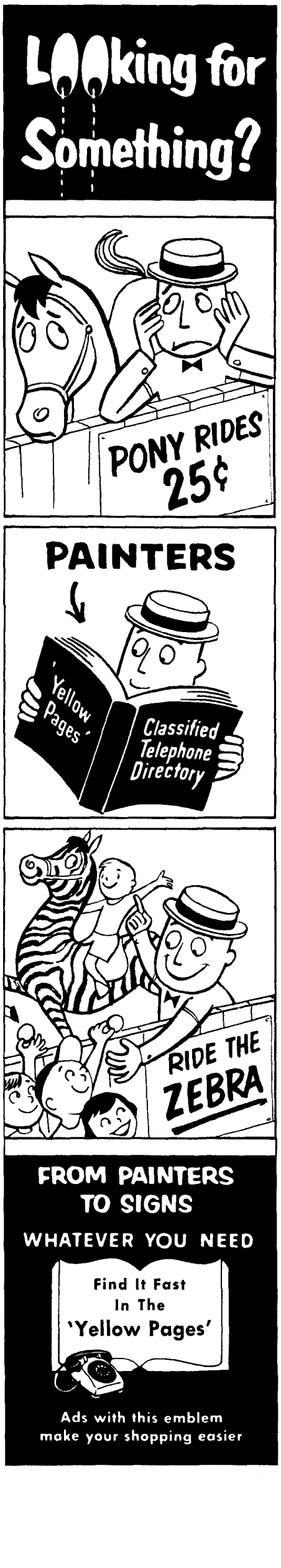

retire on 75 per cent pay after 20 years or the equivalent in flying hours (a very busy pilot might pile up 20 years' flying in, say, 18 years). Zhavoronkov would not say how many flying hours a pilot is expected to complete in a year.

"Some pilots have retired at the age of thirty-six or thirty-eight," Zhavoronkov said. Then, while drawing their full pension, they may take a ground job as traffic manager, dispatcher or operations officer at additional full pay of 2,000 to 3,000 rubles a month.

I finally asked Zhavoronkov the big question: Would I be permitted to fly in the new jet? He stared for a long moment at the picture of J. V. Stalin which had not yet been removed from the conference-room wall. It was, he explained, tapping a finger tip against pursed lips, a difficult thing. The planes were very busy flying to the Far East and they rarely spent any time in Moscow. However, he would see. He would have Pavlov "look into it."

FROM MY DEALINGS with foreign-ministry bureaucrats, I felt that this was just another way of saying *"nyet."* But I had just returned to my hotel, the Metropole, when Pavlov phoned. By chance, he said, a "Tu" had just landed at Vnukovo and there would be a training flight very shortly. Could I be ready in 15 minutes?

Pavlov picked me up in a rickety Pobeda, a Russian car about the size of a German Volkswagen. With him was Pyotr Yaramossov, a retired pilot who was now Aeroflot's chief of international operations. Yaramossov, Pavlov told me, was a Hero of the Soviet Union. I asked—through Pavlov, for Yaramossov spoke no English—how he had achieved the honor.

"By flying a long time without killing anyone," Yaramossov replied, flashing a row of gold teeth.

This gave me an opening to touch on another question of interest. How was Aeroflot's safety record?

It was excellent, Yaramossov assured me, although regrettably he could not furnish detailed statistics. There had not been a single accident in 1956, he said. How about 1955, I asked, knowing that early in that year there had been a crash of an Aeroflot plane en route to Moscow with a delegation of Norwegian women.

Yaramossov anticipated me. Yes, he admitted, there had been one crash in 1955, but none in the preceding year. I had no basis on which to challenge him, although some Western observers believe that Aeroflot counts only the accidents reported in the foreign press.

En route to Vnukovo, Yaramossov told me that the "Tu" was not the only Soviet turbine airliner. Already being test-flown, but not yet in service, is a larger four-engine jet. Also slated for Aeroflot use is a big turboprop (turbine engines driving propellers) capable of carrying 170 passengers nonstop from Moscow to Vladivostok, a distance of close to 5,000 miles. The new planes are apparently commercial versions of the Soviet long-range bombers known in Western circles as the Bison and the Bear. Yaramossov would not say when either would go into service.

The Tupolev 104, the jet in which I was to fly, was an important step in Soviet civil aviation, Yaramossov added. Designed by Andrei Nikolaevich Tupolev, the *doyen* of Russian aircraft designers, it is a commercial counterpart of the Soviet air force's medium-range jet bomber, the Badger. It is just now starting passenger service

"I'll tell you what a nice girl like me is doing working in a dump like this. I own this dump"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

on routes between Moscow in the West and Khabarovsk, in Siberia. Later it will fly to Vladivostok and Peiping in the Far East, and to Copenhagen and Prague in Western Europe.

"How many have been built so far?" I asked.

"Several, but not yet enough," was the only answer I could get.

At Vnukovo, we were met by Stepan Zapylenov, the airport manager. He led us through the crowded terminal and out onto the field, which was jammed with Ilyushins as usual. Zapylenov had a complaint in common with airport managers all over the U.S.: his prewar airport was already too small for its traffic. My first look at the rakish Tupolev 104, which towered majestically over the Ilyushins parked near it, was impressive. It was a much larger airplane than I had expected. It weighs, Yaramossov said, more than 75 long tons, more than the British Comet II which turned up at Vnukovo the following day to fly a group of Russians. Yet the 104 needs only two engines to the Comet's four.

A close-up look at the smooth, flush-riveted fuselage showed that the workmanship was grade A, but it was the engines, located at the juncture of the fuselage and the swept-back wing, that interested me most. They were huge, easily a yard wide at the intake, bigger than anything in service in the U.S. One Western airman in Moscow had told me he had it on good authority that they produced 16,000 pounds' thrust each. Others estimated between 12,000 and 15,000 pounds. In order to push around a big plane like the "Tu" at the speeds it attains, they had to be somewhere in those brackets. Our big commercial jets, which will not be in service until 1959, will have four engines in the ten-to-twelve-thousand-pound category.

Underneath the nose section was a bulbous protuberance which could only be radar. Yaramossov confirmed it was a storm-and-collision radar. He said it enabled the navigator to watch out for other airplanes while they are still at a distance and to guide the "Tu" around thunderhead areas for safety and comfort. Only our very latest commercial transports have this device.

With Yaramossov, Zapylenov and Pavlov, I boarded the airplane. We were to be the only passengers.

The interior again gave evidence of topflight workmanship. In normal configuration, the "Tu" can carry 70 passengers in four-abreast seating broken by a center aisle. This plane, however, was the luxury version with only 50 seats, divided among four compartments. The main compartment, in the rear, held 28 arranged in twos on either side of a center aisle. Noseward, there were three other compartments, two with eight seats and one with six, in each case built around tables. In addition, there was a buffet with four seats (not included in the passenger total).

The *décor* was a study in contrast. The fore compartment was modern in light tan leather. The one immediately behind was decorated in red plush with a flowered design and lace trimming, striking an incongruous turn-of-the-century note in so modern an airplane.

THE PILOT'S "OFFICE" was big and roomy. The navigator sat in the nose, below and in front of the two pilots. Behind the pilots were an engineer and a radio operator. Yaramossov pointed out the modern instrument-landing equipment, but because the legends on the panels were in Russian characters I could not determine if there was anything of special interest. The controls, I learned, have no power boost, aviation's equivalent of power steering, which is installed on all modern American and British jets. This, apparently, was a frill the Russians scorn.

Pilot Nicolai Chupkin, a big, good-looking man in a Billy Mitchell-era leather jacket, told me he had almost 100 hours' flying time in the "Tu" and so far it had performed perfectly. Our flight was a training mission, he said, so he would take the plane only to 20,000

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feet, but, he added with obvious pride, it could reach 45,000. The "Tu" is completely pressurized, and each seat is provided with a mask and an oxygen outlet for emergencies, a practice not yet followed by American airlines.

My three Russian hosts and I retired to the red-plush compartment directly abreast of the engine intakes for the take-off. I absent-mindedly reached for the safety belt and found there was none. Yaramossov smiled. Aeroflot, he explained, does not believe in them; they have a negative psychological effect on the passengers.

With a mounting high-pitched whine, the big engines kicked into life and Chupkin started taxiing almost immediately. At the terminal fence a crowd had gathered to watch our departure.

The take-off was very smooth and we left the ground after a surprisingly short run—added testimony to the power of the engines. We climbed rapidly, leveled off briefly, then climbed again to about 20,000 feet. The windows, I noticed, were smaller than those on our new transports, but visibility was good from my position because the wing swept sharply away from me.

Yaramossov explained apologetically that "we" would not be permitted in the cockpit during flight for "safety" reasons, but that we could get any performance data we wanted through telephone conversation with Chupkin. I asked how fast we were going.

"Seven hundred fifty kilometers," Chupkin reported, which translates into 465 miles per hour. Zapylenov added that normal cruising speed is somewhat higher—about 500. (America's first jet transport, the larger Boeing 707, is designed for 550-600 mph speeds.) I had no reason to doubt Zapylenov. A few days earlier I had seen the "Tu" fly by in the great Tushino air show right behind a formation of jet fighters, and it had obviously been making time.

The noise level inside the cabin was very low; conversation in ordinary tones was possible. Some time earlier I had flown in the British Comet, and I thought that the Tupolev was noticeably more quiet. The flight was very smooth. Yaramossov demonstrated the lack of vibration by balancing a cigarette upright on the table.

Gely Graziansky, our navigator, came back to visit. After some polite chitchat, I asked directly what the thrust of the engines was. Graziansky exchanged a look with Zapylenov.

"It varies with the speed," he said, which is somewhat like saying, "The higher the temperature, the hotter it gets."

"What is it at this speed?" I persisted.

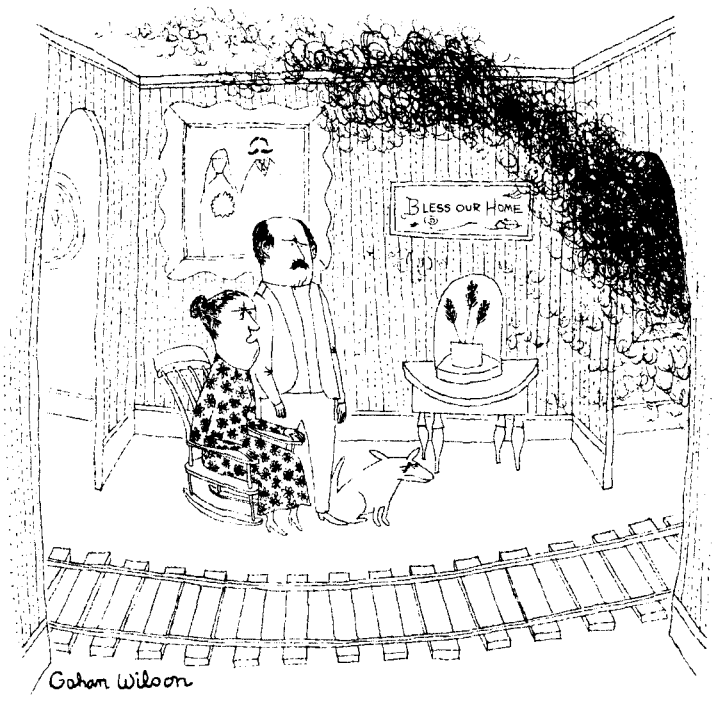
Graziansky smiled and said that since his instruments were up front he did not know our precise speed at that moment. I gave it up.

WE CRUISED around east of Moscow for about an hour. Chupkin made several smooth, easy turns. Apparently the lack of boosted controls didn't bother him. Finally he announced we were starting down. Since the cloud cover beneath us had thickened, we made an instrument system letdown. We broke out beneath the clouds at about 1,000 feet with Vnukovo in sight. Chupkin brought the big ship in at a moderate speed—about 140 miles per hour. The landing was the roughest part of the trip. As soon as the wheels touched, Chupkin started pumping the brakes, producing a series of jolts. So far as the "Tu" is concerned, the Soviets still have not mastered reverse thrust for braking, but neither has the U.S. as yet. We had used all but about 500 feet of the 8,800-foot runway when Chupkin swung the plane around toward the terminal.

Debarking, I took a last look at the "Tu." It was, I admitted to my hosts, an impressive airplane. They beamed happily.

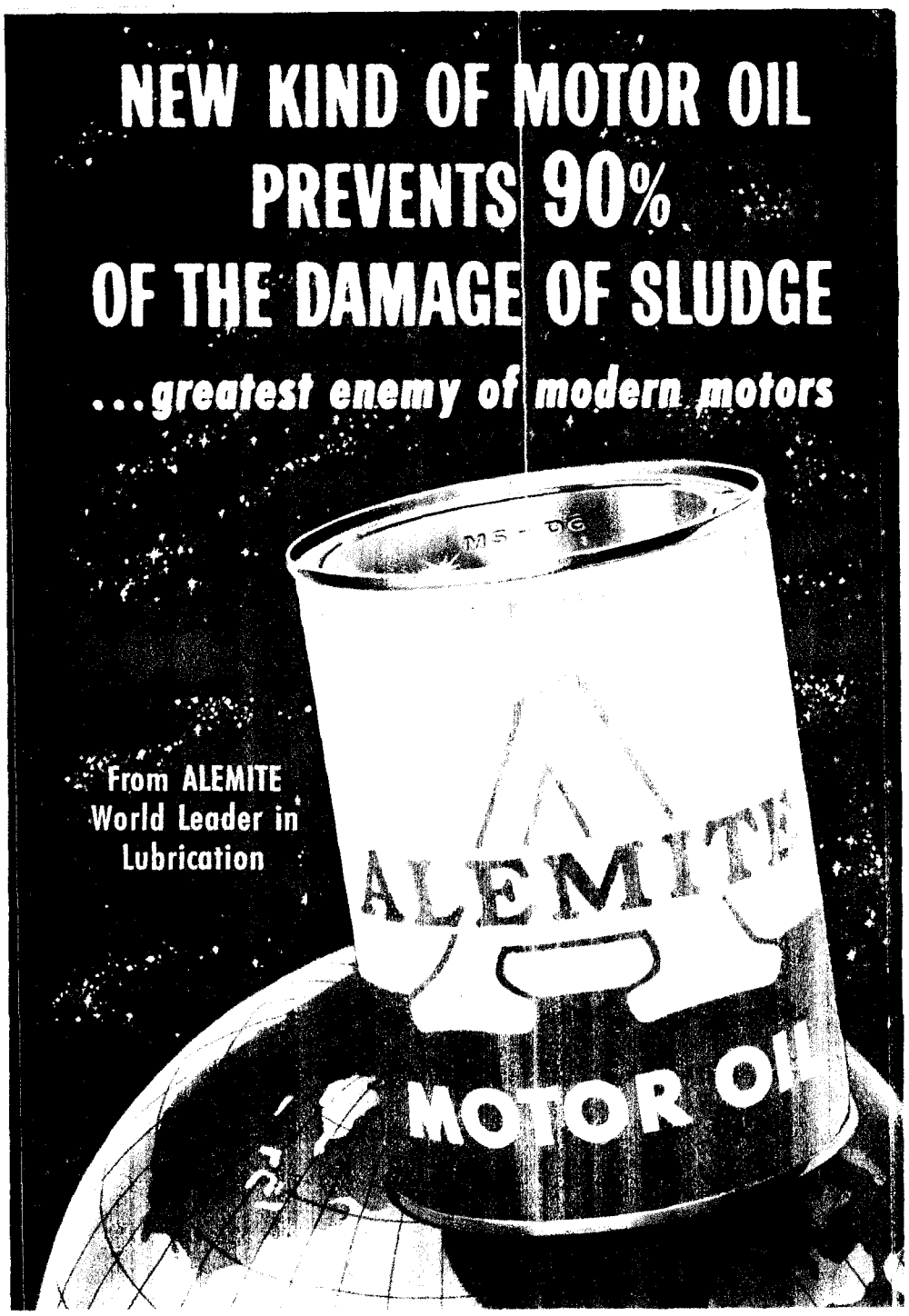
"It is still a baby airplane," said Zapylenov, "but we are all very proud of it. Soon we will have a great many of them." I didn't bother to ask how many.

THE END



"Those railroad folks have won, Fred, and it's no use pretending that they haven't"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON



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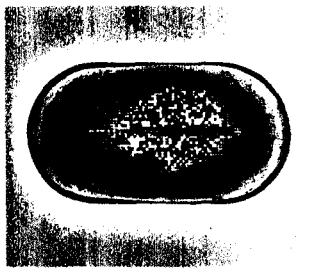
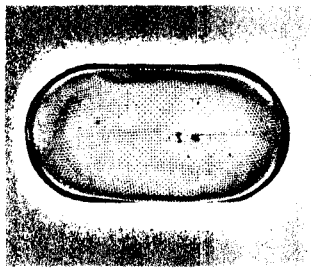


BEFORE. Photograph of car's oil screen after service test using conventional motor oil. Note filter-clogging deposits of sludge.



AFTER. Clean, sludge-free oil screen after identical service test made with new Alemite Motor Oil. (Unretouched photographs.)

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By ROBERT O'BRIEN

The magic FOG

It slips softly into San Francisco some days, and transforms her into a city of enchantment

There is an afternoon magic, a sea-born wraith, a cool, gray touch that a century of poets have sung about, and it is the sea fog of San Francisco. Travelers who encounter it never forget it, for it is part of the San Francisco quality, the San Francisco mood, inseparable from steep streets and cable-car bells, ships and gulls and December rain, bridges, and the smell of carnations from the flower stalls in Union Square.

Fog is what San Franciscans are homesick for when they are gone too long from the bay, and when they think about it, something in their hearts urges them, wherever they are, to hurry home to the hills, the familiar sky and air, and the lovely, life-giving mist that comes in from the sea.

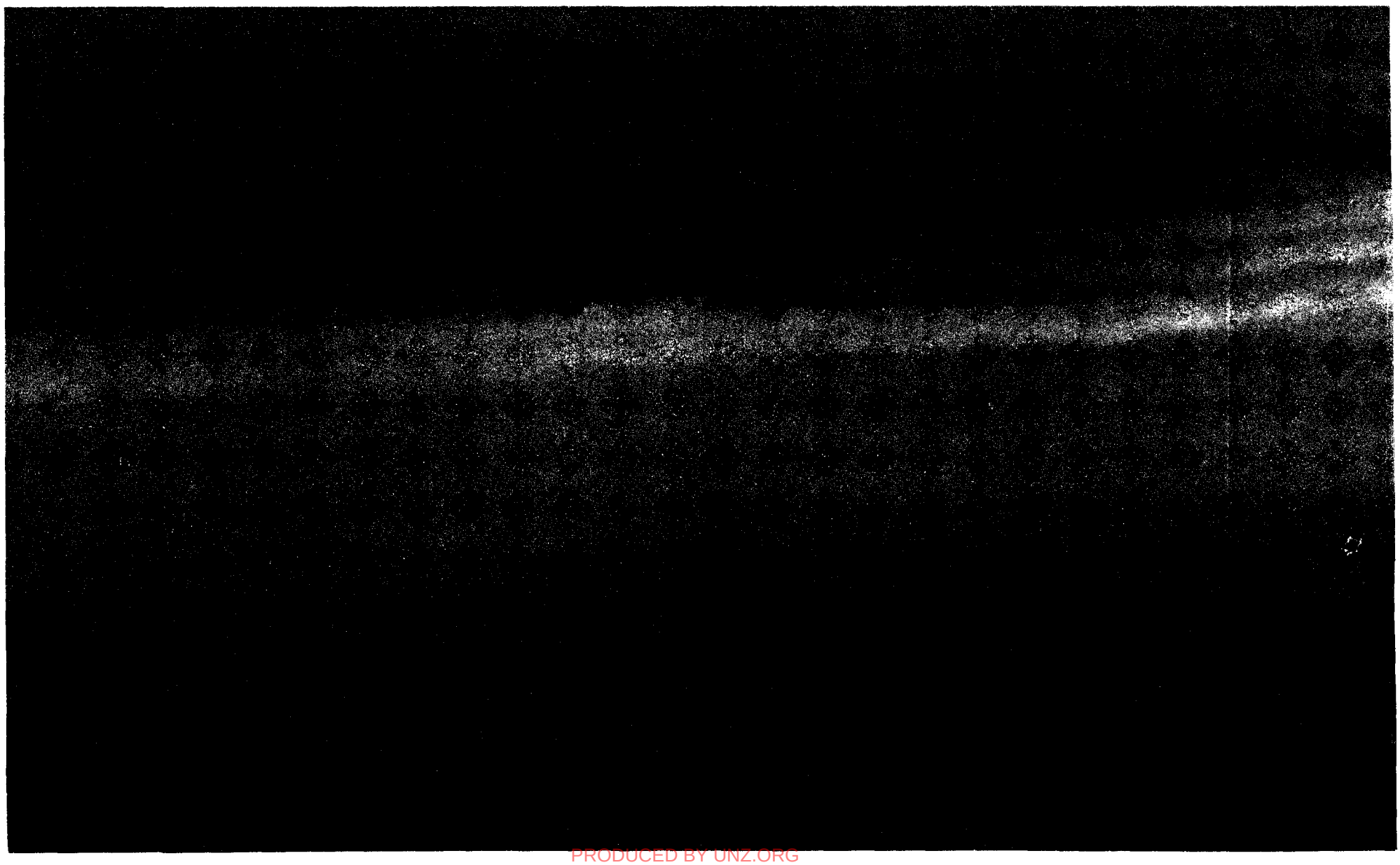
If you have ever seen it, you'll remember the way it happens—

Along about the middle of the afternoon, you're downtown on Market Street and lift your eyes, and all at once, three miles west across the city, there it is, a low, far-off wave breaking slowly over the barren ridges of Twin Peaks. Or it's the same time of the spring or summer day, and you're on Telegraph Hill or any other hill on the north side of town. You glance out over the bay and suddenly see that while you were reading or talking or working or whatever it was, the fog was stealing through the Golden Gate, and now it is there, too, a long, rolling, shifting, gray bank moving silently up the bay, like a blind army on the march.

Off the coast and over the Pacific that forenoon, warm air streams mingled with cool; the miracle of condensation changed them into mist, and now the westerly is blowing the mist to the land, and the sight of it strikes the heart like the ruffle of distant drums.

Already it has invaded the rocky beaches and like driven smoke has fumed through the buckbrush of the Coast Range hills. Now it is pour-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MASON WEYMOUTH AND FRED LYON



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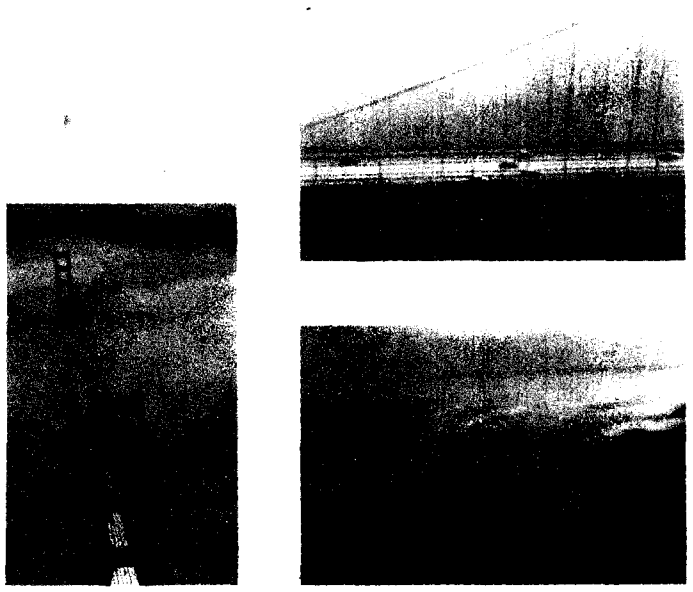
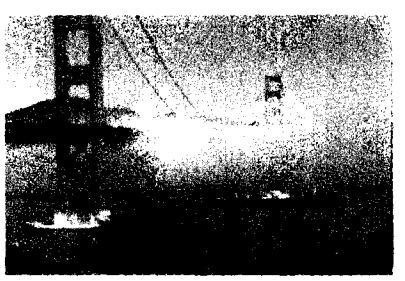
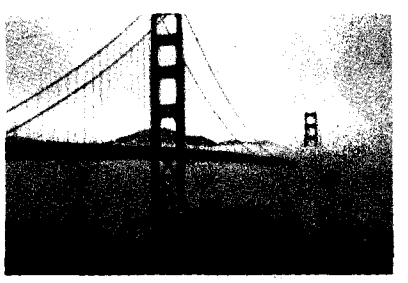


The fog approaches through the Golden Gate, as shown here and below, wreathing the familiar bridge in ghostly vapor





ing over the ridges and descending in clinging fogfalls to the valleys.

But the Golden Gate is a mile-wide cleft in these hills. Here the fog creeps through unhindered, at first a weaving will-o'-the-wisp, the substance of an illusion; then, a long, undulant finger, pointing at Alcatraz.

Closing in, it is a billowing sea that engulfs at last the barrier of the Peaks, and flows in a vast intangible tide through the Golden Gate. It overwhelms the great arch of deck, the harp-string cables and tall vermilion towers of the bridge. It buries Mount Ida, Angel Island's 800-foot crest, in a tumbling smother of mist, and draws an impenetrable gray curtain across the staring windows and stark walls of Alcatraz.

Then, at last, it begins to touch the hills and streets of the city.

Even as you stand amid the bustle of Market Street, waiting, perhaps, for the street light to change, or gaze down from your hilltop to the bay, the mist is streaming in tatters across the sun. For long moments in the streets there are no shadows at all. Bare-armed stenographers hug themselves for warmth as they hurry down the financial-district canyons from their afternoon coffee breaks. Tourists in seersuckers and Panama hats shiver in hotel lobbies and long for the topcoats they left at home.

The tendrils of the fog curl wistfully through the acacia and eucalyptus trees of Telegraph Hill. Soon it is swirling past the fluted shaft of Coit Tower, past the chimneys and view windows. You feel it brush your cheek, and hear a foghorn start blowing somewhere, and smell pine wood burning as the hill-dwellers kindle their fires against the damp chill, against the Pacific sea fog that keeps with the land an old rendezvous made aeons before the time of man.

When the white man came, it bedeviled him. Nearly 400 years ago, Sir

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Young Louis Spigno and Linnea Tait feed pigeons against the pale background of the Palace of Fine Arts

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Francis Drake beached his ship for repairs on the coast north of San Francisco. For two weeks, bone-chilling fog hid sun and stars alike from his sextants. The "nipping cold" plagued his crew and brought jabbering Indians down from the coastal mesas to badger him for warm clothing. Gloomily, the English sea rover sat it out in his makeshift fort, and roundly damned "those thicke mists and most stinging fogges . . . wandring upon the face of the earth and waters, as it were a second sea . . ."

SPANISH TREASURE GALLEONS on the long reach from Manila and caravels of hawk-eyed Spanish navigators beat down the coast, making the same landfalls Drake made. Historians say that from them all, as it had from the Englishman, the sea fog concealed the Golden Gate, and thus delayed for nearly two hundred years the discovery of the great harbor of Saint Francis.

Forty-niners, feverish for the Mother Lode diggings, sputtered and stamped the decks of their gold rush ships in frustration as fog held the vessels helpless off Land's End after the arduous four- or five-month passage around the Horn.

The wise ships waited it out. But the impetuous, the foolhardy, fumbled for the Gate and lost their way in the mist. Confused, and tricked by treacherous tide sets, they crashed into headland reefs. Or foaming breakers swept them to the beach and pounded them to pieces and littered the dunes with their timbers and their dead.

In 1901, in the greatest marine catastrophe in San Francisco history, the SS Rio de Janeiro groped through a dense predawn fog and rammed the Fort Point ledge on the Gate's southern shore. Ten minutes later, she went shuddering down by the stern, her lights out, her whistle shrieking and her panic-stricken passengers and crew leaping from her deck into the cold abyss of the sea.

One hundred thirty-one perished that morning, and the sight of that fog bank, lurking low and sinister off the Gate, can still bring a troubled look to a sea captain's eye. For all his clever lights and signals and electronic feelers, it remains a soft, impalpable trap. He paces his bridge and like Drake before him curses the wet, cottony, clammy stuff that he knows is waiting to betray him, if he gives it half a chance, to disaster.

A motorist can see a wisp of fog and catch his breath at the memory of a grim vignette glimpsed after dark on fog-slick Highway 101—a nightmare of red flares, crumpled metal, broken glass, still forms under blankets, ambulance warning lights flashing through the mist.

To a housewife, fog can mean despair over clothes that never dry, nerves scraped raw by the fretting of children confined indoors too long. To the lonely, nothing in the world is so desolating as the sound of foghorns in the night. To the old-timer, fog is a shroud over the face of yesterday. To the dreamer, it is the ghost of a dream.

It enfolds the shabbiest of houses, the most commonplace street, and they become gentle commentaries, soliloquies on the sadness of things. Along the midnight waterfront, it peoples the shadows with thieves and smugglers, crimps and cutthroats. It drifts past a pier shed and the dark rusty freighter beside it, and transforms them into a murky theater of excitement, adventure, mystery.

Playing golf in the fog, I have hit a drive straight and true, and the ball has vanished into gray nothingness. Then I have hunted it across a strange landscape—a landscape that trailed off into the nothingness of the mist, where the players were phantoms, where trees slowly took shape beside the course and loomed there, still, trancelike, the fog twisting through their branches with a weird, abstract tenderness, the way the sea would caress the hair of a drowning sailor. A few minutes later the sun has broken through; that gray, haunted half-world has disappeared, and a world of green fairways, blue skies and bright sunshine has taken its place.

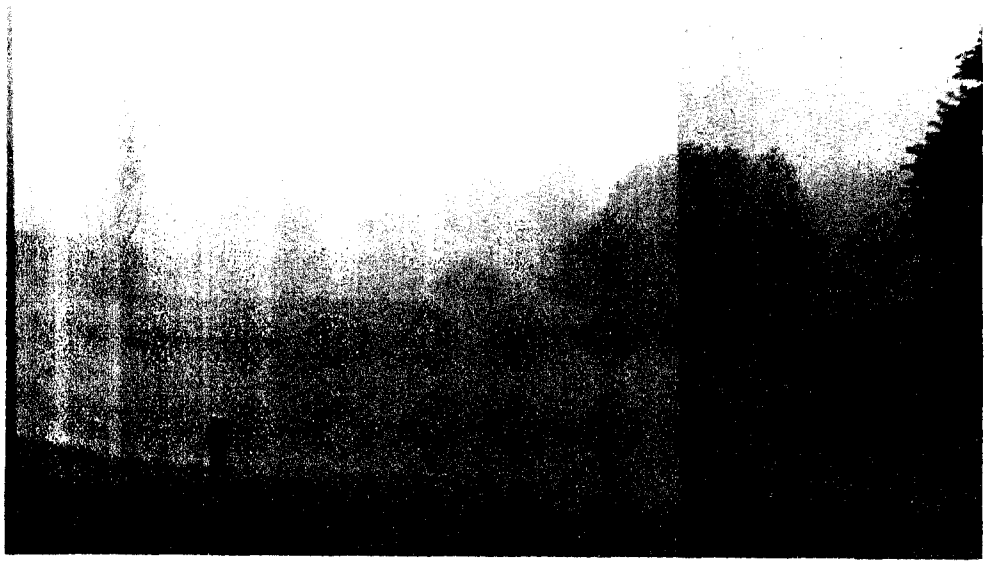
A San Franciscan accepts the paradoxes of the fog. For the most part hill-bound and pavement-bound, he believes that in spite of its wayward moods, the fog is a friend. He knows that there is love of some kind in the fog's touch upon his eyes and face.

And he knows its textures, how some evenings it is a driving infinity of tiny raindrops blowing past the street lights like fine snow, how sometimes it is thin, elusive, writhing away on the wind like a cold, lingering steam.

He knows the smell it brings in off the ocean, the briny pungency of seaweed, or the smell of salt from the night-dark ocean. He has pondered this, that there is salt water in the sea, and the smell of salt water in the fog, and the tang of salt in blood and tears.

He has wondered at the kinships that his need reveals. The sea fog is life itself, for instance, to the giant Coast Range redwoods. Their needles would have grown sere, their lofty branches would have drooped, and they would have died of thirst a thousand years ago, without the night-long kiss from the sea that the fog brought them every summer evening.

The mist dims a wooded spot near Skyline Boulevard . . .



. . . and hides the first hole from the first tee at Lincoln Park

AND AT THE San Francisco Zoo, within earshot of the Pacific surf, attendants say that the gibbon from the Sumatran jungle and the chimpanzees from the African highlands love the fog and seem to long for it. On foggy days they ignore their heated shelters. The attendants, crossing the deserted grounds, see them outside in their cages, hunched motionless on their platforms, lost in some primeval affinity with the mist. . . .

The gloaming is gray, and then darkness comes, and it is a foggy night in San Francisco.

Across the heights and the valleys and hills, every furnished room, every flat, every lighted tavern and restaurant, every home is a haven, a warm, intimate place, sheltered and glowing with good cheer.

Downtown the street lamps hang in the mist like yellow burrs of light. Tires sing wetly along glistening pavements. The endless ropes rattle and whine in the cable-car slots, and fill the air with the waterfront smell of tar. Over Market Street the fog flows past the tall buildings in a streaming river, hurrying, as if it had a long way to go, and diffusing all over the low moving sky the garish throbbing pinks and ice blues, the blood reds, and lavenders and bitter yellows of the neon signs. The re-

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flected light drains the color from the faces of the shuffling sidewalk throng and leaves them pale, anonymous, blank, without shadows.

North Beach, at the base of Telegraph Hill, and Fisherman's Wharf to the west are alive with the same lurid, pulsing light. These are restaurant districts; the aroma of steaks charring over the broilers drifts down the streets and alleys. The tourists, seeing it through in their light summer clothes, pile out of cabs and off cable cars and out of sight-seeing buses. Laughing and frisky and loud, they bolt for the sustaining Martini, the straight, throat-warming belt of bourbon.

Above it all, on the hilltop, you cannot hear the newsboys or the singing tires or cable-car bells; what you hear is wind in the dripping trees —that and the muffled, melancholy nocturne of the horns.

Some are right below you and some are far across the water, and you stand there with the wet wind in your face, looking down at the blur of the Embarcadero lights, the onyx-black street and the dark pier-shed roofs. All the world is the darkness, the mist, the water, the nutty smell of damp eucalyptus and the brooding night music of the harbor.

The deep, two-toned diaphones of Yerba Buena and the Oakland light, Southampton Shoal and The Brothers, up the bay; the moaning diaphragms of Alcatraz and Point Blunt, the Lime Point chimes, these and the forlorn whistle of a ship trying to find her way—if you're a San Franciscan you know them all, because as long as you can remember they've put you to sleep on foggy nights in your home town. . . .

THE DAWN COMES gray, too, and there is no wind in the quiet streets. The horns are still. No ships whistle. Sleepy-eyed office workers, all-weather coats buttoned to the throat, huddle on street corners to wait for their downtown buses and stare bemused at billboard poster girls sipping ice-cold drinks in sunsuits, and bronzed college youths cooling off at the beach with frosty bottled beer.

By midmorning a flat, filtered light is falling across the city. Victory on the high shaft in Union Square points her trident at a pale wafer in the sky; it is the sun in the thinning mist, and all the whites and creams and greens and browns of the houses on the hills are muted and soft in this watery sunshine. The leaves of hedges glisten, as if freshly painted. You touch them, and a shower of tiny diamonds falls to earth.

The fog is burning away. The rounded bay windows of Russian Hill and Pacific Heights lean to the warming sun. Through the widening rifts the sun's rays slant off to the south of Market Street and lie in bright fragments of light across the industrial districts and stockyards.

The city shines, and the air you breathe is clear and washed clean by last night's mist, and now is spiced faintly with the smell of tea and nutmeg from the waterfront warehouses.

At noon the clerks and stenographers and salesgirls take possession of the streets and squares, and a dazzling, luminous world. The buildings stand out stark and sharp, jigsawed cutouts against the brilliant, vibrant blue of the sky. At the end of the streets the islands lie close and tropical green on the sparkling bay. From Washington Square you can look north to Sausalito, white and terraced down the Marin hillside, and make believe it's Monte Carlo.

The lovely lighthearted girls swing down Grant Avenue and the streets bustle with crowds and traffic, and people look glad to be alive, and a San Franciscan would say that his beautiful city is smiling. . . .

The earth turns—and 30 miles west, out beyond the Golden Gate and the lonely headlands, the mists are gathering over a gun-metal sea, and soon they will be starting in.

You will not notice how long the shadows have grown in Union Square, or how dim the canyons are now between the tall buildings. You will not hear the sudden stirring of leaves on the trees of Telegraph Hill, nor the first thin tinkle of the pagoda wind bells in Chinatown.

But along about the middle of the afternoon you will lift your eyes, and all at once the sea fog will be on the hills and the bay, coming back to San Francisco softly, the way a lover comes back. THE END

FOG

Two strollers descend a foghound hill

Dusk helps the fog to mask the view of Twin Peaks from Buena Vista Park

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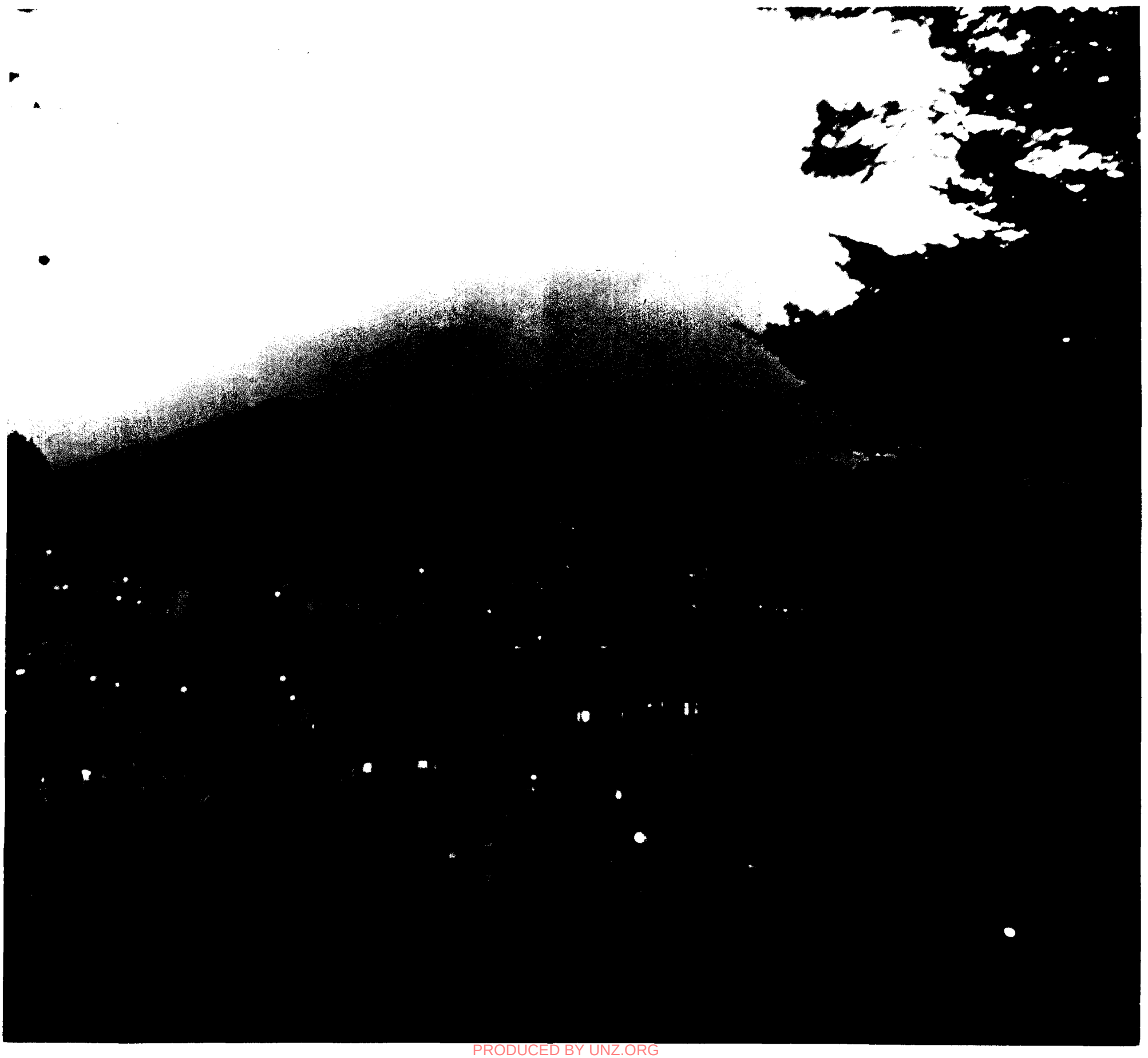
The lights of the famous Mark Hopkins Hotel cut through the vapor

"It is a foggy night in San Francisco. Downtown the street lamps hang in the mist like yellow burrs of light. Tires sing wetly along glistening pavements. The fog flows past buildings in a streaming river . . . "



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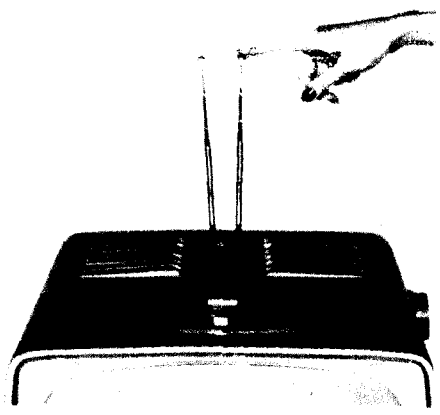
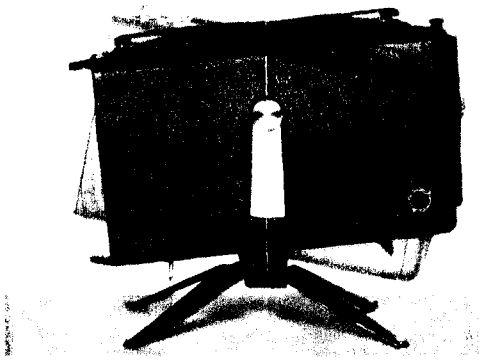
Comfortable handle on *Wayfarer* lies flat for trim appearance, lifts up for easy traveling.



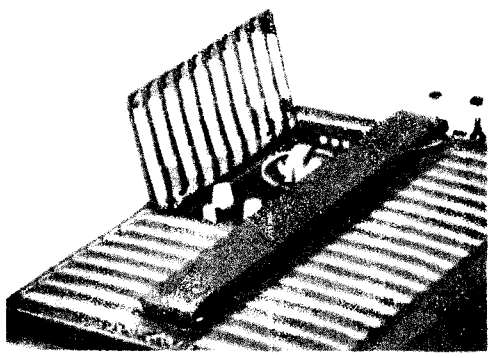
Antenna telescopes in and out. Simple attachment for outdoor antenna, too, if needed.

High-powered—family size—includes built-in antenna and strap handle—no extras to buy. 108 sq. in.* *Wayfarer.* Your choice of red, gray or ivory finishes (14S707). $149.95. Not shown: *Sportster*—ebony (14S705). $129.95. Rigid handle, handy antenna connection.

SMARTEST, SMALLEST *"PERSONAL"* TV ONLY $125.



"Personal" TV tilts up, down on its removable stand, adjusts for most comfortable viewing.



Recessing handle fits snugly against cabinet. Has famous "Hidden Panel" tuning, too!

Ideal for the office or home. Only 9½″ wide, 8⅛″ high without stand, 12⅛″ long. 36 sq. in.* *"Personal."* Choose from red, gray, ebony or ivory finishes (8PT703). Only $125, including telescoping antenna, handle, removable tilt stand—at no extra cost.

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The take-along idea appeals to everyone! TV so small and light you can carry it onto the porch, to the kitchen or bedroom! TV that breaks the kids' monopoly on the family set. Great idea—but naturally you're interested in performance, too. And . . .

RCA Victor brings you fine reception in *two* new kinds of TV you can carry anywhere—plug into any AC outlet! Into small, sturdy metal cabinets, you'll find packed all the dependable quality you have come to expect from RCA Victor. Both give you performance equaling that of many larger table models. Clear, sharp, brilliant picture—superb sound!

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*Square inches of viewable picture area	36	108
Picture tube, overall diagonal (inches):	8	14

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STYLE

In the Softening Process

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

EVER since the brilliant debut last March of Cecil Beaton's clothes for the Broadway hit My Fair Lady, the softly elegant 1912 look has been burgeoning in the fields of fashion and decorating. It will hit with full impact this fall. Not since Mary Martin chopped off her hair for South Pacific has one show set so many people in a style-spin. Prime mover in the Edwardian revival still is Beaton, whose talent has distinguished many fields—from decorating to photography to dress design. Signifying his place of honor in fashion is the news that, on September 3d, he will receive the coveted Nieman-Marcus Fashion Award.

Here, in a room designed by Mr. Beaton especially for Collier's, is one of his dresses for the Samuel Winston collection—a beige and black silk crepe tea gown, $195. With it, a black velveteen princess jumper, $40; and a white georgette blouse, $15—both by Greta Plattry. All at Nieman-Marcus, Dallas. Man's suit by Clipper Craft, boy's suit by Merry Mites. Toddler's outfit by Playtex.

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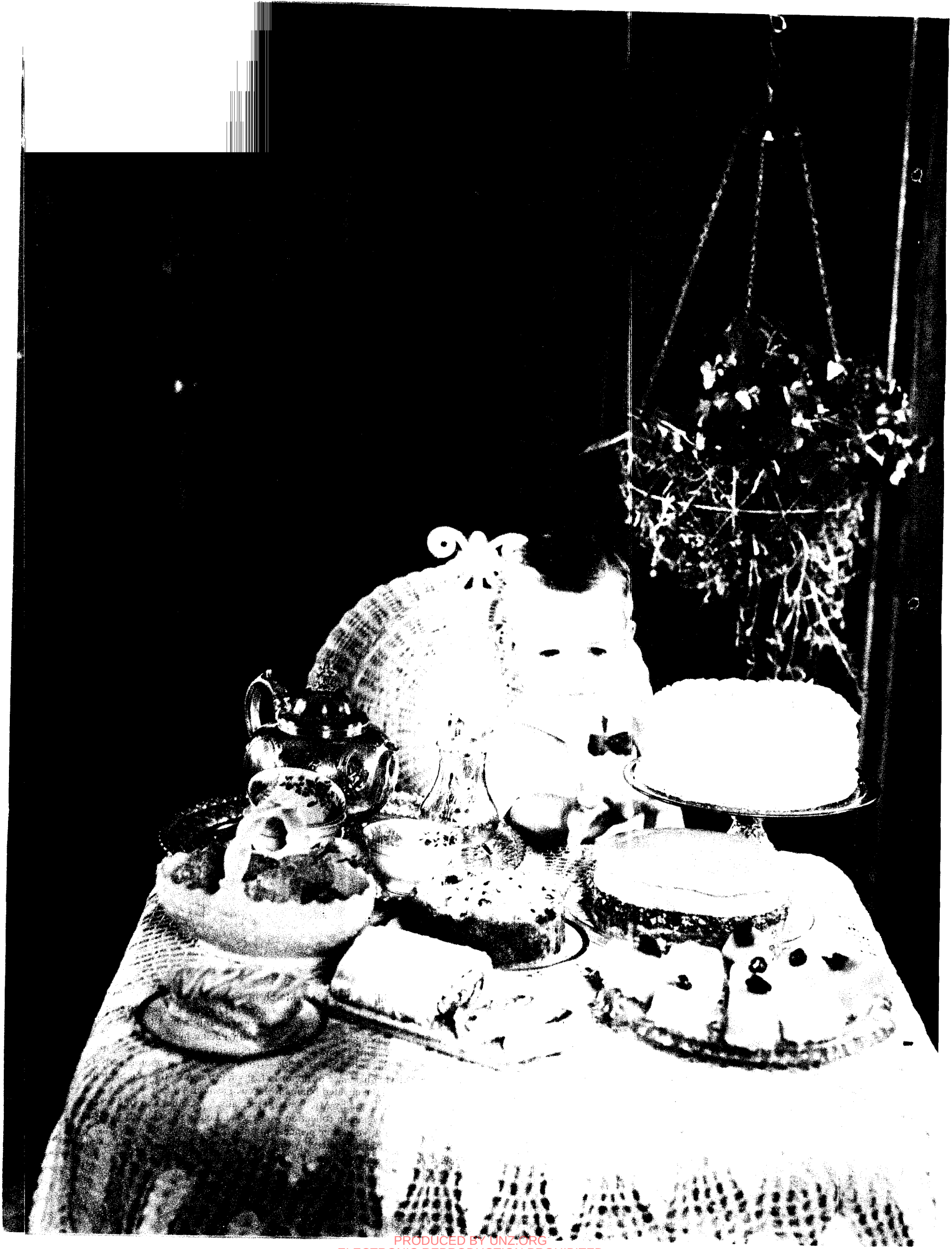

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TREATS

up to New Tricks

The comfortable elegance of 1912 extends to food as well, and the fancy cakes of the traditional turn-of-the-century tea are ideal for family entertaining. Here are Edwardian treats, brought up to date with new products and new tricks that make an old-fashioned tea party a satisfyingly easy thing to arrange

Tall ginger cake, seed cake and éclairs are traditional at teatime

On the tea table at left, five of the seven fancy cakes are actually deceptively simple to make: the Swag and Tassel cake, the blue-topped pineapple- and walnut-filled cake, petits fours glacés, the jelly roll and the minted triangle. (Jelly roll is delicious served fresh from its store wrapper.) The first two begin with any favorite layer-cake recipe or an easy-do cake mix. Then add tricky frosting touches; the frosting recipes below are more frills than fuss.

For the Swag and Tassel cake, layers and sides are smoothed with fluffy frosting, swagged with pink creamy frosting forced through a fluted tube. (This takes practice but tests on waxed paper will tell you how far to try your skill on the cake.) Blue-iced cake with pineapple-walnut filling takes a mixture of *2 cups of pineapple preserve* with *1 cup of chopped walnuts* whetted with *2 tablespoons of rum*. The blue crown is smooth decorative icing.

For the petits fours, smooth the spongecake diamonds, squares and circles with tinted fluffy frosting and stud with candied cherries. You can buy a spongecake for this. If you're skilled with an icing tube, little flowers or stars of creamy frosting can be piped directly on the frosted cakes.

Minted triangles are pie-shaped pieces of layer cake lavished with mint-flavored decorative icing just stiff enough to hold its shape. Force it through a fluted tube starting at the point and sway it on to cover the top.

These are the three icings you heed to know:

Decorative icing: Beat *1 egg white* lightly with ¼ *cup of water* and gradually beat the mixture into *1 pound of 10X confectioners' sugar*, adding just enough to make a firm icing. Stir in ¼ *teaspoon of almond extract* (or *mint flavoring*) and a few drops of *food color*.

Fluffy frosting: In a saucepan combine *1 cup of sugar*, ¼ *teaspoon of cream of tartar* and ⅓ *cup of water*. Bring to a boil and boil rapidly until sirup spins a thread. Pour sirup gradually into *2 stiffly beaten egg whites*, beating constantly. Beat until frosting is thick and cool.

Creamy frosting: In bowl of electric mixer combine *3 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of powdered cream, 3 tablespoons of hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla* and *3 cups unsifted 10X confectioners' sugar*. Mix at medium speed for 3 minutes and high speed for 5 minutes. Color frosting with *food coloring*.

Scones, shown in basket: The following two recipes are traditional but not quite so simple. In a mixing bowl combine *2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon of baking soda* and ½ *teaspoon salt*. Cut in ¼ *cup of golden shortening* until it is broken into fine particles. Add ¾ *cup of milk* and stir gently with a fork until dough holds together. Gather dough into a ball, turn it onto a lightly floured board and knead gently, about 12 strokes. Divide dough and pat each half into a small round about ¾ inch thick. Cut into quarters and place on a baking sheet. Brush with *beaten egg* and bake at 400° F. for 15 minutes. Makes 8 small scones.

They're irresistible—pink-and-white Swag and Tassel cake, the pineapple- walnut-filled cake, petits fours, jelly roll, minted triangle, scones and Dundee cake

Dundee cake, in center of table, is a favorite for families. It keeps fresh until the last slice is used. Cream ¼ *cup of butter* and ⅓ *cup of sugar* until mixture is light and fluffy. Add *4 eggs* and beat well. Stir in ½ *cup of chopped blanched almonds*. Combine *1 cup of raisins, 1½ cups of currants* and ½ *cup of chopped candied peel*. Combine *2½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder* and ½ *teaspoon of salt*, and sift the dry ingredients over the mixed fruit. Stir fruit-and-flour mixture into the butter-egg mixture. Stir in *2 tablespoons of orange juice*. Spoon batter into a round spring form or a loaf pan buttered and lined with brown paper and bake in a 275° F. oven for 1¾ hours, or until cake tests done. Turn cake out on rack to cool and then decorate top with *candied cherries* and *blanched almonds*.

The ginger cake (at top) is chocolate layers sandwiched with apricot preserve and covered with ginger frosting. In a saucepan combine ¾ *cup sugar*, ¼ *cup ginger* (drained from a jar of preserved ginger), ¼ *teaspoon cream of tartar* and ⅓ *cup of water*. Bring to a boil and boil rapidly until the sirup spins a thread. Pour sirup gradually into *2 egg whites*, stiffly beaten, beating constantly and continue to beat until frosting is cool and thick. Decorate the cake top with *slices of citron* and *preserved ginger* or *pecan halves*.

Éclairs achieve individuality with the icing. Use any cream-puff recipe and a pastry bag to form dough in strips for baking. Chocolate topping is melted chocolate pieces. For coffee icing, mix *3 cups 10X confectioners' sugar* with enough *strong coffee* to make a thin frosting and brush it on. Plant walnut halves in the middle.

The seed cake (also above) is certain to bring requests for the recipe. Cream *1 cup of butter* and *1 cup of sugar* until light and fluffy. Add *4 eggs*, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine *3 cups of flour* and *1 teaspoon baking powder* and add alternately with ¼ *cup of milk* to the egg mixture. Add *2 tablespoons of candied lemon peel* and ¼ *cup of caraway seeds*. Pour the batter into a greased melon mold and bake in a 350° oven for 1 hour and 45 minutes. Turn cake out onto a cake rack to cool.

A hearty cup of tea is, of course, the take-off point for a successful tea party, whether it's formal or for the family, and the rules for making it are few but inflexible. Begin with fresh, fragrant tea—Americans are equally divided on the use of tea leaves or tea bags. Bring cold water to a rollicking boil and steep the tea 3 to 5 minutes by the clock, no more and no less: and let your taste judge the strength of the brew. The best tea is made in a scalded pot, several cups at a time. Tea is a thrifty, cheering beverage that is ideal for family get-togethers.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERANNE & GADEN

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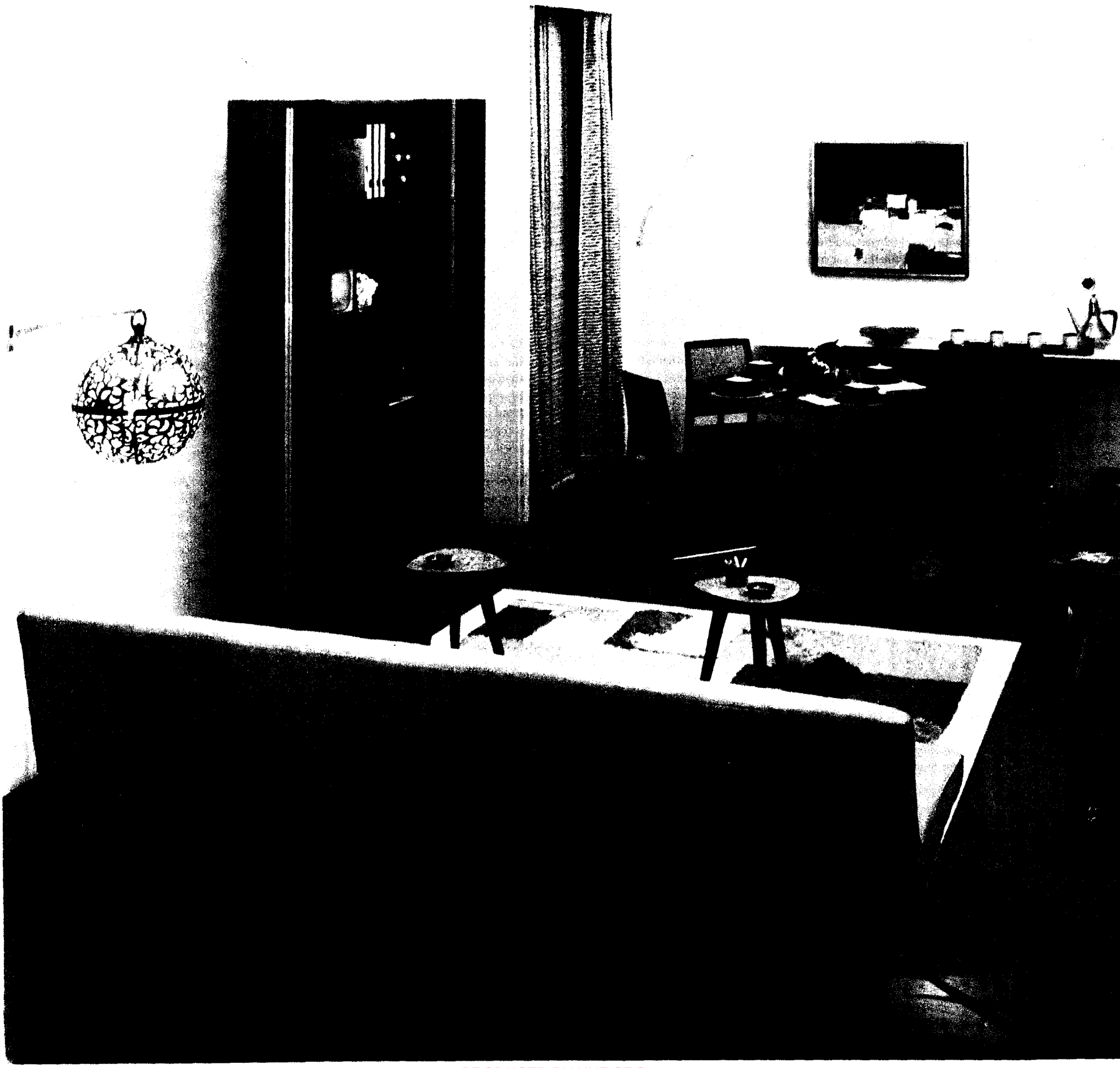
LIVING ROOMS

Three Designers, Three Points of View

Edward Wormley's all-purpose living room is ideal for a young couple who want to buy now, expand later—adding furnishings as their income and living quarters increase. The orderly plan for a few good pieces gives an air of space and ease. Rich colors of the Ippolito painting are repeated in the hand-hooked rayon and wool rug by George Wells. Furniture by Dunbar. TV, RCA-Victor. Blinds, Dorothy Liebes



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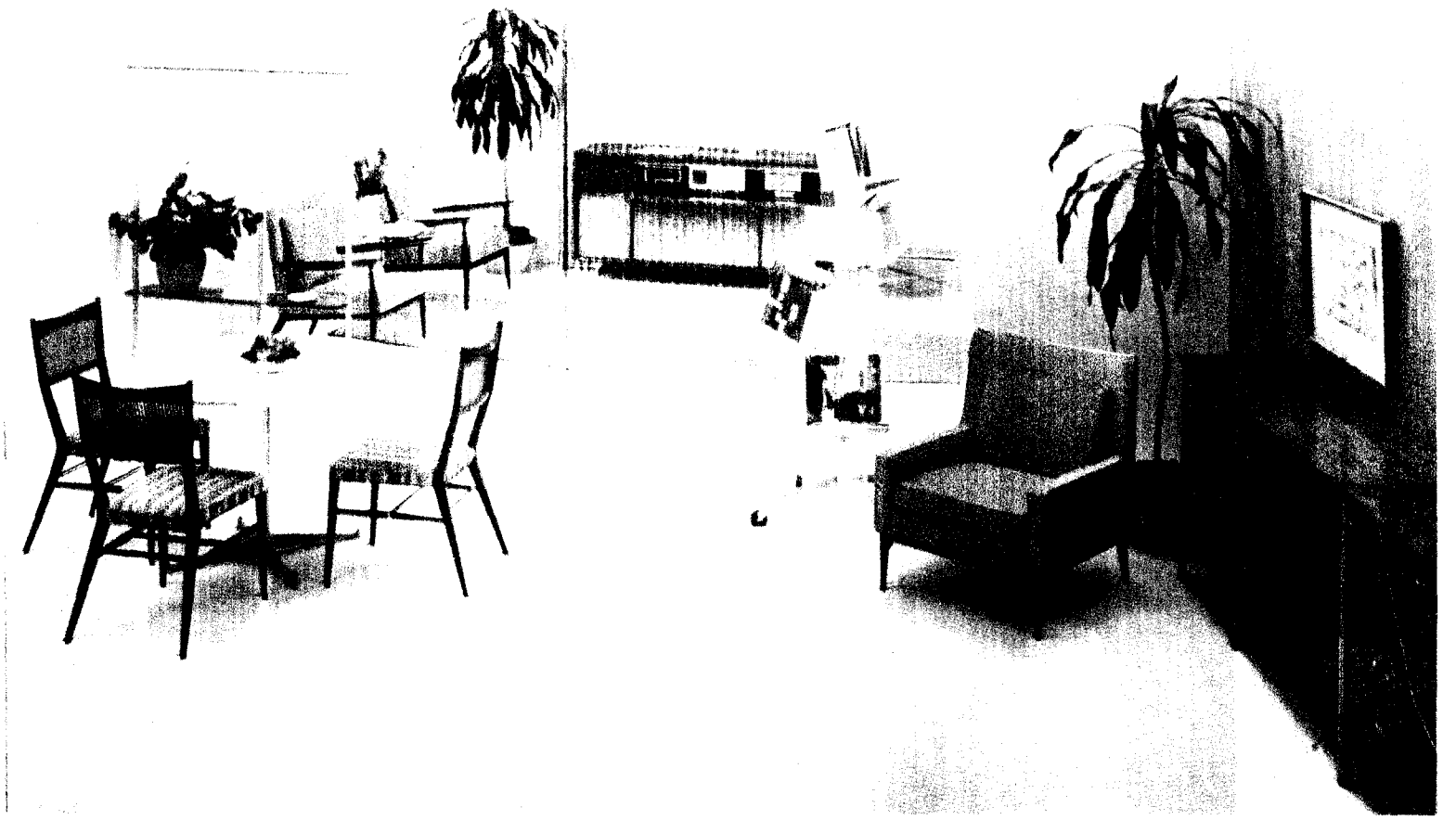
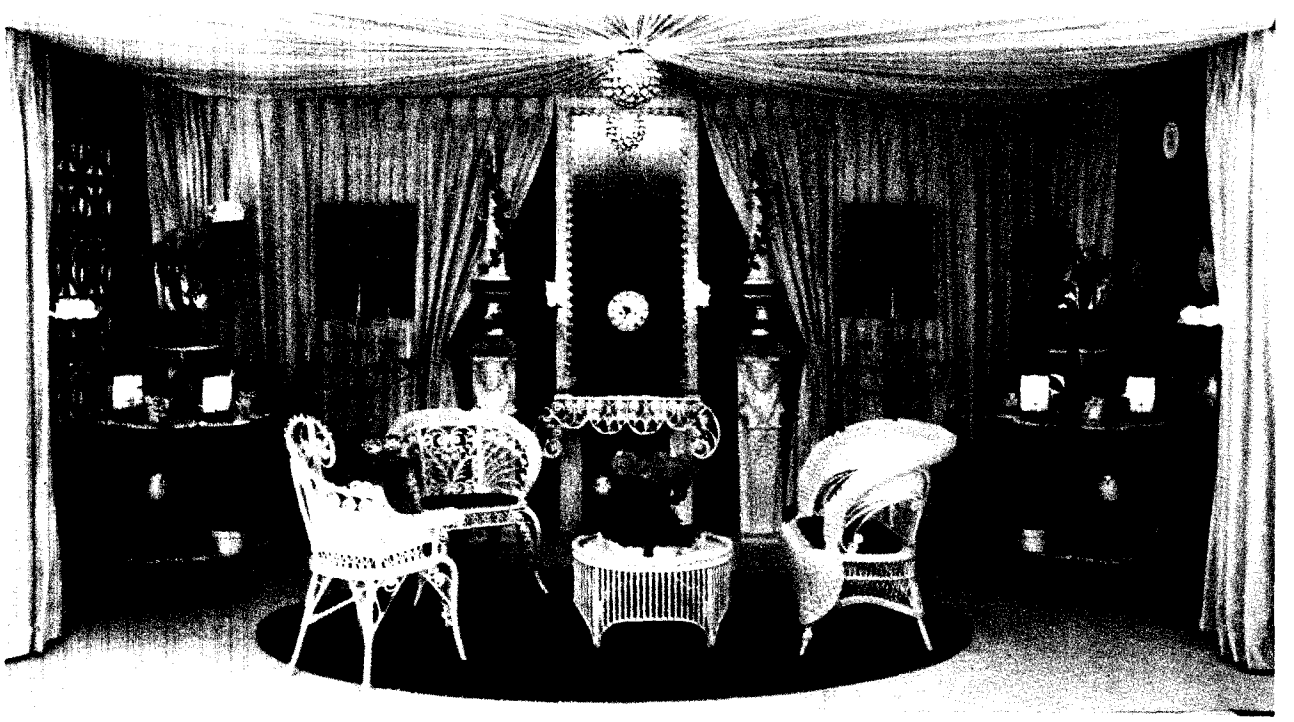


Paul McCobb designed this family room as a center for music, television, reading, informal dining—or just plain relaxing. In true McCobb style, the furnishings are easy to look at, easy to live with, easy to care for. Interesting items: the movable magazine-record rack and the use of Baronio Fabrics' rayon and cotton stripe as a decorative sound baffle behind the hi-fi unit. Furniture by Paul McCobb Design Associates including the Bell & Howell hi-fi. Rayon and nylon carpets by Barwick

THE stark functionalism of recent design is in the softening process, and designers, like other people, have remarkably different points of view. The three living rooms shown here picture a broad span in contemporary decorating. The range is from the cool comfort and livability of Paul McCobb to the orderly elegance of Edward J. Wormley to the neo-1912, warm stylish comfort of Cecil Beaton—three great names, three examples of positive thinking. All three rooms were created especially for Collier's and will be viewed on display by some 300,000 people at the National Homefurnishings Show, first to be held at New York's recently completed Coliseum, beginning August 25th. The three rooms will make up the display of the American Rayon Institute.



Cecil Beaton's stylish, comfortable sitting room presents a lighthearted revival of the elaborate living of 1912, teaches value of balanced arrangement for small-area decorating. Nostalgic items include wicker furniture, soft-curtained walls, Tiffany glass lamps. Special lighting effects and furnishings by Peter Lindamood Antiques. Fabrics by Velvet Institute of America and Golding

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

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Add the Juice of a Lemon.
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One jigger Myers'Jamaica Rum.
Fill up with carbonated Water and stir. Decorate with a Maraschino Cherry and a thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straw.

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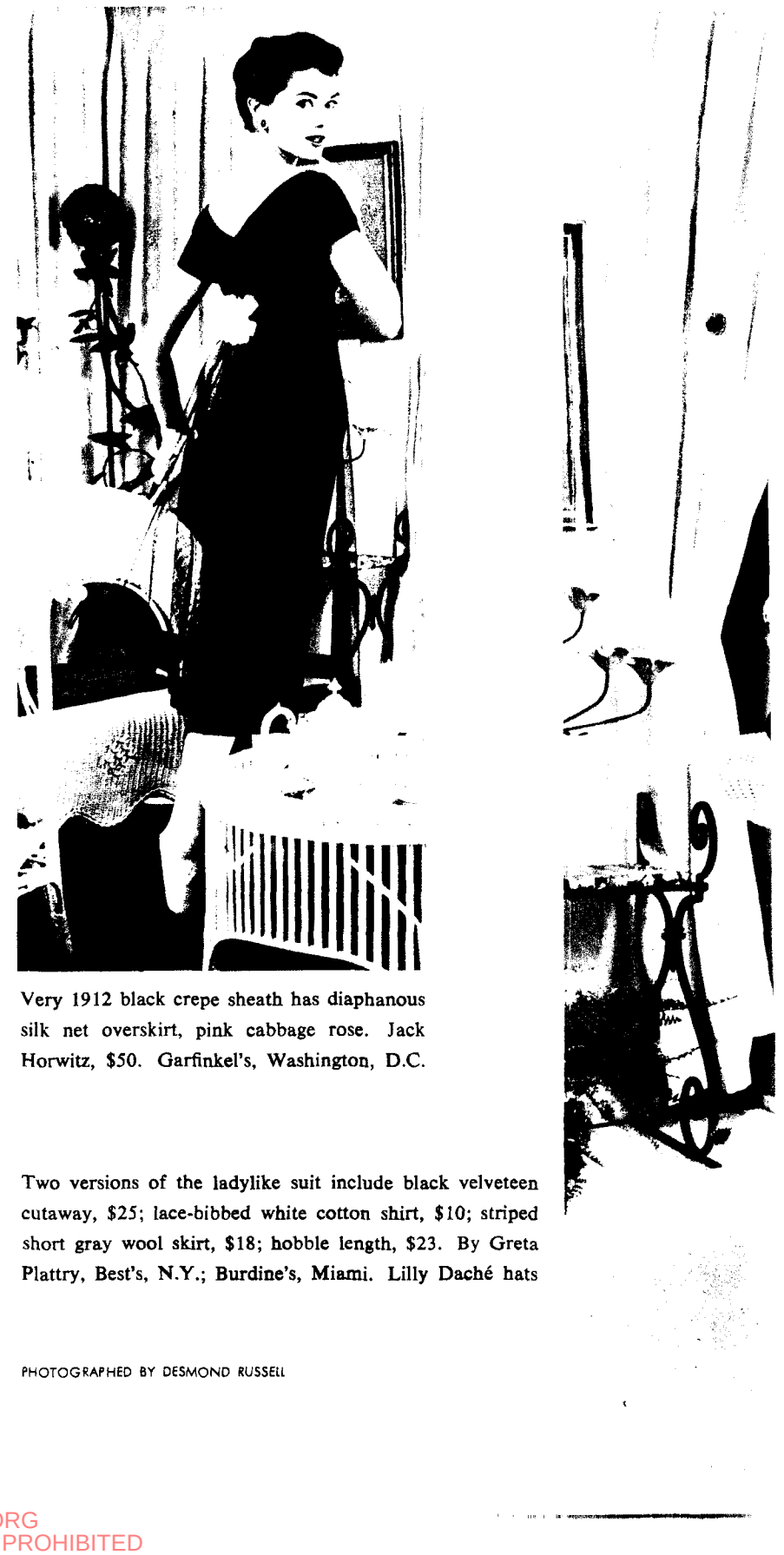
CLOTHES

The Fair Lady Look

As the summer wanes, the romantic 1912 look will wax to its full in the fashion business. Amid a great flurry of ostrich feathers, wistful colors and fabrics, French leather gloves and wound-up hair decked with flowers and combs, the girls are determined to look as gentlewomanly as possible. This curiously comfortable, polite, understated style, capturing the feeling made popular by Beaton's designs for My Fair Lady, is calculated to turn the American Beauty into an English rose.



Very 1912 black crepe sheath has diaphanous silk net overskirt, pink cabbage rose. Jack Horwitz, $50. Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C.

Two versions of the ladylike suit include black velveteen cutaway, $25; lace-bibbed white cotton shirt, $10; striped short gray wool skirt, $18; hobble length, $23. By Greta Plattry, Best's, N.Y.; Burdine's, Miami. Lilly Daché hats

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND RUSSELL

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Graceful drawstring shirt—called a *blouson*—in pale-pink Dacron satin. Dorothy Korby, $10. Best's, New York City

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Claudie, Friend of Phlox

The ladies' flower show needed just what I and Claudie had—refinement

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

By DILLON ANDERSON

I EXPECT Claudie is still about the stupidest guy I know, even after being around me as long as he has. But sometimes he's like the blind pig in that old saying—you know, he could root up an acorn any day. So I will be fair and admit it was Claudie that stumbled across Andrew Jackson Butts, the gardener, and got us into a hotbed of garden-club politics in that big Texas city called Texopolis.

Claudie had this job at Rudolph's, an Italian restaurant on Maintex Avenue in south Texopolis, and all he had to do was stand out in front wearing a big sign on his back about the fine food inside, and ringing a bell at people that passed by. He got to where he was pretty good at it, too.

Now Rudolph's was where Andrew Jackson Butts, the gardener, liked to go on Saturdays to eat his fill of spaghetti and meat balls, all smothered in red-hot Italian sauce. Also he'd soak up a lot of Texas-type Italian wine, and when he was good and loaded he'd talk to anybody—even Claudie.

But it took me, if you want the truth, to bring it out that Andrew Jackson Butts was the gardener for Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse, and also that she was a very large wheel in Friends of Phlox, the ladies' garden club. Her husband, Andrew Jackson Butts explained, was a big shot and in on about everything good that Texopolis had to offer. He was a prominent society undertaker, for one thing, and a person had to be very social and very rich, else Mr. Grouse wouldn't touch the corpse with a ten-foot pole. Also, this Mr. Grouse handled a lot of insurance of all kinds, with a sign on the blotters he put out that said: INSURE WITH GROUSE, YOUR LIFE OR YOUR HOUSE. This motto really seemed to ring a bell with Claudie.

The night Andrew Jackson Butts told us how bad Mrs. Grouse needed some help, I was scarcely listening. But from what I picked up with one ear, you might say, it seemed that Mrs. Grouse might could use somebody like Claudie to mess up another lady's garden.

"Could you run over that once more, friend?" I said. "It almost sounded underhanded to me."

Andrew Jackson Butts grinned big, showing the finest gold tooth I'd seen in a whet, and went over it again. I'd been exactly right; what Mrs. Grouse needed was that somebody should really wreck a whole yardful of flowers the night before the annual garden-club show put on by the Friends of Phlox.

I didn't exactly take to any such idea at first, or even when it came out about the cash reward. But I and Claudie were hard up and had been all winter, so I said, "Claudie will not do anything very wrong, Andrew Jackson. On the other hand, the Grouses seem to be mighty fine and prominent people, and it may be this thing can be handled in some other way—you know, a little more legal. Maybe you should take us out to see Mrs. Grouse tomorrow."

NEXT MORNING I and Claudie went along with Andrew Jackson Butts to that part of Texopolis called Peaceful Pines, where people plainly lived high on the hog. All the houses were big and fine, set way back in the piney woods from the wide paved streets.

The biggest house of all was the one we drove in behind, and that was where Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse lived. Pink and purple flowers boiled over everywhere around it, clear around into the back yard.

We met Mrs. Grouse there in back of her four-car garage, and straightway she took us into her greenhouse so we could talk.

Now this Mrs. Grouse was no spring chicken, that was plain. Her hair would have been white—except she'd used some bluing on it—and the skin on her neck sagged some, and she'd taken on considerable heft. Still, she showed she'd spent a lot of time out in the sun, and she had some good bright

The night before the contest, Pootie hired Claudie to stand watch in her garden. When a trespasser came in, Claudie beat him up—but he shouldn't have

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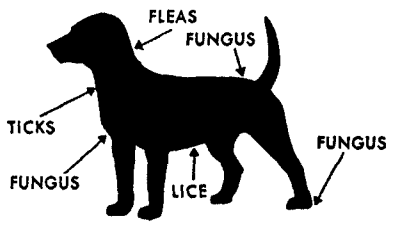

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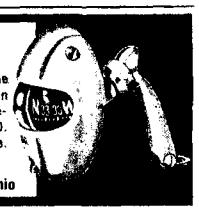

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apricot color in her cheeks to go with her friendly gray eyes. But what made the biggest hit with me was her voice. It was nice and soft—until she mentioned Mrs. Pootie Crown, another lady in the Friends of Phlox garden club.

This little sharpness that crept into Mrs. Grouse's voice grew a jagged edge as she talked on, telling us what a tramp Mrs. Pootie Crown was. I don't mean she actually called Pootie a hobo, but she might as well have; and here was where it came out that Pootie's garden was the one Mrs. Grouse simply could not stand to let beat her own, in the Friends of Phlox contest that was about to come off.

SINCE we were so well acquainted by this time, Mrs. Grouse went ahead and spoke also about Pootie's husband, Mr. Alger Crown, that was nearly thirty years older than Pootie. He wasn't a bad fellow, Mrs. Grouse explained, until his first wife passed on; then he'd been taken over by Pootie that had used to keep books for him and to help him console loved ones for fifty dollars a week at the Crown Temple of Grief. The Temple had been strictly a cut-rate establishment for years, but after old Alger married Pootie, he'd changed the name of his business to Crowned Memories, Ltd., and started moving in on the quality trade. Every single bit of this was Pootie's doing. Then Pootie had the gall to sneak herself into the Friends of Phlox—while Mrs. Grouse was getting well from a bad operation.

Just as she seemed about to tell us about this operation, I cut in. "How many people in this contest, ma'am?" I asked.

"We have thirty-one Friends of Phlox," she answered, "but only two members have a real chance. You see, my husband is secretly in the nursery business, and so is old Alger Crown."

"Oh," I said, "so Mr. Grouse is in the flower game too?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered, "and with only a little secret help from my husband's nursery I had the finest garden in Texopolis for years and years. I used to win with my phlox alone. But that was before that awful Pootie pushed old Alger Crown into the nursery business too!"

"That's a shame," I said.

Her mouth tightened up until her lips nearly disappeared before she went ahead. "Pootie has a big garden now, of course, and rather pretty too—in a cheap and gaudy way. So you can see she will stop at nothing to win."

"Whereabouts does this Pootie live?" I asked, pretty mad myself by this time.

"The Crown place is the second one south of here," Mrs. Grouse answered. "Pootie made old Alger buy right into the very block where we ourselves live."

"Easy to find," I said. "Andrew Jackson Butts told us you had a job you wanted done on her flowers."

"Heavens, no, it's Butts's plan, not mine. But there is a certain chemical Butts could tell you about. If someone sprayed it on Pootie's garden it would really help her flowers in the end, but for about twenty-four hours it would put a musty coat on the petals and make them look half dead."

"I see what you mean, ma'am," I told her. "Helps the plants in the long run."

"Now tonight would be the night; the contest is tomorrow. We've got to fight fire with fire, you know," she smiled a sort of a bitter smile as she spoke, and the apricot in her cheeks looked a lot riper.

"Does Mrs. Pootie Crown have a night watchman, ma'am?" I asked.

"Oh, heavens, no," Mrs. Grouse said. "There's only one watchman who serves this whole block, and he's Butts's brother-in-law, Cricket Sanders. Butts will take care of him tonight, won't you, Butts?"

"Leave Cricket to me," Andrew Jackson Butts said, and grinned so broad he showed his gold tooth and a bluish one I hadn't noticed before.

"Mrs. Grouse," I said, "it helps my feelings to know that you, yourself, do not wish to hire anybody to mess up Mrs. Pootie Crown's garden. All you really want is to win the contest—isn't that right?"

"I certainly do," she said. "I'd never live it down if that snippy young upstart, Pootie Crown, won the Friends of Phlox award."

"And wouldn't you rather not know just how it's done, so long as the job is in good hands?"

"Of course," she said. "I'm really interested in results only. I'd gladly leave the method to the right person."

"Then my friend Claudie Hughes here is your man."

"But—" Claudie said.

By this time, though, my mind was racking along at such a clip I wasn't about to rein it in for anything Claudie had on his. So I went right ahead: "Leave all the details to Claudie. That way you will have nothing on your own conscience, and Andrew Jackson Butts won't have so much on his. The charge will be one hundred dollars, payable only if you win."

Mrs. Grouse was nodding to agree when Claudie said, "Oh, no, I—"

"Excuse us a minute, please, Mrs. Grouse," I said, "while I and Claudie step outside."

I'D SEEN Claudie bogged down in contrary spells before, but never any worse than the way he was that morning—standing there, belly-deep among the pink and purple flowers in Mrs. Grouse's back yard. Poor Claudie, he had his head set on some insurance, since this was the first crack he'd ever had at a policy of any kind.

"What the hell kind of insurance could you use?" I asked.

"Jest about any kind they'd give me. I haven't got none at all now."

"Wait a minute," I said, "how about the hundred dollars Mrs. Grouse just as good as promised us if she wins?"

"We kin make money some other way. I don't do nothin' to them flowers unless I git insured with Grouse. I've always wanted a insurance policy. Maybe now we'd oughta git me one that'll perteck me against whatever happens in Pootie Crown's garden."

"You don't seem to understand, Claudie. I'm going to figure out a safe way for Mrs. Grouse to win."

But Claudie, with his one-track mind, was so stubborn and set that I do believe he'd have gone over and pulled up Mrs. Pootie Crown's flowers with his bare hands if he could get himself some kind of policy for doing it. So I gave in, and we went back to put it up to Mrs. Grouse. She said it was really going to hurt her conscience to go inside the house and swipe a policy out of the safe—one already signed in blank by Mr. Grouse—but she did.

The policy had a fancy border with fine gold lines, and I studied it to see just what Claudie got insured against. It was plenty; it protected Claudie from earthquakes, floods, insurrection, rebellion, steamship sinkings, lightning, and accidents while the insured was trespassing. This was on Form U-3954, the omnibus policy, Mrs. Grouse pointed out, and the part about trespassing would take care of Claudie if anything happened to him that night in Pootie Crown's garden. "Just in case," she explained with a wink, "he should have to go there."

"Where'd you learn so much about insurance policies?" I asked.

"Oh, I used to work for Mr. Grouse when I was a young girl," she said. Then, very businesslike: "Of course, I will keep the policy in my possession until the contest is over, and if I don't win tomorrow, your friend Claudie will not be protected tonight."

"You do drive a hard bargain, ma'am," I said. "Now there's one more thing. About what would be the cost of those chemicals we talked about?"

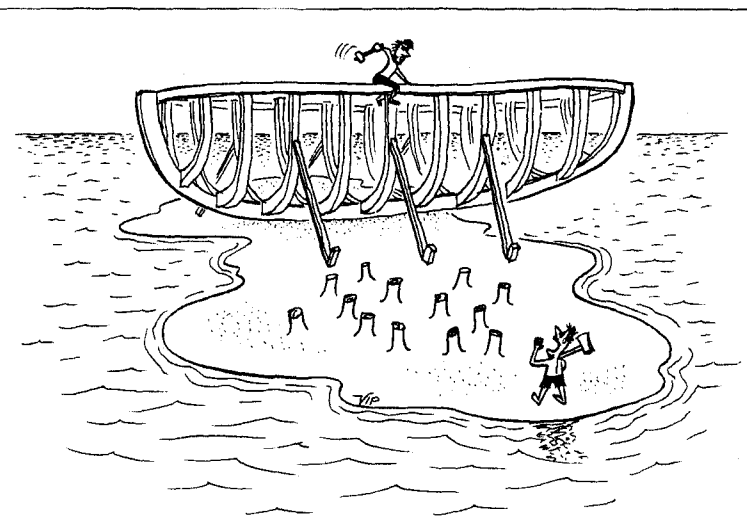
"The ones I didn't hire you to use?" she said and giggled.

"The very ones nobody has *agreed* to use, either." I looked her straight in the eye.

"They come pretty high, but forty dollars' worth should do," she said.

"Better make it about forty-five, just to be sure," I said, and it was forty-five dollars that I and Claudie left with. . . .

I've seen some beautiful blondes in my time, believe me, but I've never seen one that was more so in every way than Mrs. Pootie Crown. And womanly, too, every bit of her, with a little bitty baby-type voice. Also, of course,



"Hold it, Sam. We've run out of timber"

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"I'll leave you two alone. I imagine you must have so much to talk about"

COLLIER'S SYD HOFF

with powder and paint and jewel-rimmed dark glasses.

It hadn't been too easy to get into the Crown house late that same afternoon, even with all of Mrs. Grouse's forty-five dollars put into some good clothes for my back; but once I'd talked my way past the butler I found Mrs. Pootie Crown right there in the parlor. Claudie, of course, wasn't along, since it was bell-ringing time for him back at Rudolph's restaurant.

Clint Hightower was the name, I explained; I'd come to talk with her about the Friends of Phlox contest. And from that point on I really coasted. First rattle out of the box, Mrs. Pootie Crown sent the butler away and told him to polish all the silver before he left the pantry. Then she told me about her three gardeners, all so good that she never had to set foot in the garden herself, and how she was bound to win if she could only get justice.

"I'm strong for justice," I told her.

"But where do you come in on all this, Mr. Hightower?"

"Flower gardens," I said, "are my specialty. I studied your flowers close when I came in, and you've got one of the prettiest gardens I've laid my eyes on anywhere—even in Houston, Mobile or New Orleans."

WE WERE sitting on a red plush sofa at the time, and as soon as I said this last, Mrs. Pootie Crown moved over closer to me and said, "Oh, you wonderful man. You really don't think so!" As I was nodding to this she smiled big, took off her dark glasses and looked at me with her blue eyes like she'd seen something larrupin' to eat.

She stayed close by to me that way and explained how she didn't want to do anything downright wrong in order to win the blue ribbon; then she said she would stop at nothing, absolutely nothing, to keep from losing to old Lizzie Grouse. "The snobbish old witch! The conceited old harpy! Thinks she's so high and mighty!" Pootie went on to say. "But at heart old Lizzie is a sneak, and I don't trust her at all. I'm ready for her, too. I'm putting a special armed watchman in my garden all night tonight. You see, Lizzie has bought off Cricket Sanders, the regular watchman in this block."

"That really shocks me," I said; and it did when I thought about Claudie in the garden that night. But it was the first time I'd felt altogether right about spending the forty-five chemical dollars on clothes.

"Lizzie would try to influence the judges, too, if she could," Pootie said. "I wouldn't put it past her. But I've taken certain steps to protect myself."

"How's that, ma'am?" I asked.

Pootie'd gone out, she told me, and cultivated the personal acquaintance and friendship of Colonel Aloysius Fly, one of the judges. She admitted, too, that she'd carried this program pretty far—so far, in fact, that Mrs. Fly had become jealous. Only the week before, this Mrs. Fly had cornered Pootie in the powder room at the country club and threatened to claw both of her big blue eyes out if she didn't stay away from Aloysius.

"You don't say!"

"I do too," Pootie said, "but Aloysius is still very friendly to me." She smiled. "And he'll stay friendly."

"How about the other judges?"

"There's only one more been named. That's Colonel Robin Winch, the jeweler," she said, "and he's dead against me. You see, many years ago my husband blackballed Robin Winch out of the best lodge in town, and Robin knows it. So Lizzie Grouse got him named a Friends of Phlox judge."

"Both of them judges sound like fighting men to me," I told her. "I doubt if they'll ever agree."

"Of course not," she said. "That's why the third judge is the most important one of all. When Colonel Winch and Aloysius fail to agree, they'll have to turn to the third judge."

"That, ma'am, is the part I was getting to."

"What?"

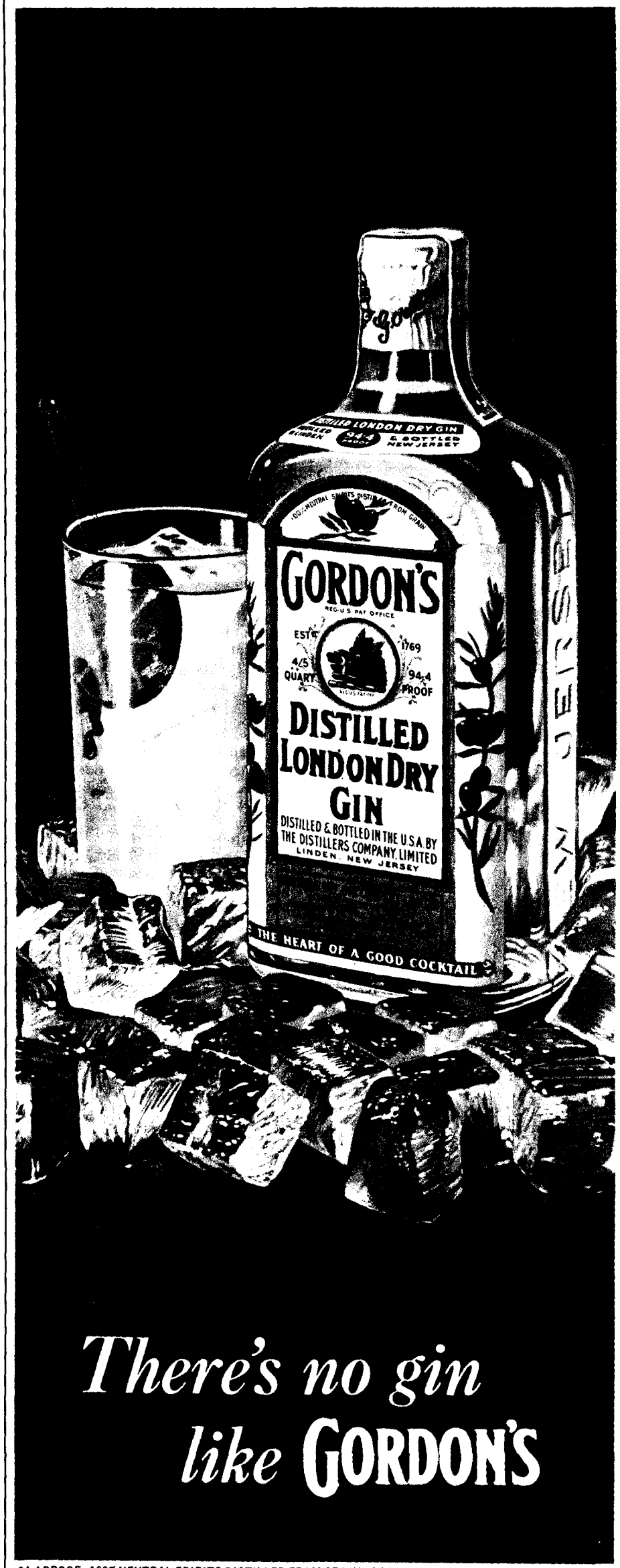
"My specialty. Judging gardens. I'm willing to act as the third judge."

I did not expect that this beautiful blonde would throw milk-white arms around my neck and kiss me then and there, but she did.

"My feelings must have got the best of me," Pootie said later. "I'm very keyed up over this contest."

"That's all right, Pootie," I said; then, since I noticed it was getting nearly suppertime, I added, "but what about your husband? He might not like this."

"He won't be home until tomorrow. He's on his way back from Chicago,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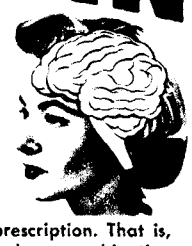

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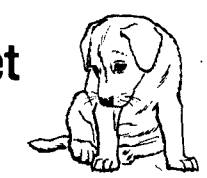

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where he's just got himself the Texopolis agency for a big insurance company. That ought to hold Lizzie Grouse and her frog-eyed husband, Prentice P." And with this she kissed me again.

"I do not wish to change the subject again, Pootie," I said, "but how about your butler that is back there polishing the silver? Is there a lot of that silver?"

"Oodles," she answered. "Oodles."

IT BOTHERED Claudie some that night at Rudolph's when I told him I'd gone to speak to Mrs. Pootie Crown about the Friends of Phlox contest. "Why?" he wanted to know.

"Answer me this one question, Claudie," I said. "Did Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse try to get us to do something underhanded or not?"

"I'll say. She done more'n try."

"All right. Now suppose Pootie Crown wanted the same thing done to Mrs. Grouse's flowers? Shouldn't she have a right to talk it over with somebody? Remember what the Bible says, *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* That goes for women too."

"Who all's side are we on?" he asked.

"You, Claudie, are on the side of Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse, but she didn't hire me. I was careful to stay neutral myself, since I might have to act as a judge or something."

"You can't git to be no judge." He even sniggered as he spoke, and in a right haughty way, too, I thought.

"Listen, Claudie," I told him, "when I put forty-five dollars into enough clothes to dress the part—"

"You mean you've done gone and spent all the money Mrs. Grouse give us for the chemicals?" Poor Claudie; his face really sagged as he looked over my new clothes. He even seemed a little envious, I thought.

"Matter of fact," I said, "I had to scrimp some at that. Only one pair of pants came with this suit. But I expect it's a good thing I saved you from that job in Pootie's garden. You might have got hurt or something."

"Oh, no, not me, Clint."

"That's all you know, brother—"

Before I could explain any more to Claudie, Andrew Jackson Butts came into the restaurant with his brother-in-law, Cricket Sanders; and Cricket was so wall-eyed drunk that he was limber all over. It was plain to me that he was in no shape to do any night watching that night. I and Claudie had finished eating our Italian meal, so I called Claudie and Andrew Jackson Butts off to one side while Cricket settled down at our table and went to sleep.

"Andrew Jackson," I said with Claudie listening, "I've got this whole garden-club business figured out. There is just one more little detail, and it's for you. Will you kindly call Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse right now and tell her to see that I am appointed the third judge in the Friends of Phlox contest? All she has to do is tell Colonel Robin Winch to name me and hold out for me. Remember the name: Colonel Clint Hightower from Birmingham."

"Okay, Clint," Andrew Jackson said. "They won't be no trouble about that. Colonel Winch is mighty thick with them Grouses."

This was the first time, I do believe, that it began to dawn on Claudie where my mind was headed. We both stood behind Andrew Jackson while he called from the pay station there at Rudolph's and gave Mrs. Grouse my message. Then he turned and told us she'd agreed.

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- NOW THEY'VE DONE IT!
- IT'S THE LAW!

After Andrew Jackson left I went ahead and explained to Claudie how one of the judges was already for Pootie and not about to change; also how the other one was Colonel Winch, Mrs. Grouse's judge till hell froze over. From that, I pointed out, anybody could see how it was a lead-pipe cinch for these two judges to deadlock. So all I had to do was get to be the third judge. "Then," I advised Claudie, "will be the time for you to start paying some mind to me—a little more respect, I mean. Maybe then you'll quit fussing about the money I spent on these clothes. If you want to be protected from all them disasters, that is."

"Mind telling me one more thing, Clint? S'pose Pootie Crown's judge don't agree on you?"

You can see, I expect, how this really aggravated me. So with him prodding me like this, I did tell him just a little teeny bit more. I told him how Pootie had called her own judge, Aloysius Fly, while I was at her house; also how she'd made him swear that when it came to picking the third judge he wouldn't agree on no person in the world except one—Colonel Clinton Hightower, a flower-and-garden expert from Birmingham, Alabama.

"Uh-huh," he said, but he still wasn't getting it all.

"Now, Claudie, let's turn in."

"Not me; I've got to go to work. I've got me a job to do tonight."

"Oh, no—no, Claudie! I almost forgot. Pootie's hired another watchman."

"How'd you know?" he said and grinned. "Who told you?"

"Pootie herself."

"That's the job," Claudie said. "Pootie Crown's gonna give me ten dollars to watch her garden all night."

"You mean you're the watchman? Who got you the job?"

"Andrew Jackson Butts done it all. He works for Pootie in his spare time."

I swear I never knew, until that big day in Texopolis, that people and newspapers could be so wrought up over flowers blooming in people's yards.

The Texopolis Tribune had a special section that day about nothing in the world but flower gardens—except, of course, the advertisements, which it was just about full of. But the biggest ads were the ones about what elegant types of funerals the Grouses and the Crowns could throw—except one full page plugged Grouse insurance. Other ads told about fertilizer and sprinkler systems, bug killers and lawn mowers.

All this publicity brought the crowd. Man alive, I never saw such a mob as showed up that afternoon at Peaceful Pines. They stood in line at the canvas-covered booth to buy tickets at a dollar a throw, good for all thirty-one gardens in the Friends of Phlox tour and then tea at the Texopolis Country Club.

I MET Claudie at the Grouse place, and I mean he really looked all tuckered out. I had Andrew Jackson Butts go inside and borrow me a big magnifying glass so I could study the flowers closer where all the people could see me doing it. Then I had to cut loose from Claudie. My work was cut out for me that day—work of a higher order—and Claudie was hardly macked out in the right kind of clothes to be seen hanging around me.

Fact is, the whole shebang was a pretty dressed-up affair, with plenty of well-scrubbed people turned out in lightweight clothes, clean and starched and all that. But when it came to the Friends of Phlox ladies themselves, they outdid everybody else all hollow. They were supposed to be wearing the kind of clothes that very rich and aristocratic women used to wear in the Old South a long time ago. That's what the paper said, and it really helped to know that beforehand.

Take Mrs. Grouse; she damn' near took it away from the flowers. I mean she was a production, standing there in the formal part of her garden, listening up all the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the Friends of Phlox customers. She had on a short-sleeved pink dress that had to be pretty sizable to fit her, and the skirt was spread-eagled out big as

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in our next issue

a new complete

NERO WOLFE MYSTERY

TOO MANY DETECTIVES

By Rex Stout

A wire-tap scandal and the great detective is accused of murder

ON NEWSSTANDS NATIONALLY—AUGUST 30th

a boy-scout tent in all directions, with lacy ruffles all around it. She was wearing pale-blue crocheted gloves that went clear up above her elbows, and she had on a hat with the biggest brim I'd ever seen. It was the same blue as her gloves, but the little daisy-looking flowers on it were yellow and brindle.

I hung around the Grouse place a while, mixing with the crowd and studying the flowers through the magnifying glass.

Before I left, Mrs. Grouse caught my eye from behind a big purple Japanese fan she was fluttering back and forth in front of her face. It was a kind of what-the-hell-goes-on look she gave me, and none too friendly either. Of course she didn't know that the chemical money had gone for my good clothes; still, I could tell she knew one thing it hadn't gone for—chemicals to mess up Pootie's garden. And once when the crowd thinned out around her she spoke from behind the fan and said she'd like a word with me.

"Now, Mrs. Grouse," I said, low so nobody else couldn't hear, "would that be fair? I mean, with me being a judge and everything?"

"But—" she began.

"Besides," I told her, as a nice clean old couple came up to brag on the Grouse phlox, "the time has come for me to leave." I knew it had and I did.

As well turned out as Mrs. Grouse was, Pootie Crown plainly had her outdressed. Pootie was really a lollapaloosa. She had on a mighty low-necked dress to be wearing in broad open daylight. It hardly had any back at all above the waist, so that she looked like she couldn't safely take even one step backward. Oh, yes, she had on a hoop skirt too, white satin with dozens of big red roses embroidered on it—by hand, you could tell; and she was holding a little old green silk umbrella to shade her face.

There was still another way that Pootie had outdone Mrs. Grouse. In her garden she had music being played on nothing but violins from behind a little clump of magnolias. Nice, jerky, garden-type tunes too, they were.

Mr. Alger Crown was there also, bowing and scraping at all the prospects. He was short, not as tall as Pootie; his gray hair was gone on top and thin in strands around the edges, and his sallow face was the color of a gourd that's staved off its last weevil.

I skipped most of the other twenty-nine gardens and spent a lot more time studying the Crown flowers and everything all around through my magnifying glass. I didn't use it on Pootie, though; hell, I didn't have to.

THE Texopolis Country Club, where the tea was thrown, turned out to be right close by to the Crown place, and I was there when all the thirty-one members of the Friends of Phlox started pouring for the customers.

It was a mighty well rigged-up passel of ladies, all turned out in Old South garments, but the getups worn by Lizzie Grouse and Pootie Crown made all the rest look like Mother Hubbard kimonos.

Along about sundown, when everybody was full of pink tea and weak punch, somebody rang a bell. Then a sweet-faced old lady in an orange dress started talking from the club front porch through a loud-speaker. She was the oldest Friend of Phlox, she was saying, and also the president. She spoke real slow and elegant, but what she was getting at was that the time had come to select the winner of this year's blue ribbon. I was standing close by to the porch at the time, wearing a fresh phlox flower in my buttonhole and ready to go.

"Friends of Friends of Phlox," the old girl went on in a hoarse voice almost like a man's, "welcome. Your visit each year in our gardens, to share their beauty with us, makes worth while all our efforts with clipper and trowel. We now come to the climax of the annual garden-club tour—the award of the blue ribbon to the member who has the most beautiful garden."

There was a light spatter of polite clapping, and then the old president went on: "Perhaps I should explain the rules of the contest to our guests. Two judges are named each year, and two votes are required to win. If the two judges cannot agree they call in a third. We have two eminent judges, Colonel Fly and Colonel Winch, who have been at their work all afternoon. Gentlemen, won't you stand, please?"

Nobody stood, and one of the members in a flowered-silk bonnet got up to say that the judges had repaired to the bar and were probably conferring.

The old girl seemed a little flustered at this, but she went ahead: "Our judges have selected a third gentleman who will be called in when it becomes necessary. He is Colonel Clinton Hightower, the well-known flower connoisseur of Birmingham, Alabama. Will Colonel Hightower please rise?"

WHILE Claudie stood close by with his mouth wide open, I rose and the old president asked me to move right up there on the porch and sit down beside her. People could all tell then, I figured, why I'd been studying the flowers the whole afternoon with a big magnifying glass.

By the time I'd got seated up there, somebody passed a note up to the old president lady, and she studied it through some glasses she'd unfolded at the end of a gold handle. A little reddish color seeped into her cheeks, and she said, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, here is real news: the two judges have agreed on the winner! Our third judge will not be needed."

It was real quiet for about a second, and then the rustle and buzz of whispers in the crowd rose like bees swarming. The old girl smiled and waited until all the noise had died down and said: "The winner is Mrs. Prentice P. Grouse. Congratulations, Lizzie."

Then cheers.

The first member of the general public to leave the club was Colonel Clint Hightower, the Birmingham flower expert. I couldn't bear to see poor Pootie, that had been double-crossed by Colonel Aloysius Fly. Matter of fact, I didn't want to see anybody.

I'd finished my supper when Claudie came in to Rudolph's restaurant later on that night. He had his insurance policy in his hand, and he seemed happy as a jay bird at mulberry time. I mean it was really disgusting.

"Get aholt of yourself, Claudie," I told him, as he sat down. "With no sleep last night and all, you look goofy."

"Oh, I'm fine, Clint. They wasn't nothing very hard about last night. Nothin' much happened."

"Go on; what did happen?"

"Well, first, while I watched her garden, Pootie watched me. She wasn't much trustful at first, but then she got real friendly. Later the guy come."

"What guy?"

"The guy she kept calling 'Aloysius, dear.' He sneaked through the hedge there and caught—"

"Caught what, Claudie?"

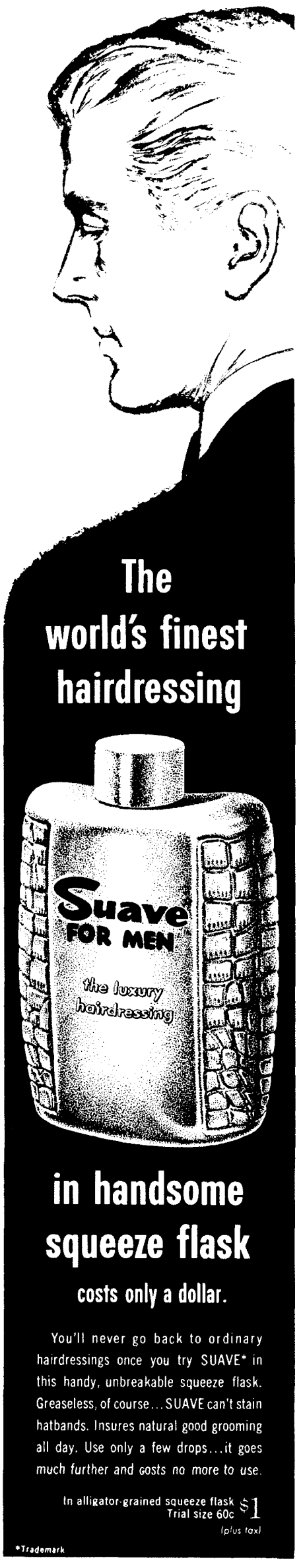
"Caught me and Pootie, side by each, there on a rock seat. Made this Aloysius madder'n hell, he claimed."

"What'd you do?"

"I jest beat up on him some and run him off."

"I don't suppose you knew that was Colonel Aloysius Fly, the judge, you beat up?"

"Oh, yes, I did," he said as he studied his name on his insurance policy, looking for all the world like a man that none of the disasters in it would even bother. —DILLON ANDERSON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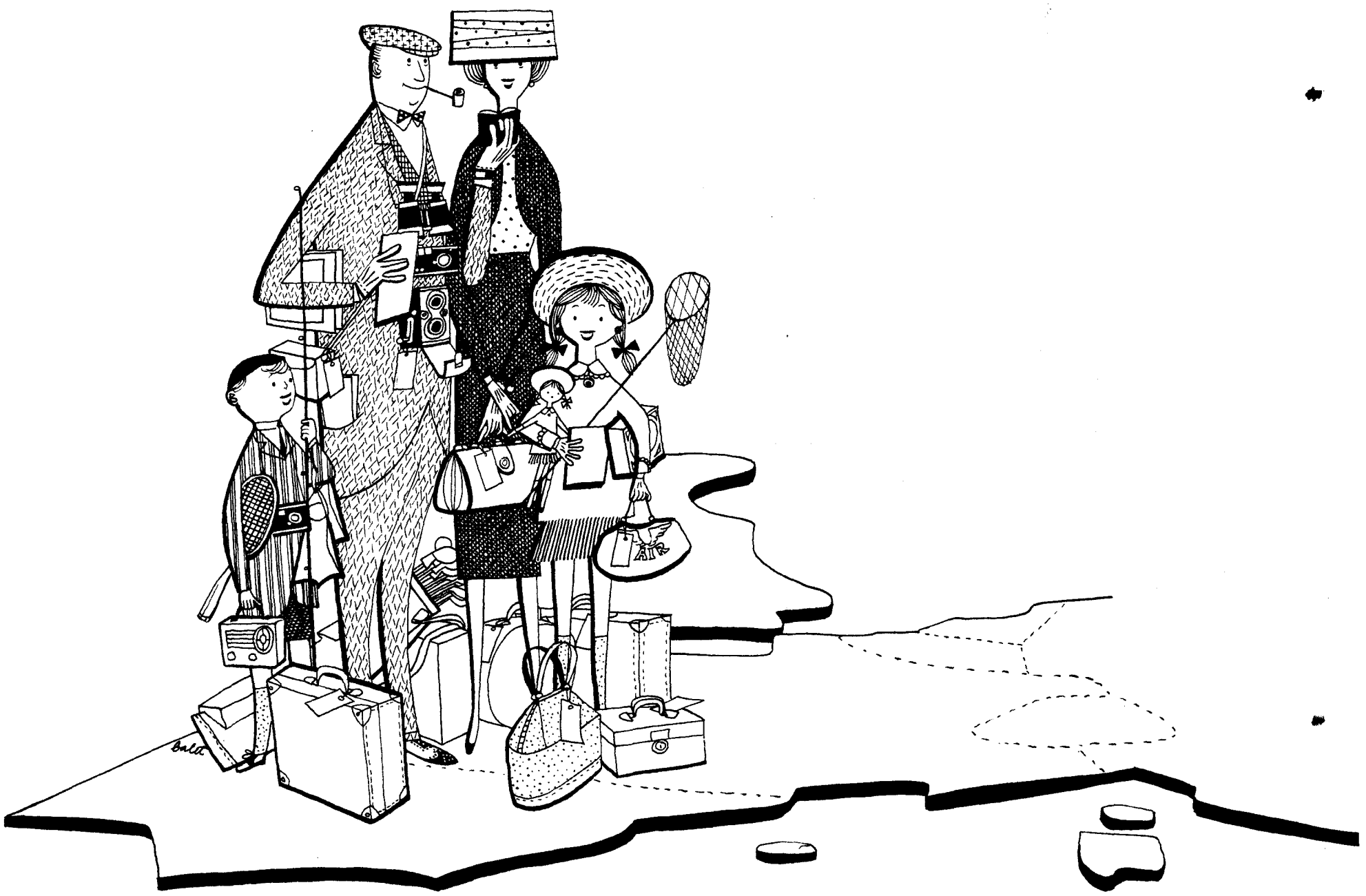

Many a pleasant surprise awaits the convenience-loving American who goes abroad prepared to undergo harrowing experiences in "technologically backward" Europe

Europeans can teach us some tricks about easier living, a returning traveler reports

LIKE all Americans about to cross the Atlantic, I had been warned that I would not find life in Europe quite as comfortable, as convenient, or as well organized as it is in these highly efficient United States. More than one returned traveler had solemnly explained to me that "standards are different over there," and gone on to tell of bizarre plumbing, whimsical train service, slumbering telephone operators and other such harrowing indications of technological lag. But, toughened by years of commuting between Long Island and New York, I scoffed and braced myself for the worst that even provincial Europe could throw at me.

It turned out that I needn't have bothered. The truth is that when it comes to simple aids to living and a pleasant concern for the convenience of people, the "backward Europeans" enjoy services that would look mighty attractive in Dubuque, Houston and even—no, especially—New York.

Take, to begin with, the matter of mail. Resigned as I was back home to one delivery a day, haphazardly timed for anywhere from eleven in the morning to three in the afternoon, I was impressed by the casualness with which Londoners and Parisians take three punctual deliveries a day for granted.

Indeed, I was downright awed at the speed and efficiency of the service. Living on the fringe of New York's metropolitan area, I had come to think it normal to allow two days for a letter to reach me from the city, though the train trip takes hardly more than an hour. In London, by dizzying contrast, a housewife without a telephone can actually *mail* her grocery order before ten in the morning, count on it reaching the store by early afternoon, and have her groceries delivered in time for dinner. An acquaintance of mine in Dulwich, on the city's outskirts, told of mailing an application for membership in a tennis club on a Saturday morning and receiving his card in the third delivery late that afternoon—in plenty of time to play on Sunday. First-class mail, by the way, is slightly cheaper than ours.

A Parisian can get a letter to anyone in the French capital in an hour simply by dropping it in a special slot for pneumatic-tube mail at the nearest post office. That's as good or better than we can do with telegrams: moreover, there is no word limit, and the average cost is only 45 francs, or 13 cents. Express service guarantees mail delivery the same day in Dublin, and Munich has a one-hour special-delivery service anywhere in the city for 60 pfennigs (15 cents).

What's more, Europeans make it almost inviting for you to use the mails. Neat, brightly colored boxes seem to be everywhere—in Amsterdam they are even on the backs of streetcars—and they are helpfully informative. Most display, in bold numerals on a revolving band, the time of the next pickup. As the postman turns the key to empty the box, the strip moves and the next scheduled pickup time comes into view.

In Paris some boxes even tell you when letters mailed, say, by nine in the morning, will be delivered in various sections of the city. In other

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Continental cities, boxes carry data on postal rates, including airmail and parcel post. And almost everywhere from Glasgow to Athens—Postmaster General Summerfield please note—your letter will go by the fastest method available at the moment, whether it carries airmail postage or not.

So far as Europe's hotels are concerned, it's true you generally have to provide your own soap—but some of the other services offered make up for it. Shoes left out in the hall will be brightly shined when you pick them up in the morning. And on the switch panel of most Continental hotel rooms, for the benefit of those who can't master their Pocket Guide to Dutch or French at a Glance, there is a row of buttons, each bearing a sketch of the functionary who might be wanted—waiter, maid or porter. You don't even have to phone the desk; you just buzz.

One of the most ingenious devices for travelers is to be found in some Austrian railroad stations. A wall map not only lights up the location of hotels when the appropriate button is pressed, but also—and this is the innovation—advises you which ones have rooms available. If the hotel you want flashes green on the map, you're in luck; if red, try somewhere else. You can save a lot of time, exasperation and money in wasted phone calls.

IN A DOZEN such ways, few of them either complicated or expensive, the traveler's way is smoothed. You will find charts of through trains, showing the order of cars and their location on the platform. Proceed to the spot assigned for your car a few minutes ahead of train time, and you're all set. No panting last-minute dash along a quarter mile of platform in search of your compartment. No clumsy trek through a dozen cars, jamming your luggage ahead of you in crowded aisles.

I discovered in Europe, too, that timetables do not have to be an agony of countless footnotes informing you that the train you want stops only to discharge passengers on Labor Day, or doesn't run at all on alternate Thursdays in April. In Vienna's stately new terminal, large cylindrical drums, kept behind glass, take the place of these minor nightmares. From a distance of three or four feet the traveler can run his eye down the drum, spot the train he wants, and by slightly turning a knob outside the showcase revolve the cylinder to get all the information he needs—train number, time of departure, time of arrival and track number. Throughout Europe, by the way, time is figured from zero to 24 hours, leaving only us technologically advanced Americans to clutter our minds with A.M. and P.M.

Trains vary enormously, of course, and some are as dismal as any you'll find in backward areas of the U.S. But even a second-class compartment on the run from Munich to Vienna, by no means a topnotch train, has its own light switch and temperature control, conveniences generally reserved for our Pullmans. Brussels even has a special train that whisks you from the airport to the heart of the city in a matter of minutes, not to mention helicopter service to Cologne, Bonn, Rotterdam and Antwerp. None of the nine airports I saw in Europe, incidentally, was anything like as ugly, dirty and generally chaotic as New York's Idlewild.

But it is in municipal transportation that "lagging Europe" really outdoes itself. What struck this American most forcibly was the fresh and novel idea European city councils seem to have that transit lines should be designed for people, not for vague statistical masses. In particular, they don't want you to get lost.

Every bus stop in London and Paris, every streetcar stop in Vienna, is a miniature information post. A neat and legible sign of some sort will tell you the numbers of the several cars or buses that stop at that point, their destinations and their routes. If you have any doubt in London, just telephone London Transport before you set out and give your destination. A courteous voice will tell you what number bus you want, where to get it, how long the ride will take, and how to proceed when you get off.

I first ventured into the Paris Metro (subway) with as much misgiving as though I were entering the famous sewers, my French being minimal and my capacity for going astray in public conveyances excessive. But I got to my destination in Saint-Germain-des-Prés without a single mishap, something that rarely happens when I set out from Manhattan for Brooklyn. What's more, I defy anyone beyond the mental age of ten to *fail* to get where he wants in the Paris subway, just as I defy anyone of any mental age to master New York's underground without years of devoted study and bitter experience.

How does the Metro plan work? Near the ticket window of important stations you will find a large wall map of the system, with a series of buttons below representing all the stations. Pick the stop you want and press the appropriate button. A string of lights will flash on indicating the line you want, any necessary transfer point and all the stations en route. Buy your ticket and go down the corridor marked by a sign listing the stations you seek. The first train that comes along has to be yours.

London's subway is equally foolproof, and considerably more comfortable, with upholstered seats and smoking cars. It hasn't the map-light system of the Paris Metro, but uses a scheme just as ingenious. Each of

A simple little twist of the telephone dial brings Viennese tuning pitch and bedtime stories as well as household hints

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Here's an all-weather shotgun built to take it! The firm, positive action does a fast, smooth job every time, regardless of weather, weed, seeds or dirt. Don't baby this baby—it's at home in duck blinds or quail cover—anywhere there's something to hunt.

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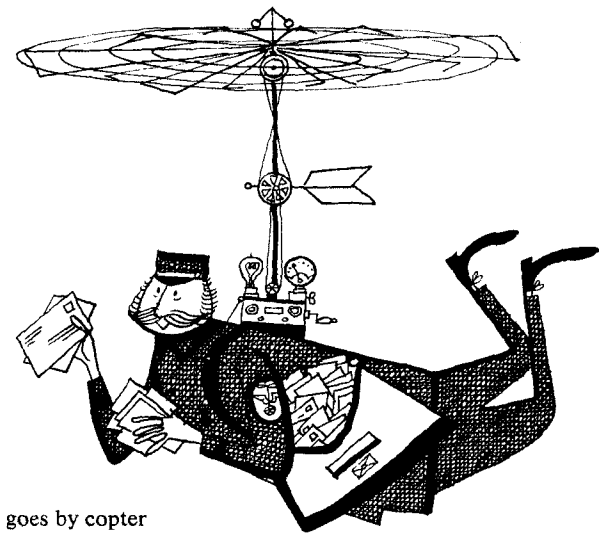


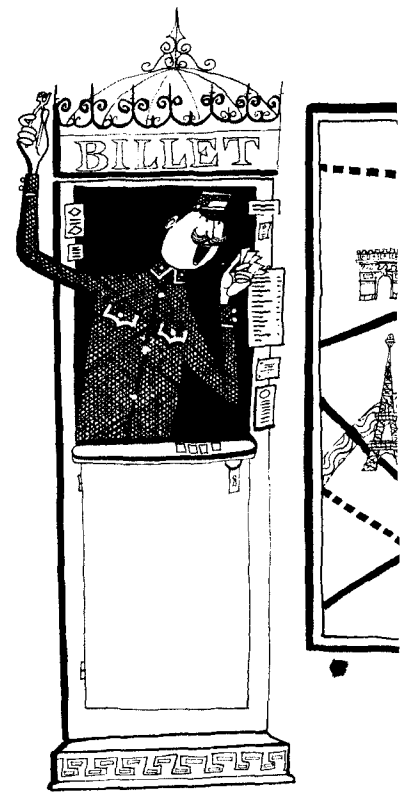
Some European mail goes by copter and the rest of it often seems to

Post-office clerks cope with your creditors

the city's seven subway lines is designated by a color, and exceedingly clear maps, posted everywhere and available in pocket folders, show the stations for each line and the transfer points. Every train has a map of its own color line running the length of the car, and each station, trimmed in its appropriate hue, has its name repeated every few feet along the platform wall. You can't help knowing at all times where you are, where you have to change, if you do, and where to get out.

As though European post offices didn't have enough to do getting out three deliveries a day, operating the telegraph service, and, at least in Austria, running a fleet of passenger buses, most of them have long engaged in smalltime banking. I don't mean postal savings, like ours, or even a money-order business, but a special checking system that costs next to nothing and is exceedingly convenient for paying small bills.

From one end of the Continent to the other, these post-office checking systems do a flourishing, if not very profitable, business. Let's say you have an account with Holland's *Postcheque en Girodienst*. For a few cents you get a batch of forms with your name, address and account number printed on them, and a batch of envelopes addressed to the post office. To pay a bill you simply enter your creditor's name and account number and the amount you want to pay on the form, put it in an envelope, and drop it in the mailbox.



The post office takes over from there, debiting your account, crediting the payee's, and sending appropriate stubs to both of you, along with a notation of your remaining balance. If the creditor has no *Postgiro* account, he can cash the stub at his nearest post office. The government gets nothing out of it—it's just one of these technical services that ease existence in "backward Europe."

I won't dispute the common belief that for simple number-to-number service Continental telephoning falls short of American standards, though nobody who has lived on my fringe of Long Island can be a total stranger to wrong numbers, sudden cutoffs, and other excuse-it-please frustrations. Yet for downright imagination and willingness to accommodate the public in odd ways, European telephone systems must be put down as enterprising above and beyond the call of duty.

In Paris, for example, you have only to dial INF-1 (Information) to catch a recording of the most recent news bulletins, which are freshened every hour or so. In Zurich a travel operator

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will give you courteous and detailed information on train, bus and plane schedules. Weather information, of course, is routine, as it is here, and the Paris telephone system has a general information service so comprehensive that until recently school children were exploiting it as an aid to homework.

In Amsterdam you can get a line on what the principal movie houses are showing by calling 123-123. Through courtesy of *Telefonische Service Onderneming* (Telephonic Service Enterprise), a recorded voice will go down the list of attractions and give you the local film critics' verdicts on each. For this service, however, you will have to put up with some playful commercials by "Miss 123," who between the notices weaves in comments on sponsors' products from shoes to chocolates.

It is in Vienna, however, that the telephone has had its greatest flowering. A Viennese telephone can get a good day's workout without anyone in the family ever using it for so mundane a purpose as conversation.

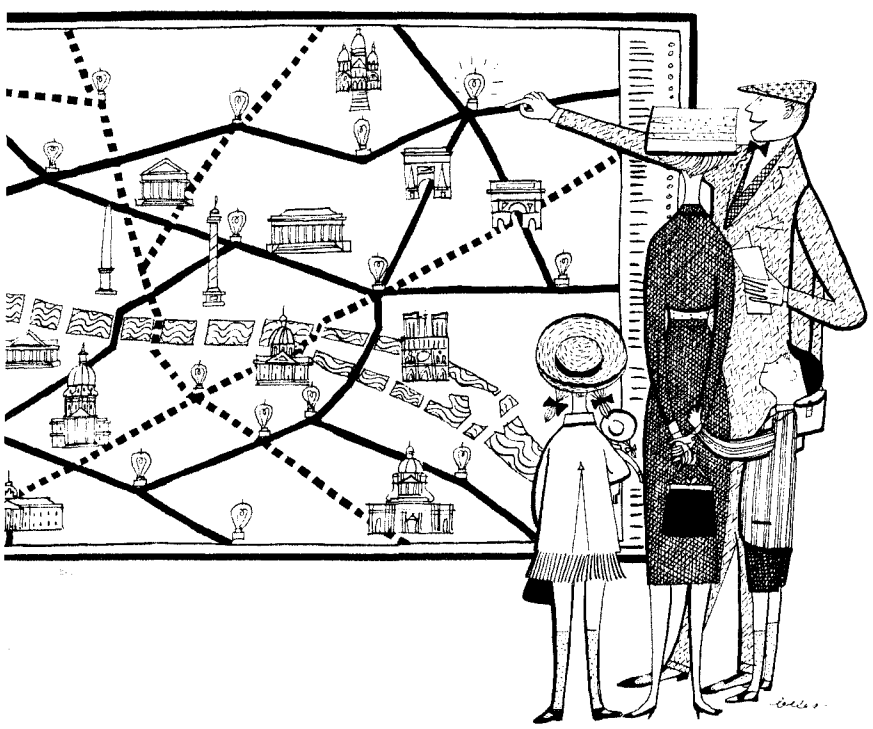
By dialing B 27 5 40, the head of the house can get the latest stock quotations right up until the market closes for the day. If he is more speculative in his investments, he can keep posted, through A 0 63, on the ponies entered at the three Vienna tracks, the odds and, ultimately, of course, the results. His daughter can brush up on her stenography by having A 0 61 dictate to her in any or all of four different speeds, just for practice. And for *Mutter*, naturally, there are cooking recipes for the day and something called *Hausfrau für dich*, a recorded program of household hints. R 59 R will bring you a daily puzzle, with cash prizes awarded each month for the best answers, and you can get all the information you want on weather, travel, ski runs, road conditions and courses available in adult education.

Theater programs are always to be had by lifting the receiver, including recorded snatches of the particular opera on tap for the evening, and you can have Records of the Week played any time you want—serious music the first half of the week, popular numbers the rest of the time.

To keep the kids quiet while you're having dinner, just put them on the wire to get the day's bedtime story. I sat in the Kummer Hotel one evening just to try it out and, by calling A 0 60, was privileged to hear a lovely feminine voice recite in the soft accents of Austria the immortal tale of the Gingerbread Boy, or something very like it.

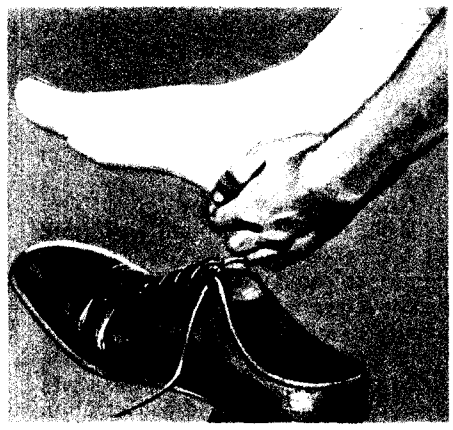
But perhaps the ultimate in the Viennese touch is to be had by calling B 34 504. That will get you a perfect pitch A, enabling you and your friends to tune up fiddles and cellos for an evening of Schubert quartets.

Maybe a shower bath *is* hard to come by in Europe. Maybe you *do* have to ask for water in a restaurant. And maybe, though I doubt it, the tasty seven-cent sandwich you pick up at a railroad-station counter is the worse for being innocent of cellophane. All the same, Europeans have a way with public services that is imaginative, considerate and, yes, efficient. Just call it European know-how. THE END



Safaris by Paris subway are eased by large, lighted wall maps; press a button for your station stop and the way is made clear

A recognized skin specialist treats Athlete's Foot this way—

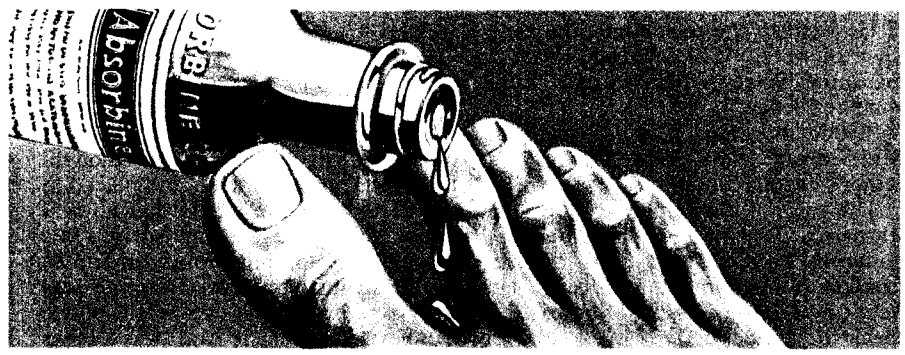


Changes shoes

and socks daily. Boils socks to prevent reinfection

Dries toes

thoroughly after bathing. Fungi thrive on moist skin areas



Pours on Absorbine Jr.

full strength. Repeats daily. When asked how they treat Athlete's Foot, 52 skin specialists report they use or prescribe Absorbine Jr.

How to tell if you've got it

If you have itching, cracks or whitish patches between your toes, you probably have Athlete's Foot.

Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms burrow beneath the skin surface, attack nerve endings—may even get into the bloodstream and spread to other parts of the body. Severe disability can lay you up for weeks under doctor's care.

What to do if you have it

Relieve Athlete's Foot misery fast with Absorbine Jr. Drench the skin between toes with Absorbine Jr. Repeat daily morning and night, and after bathing.

Laboratory tests on test-tube cultures prove Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach, in less than five minutes.

And actual cases tested and carefully *checked by doctors* in clinics report the majority got quick relief. Get Absorbine Jr. today at your favorite drug counter.

What survey of skin specialists showed

Skin specialists were asked how they treat Athlete's Foot. Here are some of the things they say (from actual replies in our files, copies of which we will be glad to send you on request):

"Absorbine Jr. has worked very well for me and my patients. Even stubborn cases respond."

"There are many medications that could be used. But I find Absorbine Jr. is always unusually effective."

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ABSORBINE JR.

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Something fishy

continued from page 22

Keggs's ample face. He was able to bear up bravely at the thought of Lord Uffenham, his circumstances reduced by postwar conditions, living in lodgings in a London suburb, but it pained him that his lordship's niece should be soiling her hands in the kitchen. He sighed. "When I was at Shipley Hall, his lordship had a staff of ten."

"And now look at him. These are the times that try men's souls, Mr. Keggs. Let's hope the family pictures restore our fortunes. You know the big chief is trying to sell them?"

"Yes, miss. His lordship told me."

"They ought to be worth a packet," said Jane, and went to scramble eggs.

AS THE door closed, Keggs took from his pocket a leather-covered notebook and turned to a page that contained a list of names. Unscrewing his fountain pen, he proceeded to put a tick against one of them. It was the name of James Waldo Brewster, only son of the late James Barr Brewster, of New York City. Only two names on the list now remained unticked.

He went to the telephone, and rang up a number. "Shipley Hall," said a measured voice. "Mr. Roscoe Bunyan's residence."

"Good morning. Could I speak to Mr. Bunyan? This is Mr. Keggs, his father's former butler."

The voice at the Shipley end became warmer. Deep was calling to deep, butler to butler. "Mr. Bunyan is in London at the moment, Mr. Keggs. He went up yesterday. Would you care to speak to Mr. Bayliss?"

"No, thank you. It is a personal matter. Mr. Mortimer Bayliss is in England, then?"

"Been staying here about a week."

"When will Mr. Bunyan return?"

"This morning, about eleven."

"Thank you," said Keggs, and hung up. . . .

Out in the garden, in the shade of a spreading tree, Lord Uffenham, having bathed, shaved and done his daily dozen, had seated himself at a rustic table and was waiting for the ravens to feed him. He was a man built on generous lines. In shape he resembled a pear, being reasonably narrow at the top and getting wider all the way down, and culminating in a pair of outsize boots. Above his great spreading body was poised a large and egglike head, the bald dome of which rose like some proud mountain peak from a foothill fringe of straggling hair. His eyes had a strange fixity, as though he were meditating deeply.

"Breakfast, piping hot," said Jane, arriving with the tray. "And here's the Times. What's on your mind?"

"Hey?"

"I heard a whirring sound as I approached, and knew it must be your brain working."

"Hey?"

Jane sighed. Conversing with the sixth Viscount Uffenham often tended to try the patience of his loved ones, for he had an annoying habit of going off into trances and becoming remote. However, Jane had her resources. She took the coffeepot and pressed it firmly on his hand, and he came out of his coma with a yelp of anguish. "Hey! What yer think yer doing?"

"Well, I wanted to rouse you. What were you musing about?"

"Hey? Musing? I was musing, if yer must know, on Keggs. I've come to the conclusion that Keggs is deep and dark."

"How do you mean, deep and dark?"

"Subtle, sinister. Take that episode at the pub. He and I looked in at the Green Lion last night for a quick one, and we'd scarcely had time to blow the froth off when he was rooking the natives of their cash. You ever been in a pub?"

"No."

"Well, yer all sit around and drink yer beer and discuss whatever subject happens to come up, and Keggs turned the conversation to boxing. His sister's married to a boxer, he tells me. Feller of the name of Billson. Retired now, runs a pub somewhere. Yerss, as I was saying, Keggs turned the conversation to boxing, deploring the fact that the chaps fighting now aren't a patch on the old-timers. 'Ah,' he said, 'we haven't any nippy welterweights like Jack Dempsey today.' "

"But wasn't Jack Dempsey a heavyweight?"

"Of course he was, and so a dozen voices told him. But Keggs would stick to it that Dempsey only weighed ten stone four, and bobs were produced on every side by those who thought they were on a safe thing and placed in the custody of the landlord, who was appointed arbiter. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Keggs,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I must decide against you. Jack Dempsey was heavyweight of the world till Gene Tunney beat him.' And was Keggs taken aback? Not a bit. 'Oh, *that* Jack Dempsey?' he said with one of those faint, tolerant smiles. 'I was not referring to him. Naturally I meant the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil.'

"And he pulled out a book—yes, he had it in his pocket—and read about how the fighting weight of Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil was only a hundred and forty-four pounds with tights on. Well, there was a pretty general outcry, as you can imagine, with those present hotly demanding their bobs back; but the landlord had no option but to award the stakes to Keggs. He told me, when we were walking home, that he had made a steady income for thirty years out of that piece of chicanery. So now perhaps you'll agree that he wants watching."

"I think he's a sweetie-pie."

"No doubt, in many respects, but a slippery sweetie-pie, the sort apt at any moment to be up to something fishy. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw"—Lord Uffenham looked about him for an illustration—"as far as I could throw that ruddy statue."

THE statue in question, standing on the lawn of Peacehaven, the house next door, was what is known in the trade as a colossal nude—the work of a young sculptor named Stanhope Twine, who lived there. Jane—possibly because she was engaged to him—admired it. Lord Uffenham did not. He disliked Stanhope Twine, and he disliked his colossal nude—so much so that on the previous night, returning flushed with the Green Lion's beer, he had hopped over the fence, armed with a pot of black paint, and added to its chin a small imperial beard of the type worn by ambassadors.

"Stanhope thinks it's the best thing he has done," said Jane.

"Stanhope!"

"You say 'Stanhope' as if it revolted your lips to frame the word."

This was precisely how Lord Uffenham's lips had felt about it, but he lacked the nerve to say so. Jane, when the tigress that slept within her was roused, had a nasty way of telling him that something had gone wrong with the kitchen range and there would only be bread and cheese for dinner. Changing the subject tactfully, he said: "Hey! Did you go to that gallery place about my pictures?"

"I did, and saw Mr. Gish in person. He seemed intrigued. I'm going to ring them up this morning."

"That's right. Keep after the blighters. If I can sell those pictures, I'll be able to live at Shipley again."

"And I'll be able to marry Stanhope."

"Ugh!"

"Did you say 'Ugh'?"

"Nothing of the kind. Wouldn't say 'Ugh' if yer paid me. But don't bother me now, my dear girl. I'm doing my crossword puzzle, and it's a stinker this morning. Run and ask Keggs what the dickens *Adventurer goes in for outrageous road speed* means."

"He's not here. I saw him drive off in his little car just now. Going in for outrageous road speed, probably," said Jane, and went about her domestic duties. And Lord Uffenham was returning to his crossword puzzle when, from the corner of his eye, he observed Stanhope Twine coming out of the back door of Peacehaven. He rose and sneaked to the privacy of his study.

IT WAS in his study that Jane found him some minutes later. Her eye was stern. "Uncle George," she said, "was it you who painted that mustache on Stanhope's statue?"

It was most fortunate that she should have worded her inquiry thus, for it enabled Lord Uffenham to deny the accusation with a clear conscience. What he had painted on Stanhope Twine's statue, it will be recalled, was a beard.

"Certainly not," he said with a dignity which became him well. "Wouldn't dream of doing such a thing. Lord love a duck, yer'll be saying next—I don't know what yer'll be saying next," said Lord Uffenham.

"Did I tell you that the kitchen range has gone wrong again?" Jane said. "You'll have to lunch on sardines."

"Like blazes I'll lunch on any bally sardines. Yer know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take yer up to London, to Barribault's," said Lord Uffenham magnanimously. "We'll go on a regular bender."

He could have said nothing more calculated to soothe a fermenting niece. Jane did not often nowadays get a treat like lunch at Barribault's Hotel, that haunt of Texas millionaires and visiting maharajas. She kissed Lord Uffenham on the top of his bald head. "That'll be wonderful. I'll have to get back fairly early, though, because I'm having tea with Dora Wimpole. We'll leave it that the outrage to the statue was the work of an international gang."

"Yerss, always up to something, those international gangs. How's Twine? Is he ratty?"

"He's furious," said Jane, and was conscious of a slight discomfort as she remembered how shrill her betrothed had become on seeing his masterpiece defiled.

"I thought I heard him. Sounded like a pig being killed. I will say for Stanhope Twine that whatever his other defects—and they are numerous—they pale into insignificance beside his revolting voice. How yer can stand the feller beats me."

"Is there any need to go into that again?"

"There is every need. Lord love a duck, when you get hitched up, I want your old man to be someone I can drop in on and smoke a pipe with and generally nurse in my bosom. Like young Miller, who married yer sister Anne. And what happens? You come up with this marble-chipper!"

"I can't marry just to give you something to nurse in your bosom. Haven't you ever heard that love conquers all?"

"Love, my left foot. You aren't in love. You wouldn't have looked twice at a feller like Twine if you hadn't been cooped up in a London suburb with nobody else in sight."

"Nonsense," said Jane, and went to her room to select a frock that would do the family credit at Barribault's.

THE party that Roscoe Bunyan had gone up to London to attend had been one of those parties that last till breakfast time, and the morning was well advanced when he bade good-by to Elaine Dawn, the lady to whom he had recently become affianced.

There was rather a lot of Roscoe Bunyan. He bulged freely in all directions, so that passers-by with an eye for beauty found that eye straying from him after a brief glance and turning to his companion.

Elaine Dawn unquestionably caught the eye. She played small parts on the stage, and nobody looking at her would have supposed her to be the daughter of a public-house proprietor who had once been a heavyweight boxer, fighting under the name of Battling Billson. It often happens that fathers, incapable themselves of finishing in the first three in a seaside beauty contest, produce offspring who set the populace whistling, and this had occurred in the case of Elaine Dawn's parent, Wilberforce Billson. His child was a spectacular brunette.

"Yow," said Roscoe, yawning cavernously, "I'm off to grab some sleep. You'll get home all right?"

Elaine lived in the opposite direction to Shipley Hall. It would not have occurred to her loved one to drive her there. "Take a cab or something," said Roscoe and climbed into his car.

Shipley Hall was distant some thirty miles from London. Arriving there and passing up the stairs to his bedroom, Roscoe was intercepted by Skidmore, his butler. "Excuse me, sir. A Mr. Keggs is here. He tells me that he at one time held the post of butler to your father, sir."

"Oh, that guy?" Out of the dead past there emerged slowly before Roscoe's mental eye a moonfaced figure with a limey accent and a spreading waistline. "All right, I'll see him in the smoking room," he said, and presently Keggs entered, bearing the derby hat without which no butler, however ex, ever stirs abroad.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I trust that you remember me, sir." He wheezed sentimentally for a moment. "It seems strange to be in this room once more, sir. After returning from America, I was for some time in the employment of Lord Uffenham at Shipley Hall. Revisiting it brings tears to my eyes."

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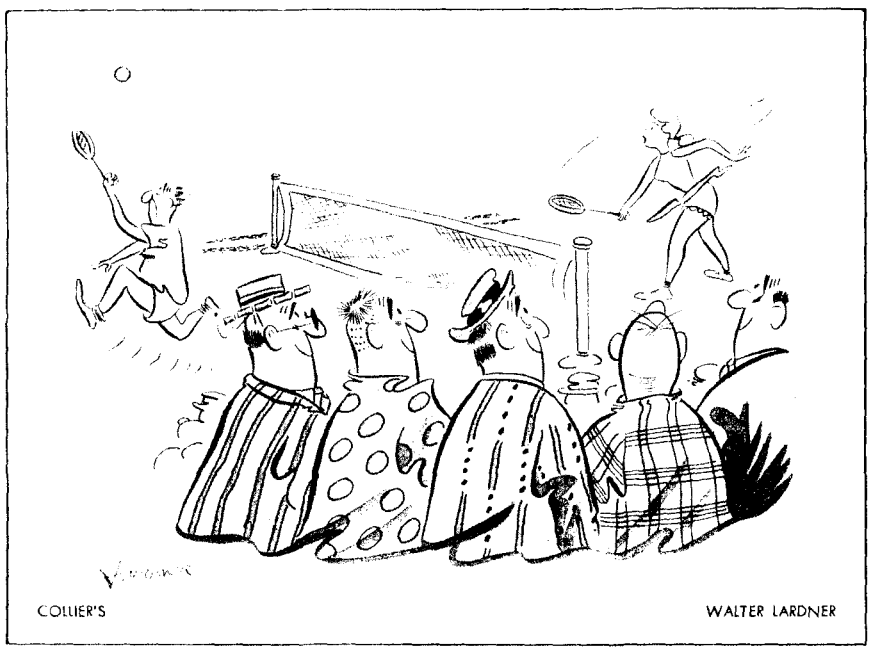
"Get on," said Roscoe curtly. He was not interested in Keggs's eyes. "What do you want?"

Keggs was silent for a space, seeming to be marshaling his thoughts. He looked at the derby hat, and appeared to draw inspiration from it. "Sir," he said, without preamble, " I am in a position to put you in the way of obtaining a million dollars."

It had frequently been said of Roscoe Bunyan by those who knew him that, though loaded down above the Plimsoll mark with money, he was always willing to walk ten miles in tight shoes to pick up a penny someone had dropped. He loved money as dearly as he loved food. Keggs's sensational words, accordingly, touched the deeps in him, and he stared dumbly.

"I must begin," proceeded Keggs in a professorial manner, "by explaining, as it is possibly not familiar to you, the meaning of the word 'tontine.' . . . And now," he concluded, having done so, "I will relate a brief story: In September of the year nineteen twenty-nine, your late father entertained to dinner at our Park Avenue residence a number of guests, well-known financiers like himself. At the end of the meal the conversation turned to what the company planned to do with all the money that was accruing daily at that time of frenzied speculation. And Mr. Mortimer Bayliss, who was with us that evening, suggested a tontine."



COLLIER'S WALTER LARDNER

HERE Keggs, whom the passage of years had left a little touched in the wind, broke off to take a breath. Having refueled his lungs, he proceeded: "But a tontine differing from the one I have been describing. It was, in a word, that Mr. Bunyan's guests should each contribute fifty thousand dollars to a fund, the money to be placed in trust, and that the entire sum should be paid to whichever of the contributors' sons was the last to become married."

Roscoe's eyes were gleaming. His was not a very nimble mind, but he had grasped the idea. "Gosh!"

"Precisely, sir. In the course of the years, the field, if I may employ a sporting expression, has thinned out. The sole survivors, as one might phrase it, are now yourself and one other contestant, who is of straitened means and desirous of marrying."

"How do you know?"

"Through the good offices of the private-investigation bureau which I have been employing, sir."

"They told you this fellow wants to get married but can't afford to?"

"Precisely, sir. But no doubt, if you offered him a measure of financial assistance, he would take the plunge. Leaving you in possession of the million dollars, sir."

Roscoe plucked at his double chin. If there was one thing in the world he detested, it was giving people financial assistance. On the other hand, if there was one thing he loved, it was adding a million dollars to his bank account. As he sat weighing the pros and cons, Mr. Mortimer Bayliss, the art expert, sauntered in.

THE years, which had dealt so lightly with Harold Keggs, had been rougher with Mortimer Bayliss, withering him till he now resembled something excavated from the tomb of one of the earlier Ptolemies. Seeing the visitor, he halted, raking him with his black-rimmed monocle. "Keggs!" he cried. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came to see Mr. Bunyan on a matter of business, sir."

"Oh? Then I'll leave you."

"No!" said Roscoe. "You're just the man I want. Is it true what Keggs has been telling me?"

"Mr. Bunyan is alluding to my account of what occurred at his father's dinner table on the night of September tenth, nineteen twenty-nine, Mr. Bayliss. Your suggestion of what I might term the matrimonial tontine."

Mortimer Bayliss stared incredulously. "You know about that? For Heaven's sake! Where were you? Hiding under the table?"

"No, sir, I was not present, except in spirit. But I had made a daily practice, from the very early beginnings of the bull market, of concealing a recording machine behind the portrait of George Washington over the mantelpiece in the dining room. I thought it might prove helpful."

"You mean you got a recording of every word spoken at those dinners of J. J.'s? You must have collected some pretty good market tips."

"I did, sir. But none more profitable than yours, of selling my holdings and investing my money in government bonds. I look upon you as the founder of my fortunes, Mr. Bayliss."

Roscoe, who had been listening with mounting impatience to these amiable exchanges, broke in on them petulantly. "Never mind all that. Is it true about this tontine thing?"

"Quite true," said Mortimer Bayliss.

"And there's really a million in it?"

"About that. Half a million was the original sum put up. One of the eleven changed his mind in the calmer atmosphere of the morning after, so there were ten starters at fifty thousand a head. It should be a million by now."

"Keggs says there are only two of us left in now, myself and another fellow, and he's engaged and can't afford to get married. But if I were to slip him something—"

"I follow your train of thought. You could push him over the edge, as it were. Well, you two seem to have turned what was supposed to be a nice clean sporting contest into a thoroughly low-down ramp. And what is Keggs's position? I take it that he expects a return of some sort for this information?"

Roscoe nodded moodily. It had occurred to him that it might be difficult to avoid tipping Keggs some little something.

Keggs coughed. "I was thinking of a hundred thousand dollars, sir."

"What!" It was Roscoe who said this, quivering the while like a harpooned whale. "Why, you—"

"Please, sir," said Keggs.

"Yes, this is a business conference, Roscoe," said Mortimer Bayliss. "We shall get nowhere if you let your angry passions rise. Pardon him, Keggs. Rich man's son. Badly brought up."

"I quite understand, sir, and can make allowances. Even as a boy Mr. Roscoe was always of an arrogant disposition. It used to cause comment in the servants' hall."

"The staff didn't like him?"

"No, sir."

"Nor do I. In fact, I will take this opportunity of informing you, Roscoe, that you are as mean-souled a young wart hog as ever broke bread . . . Please!" said Mortimer Bayliss, holding up a hand. "We mustn't have these continual interruptions. A hundred thousand, Keggs? Cash down?"

"Oh, no, sir. What I had in mind was five thousand pounds in advance and the remainder when the proceeds of the tontine are in Mr. Bunyan's possession."

"Extremely reasonable," said Mortimer Bayliss. "I'd have held out for halves. Surely even you, Roscoe, can see he's got you in a cleft stick. Unless financially assisted, this other fellow may not get married for years and years, and you can't assist him financially if you don't know who he is."

KEGGS nodded approvingly. The point was well taken. "Precisely, sir. In the hope that Mr. Bunyan would think well of my proposition, I prepared a form of agreement. If you would care to see it . . ."

Mortimer Bayliss took the document, and screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye. "Is this a professional job?"

"No, sir, I did it myself with the assistance of Every Man His Own Lawyer."

"Well, it's an excellent bit of work. But I see a difficulty. If you tell him the name before he signs, he'll double-cross you and give you nothing, and until you tell him he won't sign."

"If I might be permitted to suggest a solution, sir. The name is one familiar to you, and you will recognize its authenticity. If I were to whisper it to you . . ."

"Excellent idea. Solves everything. Go ahead, Keggs. Whisper and I shall hear. . . . Really?" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Well! The name Keggs has just hissed, Roscoe, is unquestionably that of one of those present at that dinner. I would advise signing."

Roscoe was still quivering. "But a hundred thousand dollars! And how am I to give this man financial assistance, as you call it? You can't walk up to someone you don't know and hand him money."

"I didn't think of that. Any suggestions, Keggs?"

"It could be very simply arranged, sir. Mr. Bunyan is the owner of the Bunyan picture collection. The other young gentleman is in the art business. It would be perfectly plausible for Mr. Bunyan to offer him the post of assistant to yourself at a large salary, possibly with the proviso that he would prefer to employ a married man. He might go so far as to hint to the young gentleman that it would not be long before he succeeded to your place as curator, you being past your prime."

"Here!"

"Merely a ruse, sir."

"You may call it that," said Mortimer Bayliss. "I call it blasphemy. Well, I get the idea, but it seems tough on the poor fish. He'll give up his job and get married, and then Roscoe—if I know him—will immediately fire him."

"Obviously there would have to be a written agreement guaranteeing employment for a number of years. Otherwise the young gentleman would not have the feeling of security necessary if he is to assume the responsibilities of matrimony."

"You think of everything, don't you, Keggs?"

"I endeavor to do so, sir."

MORTIMER BAYLISS waved a hand with the spacious gesture of a man who is disposing of somebody else's money. "No good wasting any more time, Roscoe," he said. "Sign."

A deep sigh shook Roscoe Bunyan from head to foot, but he did as directed. Keggs took the paper. "And now if I might have your check, sir. . . . Thank you, sir," he said. "The name is Hollister, sir."

"Son of the late Joe Hollister, one of the few men in America able to put up with me," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Bill, if I remember rightly, was his name. Very nice boy, if it is possible for a boy to be nice. What's he doing now, Keggs?"

"He holds the post of assistant at the establishment known as the Gish Galleries, sir." And with that, Keggs bade them both a polite good-by.

"You know," said Mortimer Bayliss after Keggs had gone, "there's one thing about this business that you may have overlooked, Roscoe. How about your own wedding? You haven't forgotten that you are betrothed?"

"Oh, that? I'll break it off."

Mortimer Bayliss threw his head back, and the room rang with cackling laughter. "The last of the romantics! What a rare soul you are, Roscoe. But what about breach-of-promise actions? I suppose you've written her letters mentioning marriage?"

"One or two."

"Then you'd better start worrying."

"No need to worry. It's all right. I know an excellent man called Pilbeam, who runs the Argus Inquiry Agency. He'll get those letters back for me. I gave him the same sort of job about a year ago, and he did it without a hitch. Of course, I won't break off the engagement till I've got them."

"Bless you, Galahad," said Mortimer

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Bayliss. "What nonsense people talk about the age of chivalry being dead."

If you are a connoisseur with money to spend and no objection to being skinned to the bone for the art treasures you buy, you are almost certainly familiar with the pirates' den known as the Gish Galleries. It occupies the ground floor of a building halfway up Bond Street and opens for business bright and early, not wanting to waste a minute. An assistant who works there (cutaway coat and striped trousers) is at his post by nine sharp. Unless, as Bill Hollister had done today, he oversleeps as the result of spending most of the night at a party. The hour, when Bill reached journey's end, was nearing eleven thirty.

Nevertheless, though he knew that behind those portals Mr. Leonard Gish was crouching to spring, his spirits were high.

KEGGS had been correct in describing Bill Hollister as of straitened means, for his salary was far from being all he could have wished it to be; but in saying that he was desirous of marrying, Keggs had fallen into a pardonable error. In one of those moments of sheer madness, which people are always having on radio and in television, Bill Hollister had, it is true, proposed to and been accepted by a Miss Ruth Murphrey, a severe young lady who studied the violin, and for a month or so they had been uneasily betrothed. But this morning on his breakfast table he had found a letter from her severing their relationship.

It has been well said—by Lord Uffenham among others—that there is no ecstasy so profound as that which comes to a young man who is unexpectedly given his freedom by a fiancée for whom he has never much cared, and it was Bill Hollister's considered opinion that God was in His heaven and all right with the world. He beamed cordially on the young woman who sat in the outer office of the galleries and gave her a ringing greeting. "Good morning, Elphinstone, good morning, good morning!"

In Miss Elphinstone's gaze there was a touch of rebuke. "Ho!" she said.

"Ho to you," responded Bill civilly.

He was a young man of impressive physique, who looked less like an assistant in an art gallery than a contender for the middleweight championship. And though he had got to bed only as London's clocks were striking five, his eye was not dimmed nor his natural exuberance abated.

"Elphinstone," he said, "you see me today sitting on top of the world. And what a beautiful world it is!"

"It won't be when you see Mr. Gish."

"Been asking for me, has he, that fine old man? Then I ought, I suppose, to seek him out with no further delay."

In the main gallery Mr. Gish, small, dark and irascible, was standing before the statuette of a nude lady who appeared to be playing the lute.

"What do you mean by coming here at twelve o'clock?" he said when Bill Hollister walked in.

"A little late, you feel? Yes, possibly you're right. I was at a party last night and got home with the milk."

As so often happened when he found himself in his young assistant's society, two conflicting emotions were warring within Mr. Gish—one an imperious urge to fire him on the spot, the other an uneasy feeling that to do so would be to label himself an ingrate. In the boom days of September, 1929, Bill's father—who had had more money than he knew what do do with, though he had lost it all in October—had provided Mr. Gish with the capital to start this business of his, and a conscientious man cannot lightly ignore such an obligation. He compromised by calling Bill a number of injurious names, at which the young man shook his head.

"This," he said, "is not the true Leonard Gish speaking. But we mustn't stand here kidding back and forth. To work, to work! What can I do for you today, chief? Anything cooking?"

"Yes, there is. There was a girl in here the other day—she came from her uncle, Lord Uffenham. He has some family pictures he wants me to sell for him. Go and look at them. They are down at his place in the country, Shipley Hall, near Tonbridge."

"No, there, with deep respect, me lud, you're wrong. Shipley Hall is the rural seat of Roscoe Bunyan. He was at the party last night, by the way, looking fatter than ever."

"Lord Uffenham has let Shipley Hall to him."

"Oh, I see."

"You will find Mortimer Bayliss there. Get his opinion of these pictures."

"I will. Mortimer Bayliss! How that name brings back my vanished youth. He used to come and play chess with my father, when I was a boy, and curse me for peering over his shoulder. A testy character."

"I'm not asking you to kiss him. I'm asking you to get his opinion of Lord Uffenham's pictures. There isn't a better judge in the world."

"A beautiful world too, is it not?"

But Mr. Gish, never able to stay in one place for long, particularly if it involved conversing with his affable assistant, had vanished, and Bill was left to savor alone the happiness which Miss Murphrey's correspondence had brought to him.

He savored it for perhaps twenty minutes; then, looking at his watch, saw that it was time to be thinking of lunch. And a good lunch, too, not his customary bread and cheese and beer, but something special that would be worthy of the occasion. He decided to go to Barribault's. Mr. Gish, as the result of selling a Matisse to a visitor from Texas at twice its proper value, had once taken him there to celebrate, and the cooking had always remained green in his memory.

IN THE outer office Miss Elphinstone was at the telephone. "Oh, just a minute," she said, as she saw Bill. She turned with a hand over the mouthpiece. "It's a Miss Benedick asking about some pictures belonging to someone called Buffenham."

"Uffenham, child, Uffenham. Yes, I've been briefed about those. I'll talk to her. . . . Hello? Miss Benedick?"

"Oh, good morning. I'm speaking for my uncle, Lord Uffenham," said a voice, and Bill nearly dropped the receiver.

For the voice was a voice in a million, a voice that cast a spell and wooed the ear to listen, a wonderful, magical voice that stole into a man's heart and stirred the deeps in him. He felt as if he had got in touch with an angel.

"Was—was it about those pictures of Lord Uffenham's down at Shipley Hall?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You called here about them the other day."

"Yes."

Bill wished that she would not confine herself to monosyllables. He wanted long, lovely sentences. "I'm going to Shipley Hall this afternoon to look at them," he said.

"Oh, good. Who are you?"

"Mr. Gish's assistant."

"I see. Well, thank you ever so much."

Bill replaced the receiver dazedly. He was feeling as if he had passed through some great emotional experience, as indeed he had. What a voice, he was saying to himself, what a miraculous voice. Giving Miss Elphinstone a distrait pat on the head, he went out into Bond Street.

BARRIBAULT'S did not fail Bill. It saw that here was a customer for whom it must do its best, and it did it. When an hour later he rose to leave, his conviction that this was a beautiful world had, if anything, deepened, and it was with a benevolent and appreciative eye that he surveyed the restaurant's clientele as he passed down the aisle on his way out. There was a small fair-haired girl sitting by herself at one of the tables who struck him as rather pretty, and he had just given her that quick sidelong glance which red-blooded young men give rather pretty girls, when she spoke.

"Will you ask the headwaiter to come here, please," she said, addressing a bus boy, and Bill, having started as if the management at Barribault's had thrust a skewer into him, became rigid.

In the actual line "Will you ask the headwaiter to come here, please" there is nothing, of course, calculated to stun the senses. What had congealed Bill in his tracks was not the words themselves but the voice that had spoken them. With eyes protruding like a snail's he stared at this small, fair-haired girl and noted that her charms had become enhanced by a warm blush.

Nor was this unnatural. Many girls, even in these lax days, find themselves blushing a little when human snails halt beside their table in a restaurant and stand goggling at them. Freezing this intrusive stranger with a look, Jane then averted her gaze.

"Miss Benedick?"

Jane turned, bathed in confusion. It is always a nightmare experience to freeze a stranger with a look and then to discover that he is an old acquaintance one has forgotten.

"We were talking on the telephone this morning. About Lord Uffenham's pictures."

A wave of relief swept over Jane.

"Of course!" she said. "You're at the Gish Galleries. Won't you sit down?"

Bill sat down. He was wondering how he could ever have labeled this girl as "rather" pretty.

"But how did you know who I was?"

"I recognized your voice. It is a lovely, unique voice, in a class of its own and once heard never forgotten, limpid as a babbling brook and with all the music of the spheres in it. When you asked that child to send the head waiter along, it sounded like silver bells tinkling across the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. Not my own—Keats."

Jane found herself a little taken aback. Many young men in their time had said nice things to her, but none with the almost ecstatic fervor of this one. A well-bred young man, too. Keats and everything. "Well, that's good, isn't it?" she said.

"Couldn't be better," said Bill.

"But think how much less responsibility you'd have as *Vice*-President!"

COLLIER'S — EARLE H. LEVENSTEIN

SHE had begun to feel somewhat disquieted. Usually adept at keeping young men at a safe distance, she was wondering if her technique would serve with this one. To cover her embarrassment, she said: "That headwaiter seems a long time coming."

"Why do you want to see him? Wasn't your lunch all right?"

"It was fine, but a technical difficulty has arisen. I can't pay for it. I'm supposed to be lunching with my uncle. The arrangement was that he would look in at his club and meet me here at one. When he hadn't turned up by half past, I couldn't hold out any longer. I know just what has happened. He has got talking with the boys, as he calls them, and forgotten all about me."

"And here you are, penniless?"

"Well, certainly two-pounds-five-less. I rather let myself go."

"Quite rightly. One's only young once, I say. Well, I can manage that."

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"But you can't pay for my lunch."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"Not I—I'm limp with gratitude. You've saved my life."

"Just the Gish Galleries' service."

THE magnificent form of the headwaiter materialized at their side. Bill gave him a lordly look. "*L'addition.*" he said haughtily.

"Yes, sir," said the headwaiter.

Jane drew a reverent breath. "Just like that! And in French withal. Do you speak it fluently?"

"Very, what I know of it. Which is just that word *'l'addition.'* And, of course, *'Oo lá lá.'* "

"Where did you study?"

"In Paris, when I was learning to paint."

"Oh, you're an artist?"

"No longer. My soul now belongs to the Gish Galleries."

"What a shame. But why did you stop being an artist?"

"I had to eat. And thanks to Pop Gish this can be arranged. On a modest scale, of course, nothing elaborate. I was rather up against it when I met him. I was in London late in the war as a GI and got very fond of it, and after I had gone home and saved a bit of money I came back on a sort of sentimental pilgrimage."

"And your money gave out?"

"Yes, considerably sooner than I had expected. And then I ran into Gish, who was an old friend of my father, and he offered me sanctuary in his thieves' kitchen."

"But you'd rather be painting?"

"If I had money, I'd do nothing else. But there it is: I haven't money. At least, only enough," said Bill, as the waiter appeared with the check, "for *l'addition.* There. *Oo lá lá!* The shadow has passed."

"I don't know how to thank you. What do you think would have happened to me if you hadn't come along?"

"It's difficult to say. I don't know how they handle these things in a place like Barribault's. My only experience of a similar nature has been with a rather more rugged establishment, many years ago when I was a boy. I boyishly slipped the bad news to the management after a hearty meal of hot dogs and ice cream that I was unable to meet my financial obligations, and a fellow in shirt sleeves of about the build of Rocky Marciano grabbed me by the scruff of my neck, kicked me fourteen times and set me to washing dishes."

"How awful!"

"But educative. I came out of that kitchen a graver, deeper boy."

"Where was this?"

"At a joint called Archie's Diner—Good Eats, over in America, not far from a place called Meadowhampton."

"How extraordinary! I know Meadowhampton."

"You do? I wouldn't have thought anybody outside America had ever heard of it. When were you there?"

"Ages ago. I was sent there at the beginning of the war. And now Meadowhampton has pursued me to England."

"Would you call it pursuing?"

"Oh, I don't mean you. Someone from there has taken Shipley."

"Roscoe Bunyan."

"That's right. So you know him? What a pity. I wanted to say all sorts of unpleasant things about him. But if he's a friend of yours—"

"I wouldn't say exactly a friend. We belong to the same club and exchange a word or two occasionally, but we are not social equals. He's rich. I'm just one of the dregs. He isn't such a bad fellow, though. I don't dislike him—though I did as a boy, I remember."

"He was a loathsome boy!"

"He was, wasn't he? I nearly beat him up once."

"How wonderful. Why? Did he steal your all-day sucker?"

"We differed on a point of policy. There was a wretched little rat of a girl spending the summer at Meadowhampton, and Roscoe thought the thing was to hold her underwater in the swimming pool till her eyes popped. I took a conflicting view, and said—speaking sternly—that if he ever did it again—"

Barribault's restaurant is solidly built, but to Jane it seemed that it had suddenly begun to float about her. "It can't be!" she cried. "I don't believe it. It isn't really *you?* My Bill!"

"Eh?"

"Don't tell me you're Bill Hollister!"

"Yes, but—"

"I'm the wretched little rat whom Roscoe Bunyan held underwater."

Bill stared across the table. He shook his head. "No," he said slowly. "You must be thinking of somebody else. The child to whom you allude—what was her name?"

"Jane."

"That's right. The child Jane had a face that would have stopped a clock."

"I stopped dozens in my prime."

"Her mouth looked like the back of a telephone switchboard."

"I wore braces on my teeth, to straighten them."

"She was spectacled to the gills."

"Until my twelfth year glasses were prescribed to correct a slight strabismus."

"And why do I remember nothing of that divine voice?"

"I don't suppose it was divine then. Probably squeaky."

Bill continued to be dazed. "This," he said, "has come as a great surprise. I still have a feeling you're kidding."

"No. That's my story, and I stick to it."

"But, good heavens, it's incredible. I mean, look at you now. You're—"

"Yes?"

"You're beautiful . . . lovely . . . wonderful . . . marvelous . . . a radiant vision. The child Jane could have made good money scaring crows in the cornfields of Minnesota, and you—why, you begin where Helen of Troy left off. Fancy you remembering me!"

"How could I forget you? You were my dream boy. I adored you with a passion I cannot hope to express."

Bill drew a deep breath. "You might have mentioned it."

"I was far too modest. I never told my love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on my damask cheek. Not my own—Shakespeare."

"So that was how you felt about me fifteen years ago! Well, no use bucking Fate. You aren't married, are you? No, of course you aren't. It was *Miss* Benedick, wasn't it. Fine! Capital!"

"Why so pleased?"

"Because—this is possibly going to seem a little sudden, so keep the idea of Fate steadily before you, and bear in mind the fact that every day in every way during those fifteen years I have been getting better and better—Jane," said Bill, placing a hand on hers.

"Hello, hello!" Something pear-shaped with heavy eyebrows and a guilty look had loomed up beside the table. "Bit late, ain't I?" it said bluffly, but avoiding its niece's eyes. "I got talking to a chap at the club—"

"Uncle George . . ."

"—about this new rabbit disease, this myx-whatever-its-dashed-name-is," proceeded Lord Uffenham. "Absorbing subject. Did yer know that foxes, there being a shortage of rabbits, have taken to eating frogs?"

"Uncle George," said Jane, and her voice was cold. "Are you aware, you wretched old uncle, that if it had not been for Bill Hollister here, the management of Barribault's Hotel would have grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, kicked me fourteen times and set me to washing dishes?"

"Lord love a duck. What would they do that for?"

"It's an old Barribault's custom when girls eat large lunches and can't pay for them. You owe him two pounds five. Fork out."

Lord Uffenham forked out. "Thank yer, my boy. Very civil of yer. Old friend of my niece's?"

"We knew each other as tots, and now we've met again. I'm at the Gish Galleries, Lord Uffenham. I'm going down to Shipley this afternoon to look at your pictures."

"You are? I'll come with yer."

"Splendid. You, too?"

"No, sorry," said Jane, "I promised an old school friend I would have tea with her, and I can't put her off."

"We don't want any bally girls around," said Lord Uffenham gallantly. "Give me twenty minutes for a spot of lunch, my boy, and I'll be ready."

"I'll go and get the car."

"Do. Yer'll find me here. Yer can't miss me," said Lord Uffenham.

MORTIMER BAYLISS was examining the pictures in the gallery of Shipley Hall when the butler showed Bill and Lord Uffenham into it. Bayliss eyed them frostily.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Bayliss," said Bill. "You probably won't remember me. Bill Hollister." He was thinking, as he spoke, how incredibly ancient the other looked. But it was evident that, despite his advanced years, there still lingered in the curator of the Bunyan collection the fire that, in the old days, had caused him so seldom to be invited twice to the same house.

"Bill Hollister? Yes, I remember you. A loathsome little blob, if ever there was one. You used to breathe down the back of my neck when I came to play chess with your father. And who," asked Mr. Bayliss, indicating Lord Uffenham, whom the poignant emotions caused by revisiting his old home had thrown into a trance, "is your stuffed friend?"

"That's Lord Uffenham. We've come to look at his pictures."

Mortimer Bayliss chuckled. "So you are the owner of these frightful daubs, are you?" he said genially. "You realize, of course, that they're all fakes?"

Lord Uffenham emerged from his coma with a sharp, "Hey? Fakes?"

"Every one of them. This," said Mr. Bayliss, indicating a Gainsborough, "is undoubtedly a Wilfred Robinson. That Constable is a Sidney Biffen. About this Dutch thing I'm not so certain. It might be Paul Muller or it might be Jan Dircks."

Lord Uffenham had the appearance of a man who has been struck by an unexpected thunderbolt. "You mean the bally things aren't worth *anything?*"

"Oh, they'd fetch a few pounds, I suppose, but if they were mine, I'd drop them in the ash can. Well, glad to have been of help," said Mortimer Bayliss, and went off to take his afternoon nap.

—P. G. WODEHOUSE

(This is the first of two parts)

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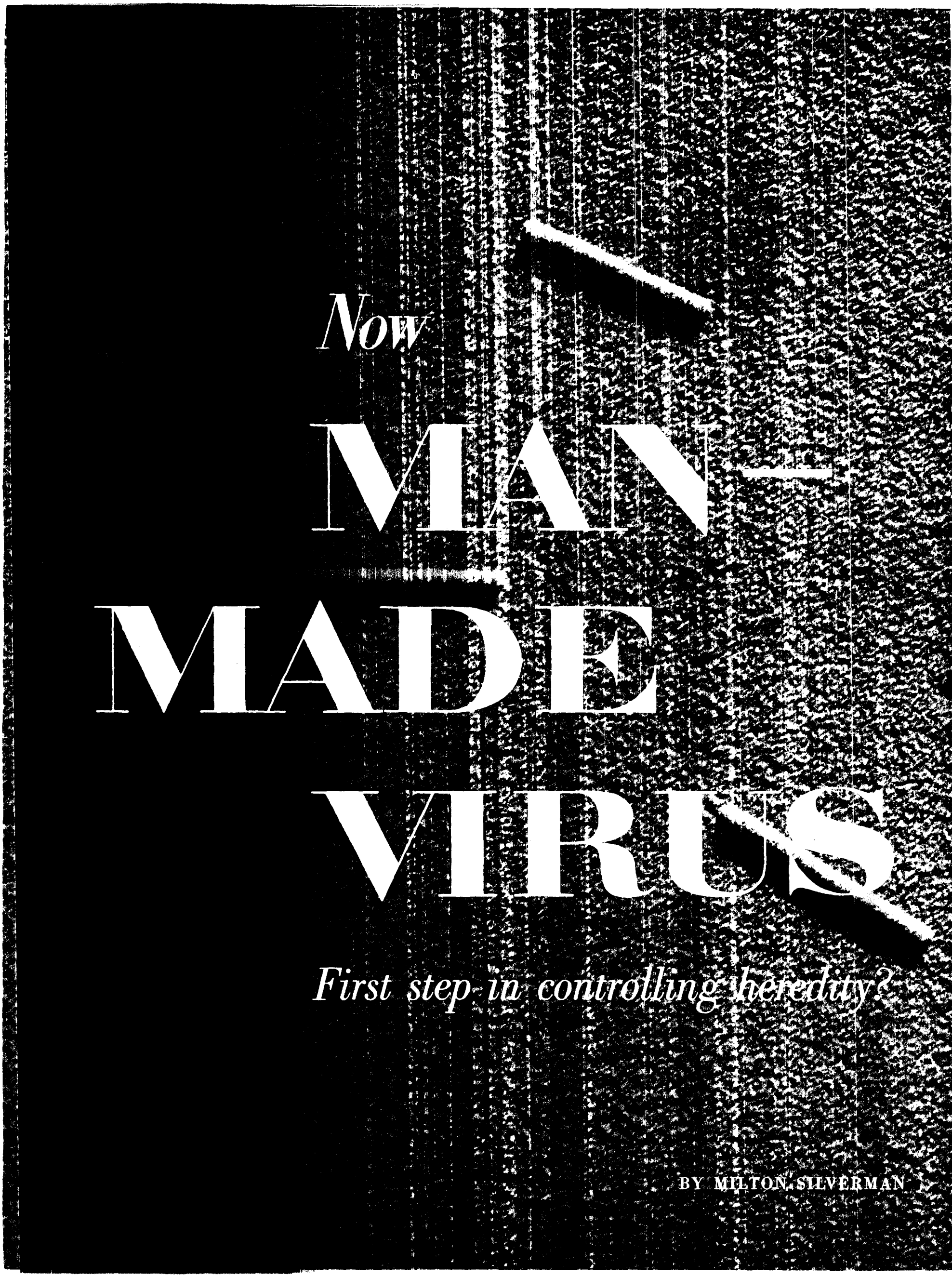

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The cylinders in background of page at left are the tobacco mosaic viruses which were man-made; they were produced at University of California Virus Laboratory and photographed by electron microscope of Dr. Robley Williams (below). Dr. Wendell Stanley, director of lab (r.), holds enough polio virus to infect ten billion people

A historic five minutes put within man's power the two chemicals which contain life's spark

Last year in a carefully isolated laboratory in Berkeley, California, a biochemist mixed a few drops of two clear liquids. These watery solutions contained two apparently dead, inert compounds. But within five minutes the mixture was no longer clear and colorless. It had become cloudy with a strange, shining whiteness. Daubed on the leaves of plants, the new chemical began to reproduce—as if it were a living thing. It multiplied at a phenomenal rate, infecting, maiming and destroying cells of healthy plants.

This was a stunning moment in the long history of man's attempts to unravel the secret of life itself. For the first time, a scientist had produced in a test tube a virus, one of the simplest living mechanisms, but one which can grow and reproduce, which can transmit its hereditary characteristics and undergo evolutionary changes.

Those historic five minutes mean a probability within the next few years of practical, new weapons against some of the most baffling and dangerous of infections—the virus diseases, like influenza and polio. And they mean a breath-taking possibility for the future—that man can, by manipulating the chemicals which represent the spark of life, control the characteristics which each of us inherits—our temperaments and physical features.

In the Virus Laboratory at the University of California that day, the biochemist mixed two chemicals to produce his active virus. His success will someday presumably enable biochemists to manipulate the genes and chromosomes, the units of heredity in every living cell, since these are composed of chemicals much like those used to form the virus.

Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, Nobel-prize-winning director of the laboratory, explains in these restrained but startling words: "The viruses hold the key to the modification—for better or worse—of all life. They hold the key to the secret of the nature of life, to the solution of the cancer problem, to biological evolution, to the understanding and control of heredity, perhaps to the nature of all future life on this earth.

"Here we have potential control over the germ plasm of all life," Stanley continues. "Here we have the possibility of modifying or changing, by chemical means, microbes and plants and animals. We can now begin to conceive of the chemical control of evolution."

On the one hand, this could mean the development of devastating, man-made infections to be used as military weapons in a future war. On the other hand, it could bring better and more nutritious crops, disease-resistant plants, improved strains of animals, and stronger, healthier human beings free from congenital ailments and deformities.

Stanley emphasizes the other, more immediate, benefit of the virus production experiment—a probable break-through in the near future against the viruses, which he calls "this last, great, unconquered area of infectious disease." The understanding and control of the chemicals which make up a virus will eventually lead to vaccines and drugs against all these diseases. And he goes on to point out that "this kind of research is a matter in which evolution and polio and the common cold, and even possibly cancer, are all rolled up in one package. A marked advance in one field on the virus front will almost surely be a useful advance in other fields."

More than 300 different virus diseases are known today. In man, they include influenza, yellow fever, rabies, encephalitis, virus pneumonia, smallpox, mumps, measles, polio and the common cold. In animals, they involve cattle plague, foot-and-mouth disease, distemper and hog cholera. In plants, there are such ailments as the mosaic disease of tobacco and those which wilt and shrivel tomatoes, peaches and citrus fruit. In addition, viruses are known to cause several types of cancer in rabbits, chickens and mice, and there is increasing suspicion that they may play a deadly role in at least some kinds of cancer in human beings.

To medical men, the virus diseases are particularly fearsome. Few can be satisfactorily prevented by any known vaccine. None can be cured by any known drug. Even the sulfa drugs and the antibiotics like penicillin, used with such brilliant results against bacteria-caused infections, are essentially worthless against the viruses.

Dr. Stanley and his skilled co-workers are attacking this "unconquered disease area" in their magnificently equipped laboratory, which has been housed since 1952 in the upper half of a five-story building and is stocked with electron microscopes, ultracentrifuges, X-ray equipment, a mass spectrometer, cold rooms, isolation greenhouses, isotope equipment for "hot atom" studies, and tissue-culture facilities.

"*Keep Out,*" say the signs on the fifth floor. "*Infectious Disease.*" Here,

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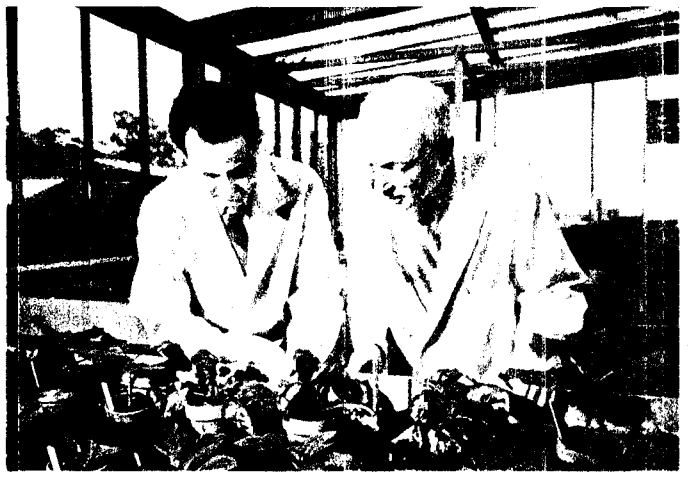
VIRUS continued from page 75

The lab made a hybrid virus—and got a key to control of the "last unconquered area of infectious disease"



Drs. Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat and Stanley with virus-blighted tobacco

in special laboratories, the scientists daily deal in the raw materials of death, nurturing the crippling or killing virus strains which might—unless precautions were taken—infect shrubbery, animals or citizens of the community.

But none of the dangerous substances are allowed to escape from the laboratories. When the workers are doing research on so-called "hot" strains of virus, they enter their laboratories through an anteroom where they leave their street clothes. Then they pass through an air lock and put on their coats or gowns. At the end of the day, they remove their laboratory garments, step into a shower where they scrub, and finally step into the anteroom to don their street clothes once again.

Air pumped into the special laboratories is first washed, filtered and irradiated with ultraviolet light. Outgoing air is also irradiated and passed through a grid heater to burn out any contamination. All equipment is sterilized by live steam under pressure, and all plant and animal material used in the experiments is reduced to ashes in a special crematory furnace.

Precisely what is a virus?

PROBABLY THE SIMPLEST definition is "a living chemical." This is undoubtedly simple enough, although it doesn't satisfy all scientists, partly because the larger viruses overlap the smallest bacteria in size but primarily because there is no agreement among them—or among anybody else—on an exact definition of life.

A virus belongs in the mysterious twilight zone between life and death, between the cells of the biologist and the molecules of the chemist. A typical virus particle is smaller than the smallest living bacteria, but larger than the largest protein molecule. Polio virus particles, for example, are so small that 2,500 of them could be lined up across the *point* of a pin.

No matter whether they attack man, beast, plant or microbe, viruses operate by invading the cells of the victim and becoming chemical masters of ceremonies inside those cells. Somehow they force each cell to alter its chemical activities, and make it produce new virus particles. This may be similar to the change that occurs when a normal cell is changed into a cancer cell.

So far, no one has discerned a virus particle with an ordinary microscope —although some viruses have been photographed with an electron microscope—and no one has succeeded in growing a virus except on living tissue.

A virus particle itself apparently does not eat, or breathe, or move, or react nervously like most living things, but it can reproduce and it can undergo hereditary changes or "mutations."

These hereditary changes are of more than academic interest to virus scientists and public-health experts.

"It is likely," says Stanley, "that one of them was responsible for the catastrophic new strain of influenza virus which mysteriously appeared in 1918, killed some 20,000,000 people in a few months, and then seemed to disappear."

The University of California biochemist, who has probably done more than any other scientist to strip the mystery from the viruses, was born in Ridgeville, Indiana, in 1904, the son of the publisher of the local weekly newspaper. He entered nearby Earlham College, where at odd times he studied chemistry and mathematics, but seemingly devoted most of his efforts to throwing and catching a football. One Saturday morning he visited the University of Illinois, hoping to see Red Grange. Instead, he met Professor Roger Adams, one of the nation's most distinguished chemists and head of the chemistry department at Illinois. Adams induced Stanley to give up football and enter his department as a graduate student.

Stanley remained at Illinois for four years, winding up with a doctor's degree in chemistry, and a bride, the former Marian Jay, who was his laboratory colleague. In 1931 the young couple moved to New York, where Stanley had been appointed assistant in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute. His assignment concerned a tricky analysis which presumably would keep him busy for a year or two. After six weeks of work, he had the problem solved. He walked into the office of the director, Dr. Simon Flexner, and asked for a new asingment.

"We've got our new laboratory opening down at Princeton," Flexner said. "They want somebody down there to work on the chemistry of viruses. Are you interested?"

"I might be. But what are viruses?"

"Dr. Stanley," Flexner replied, "nobody really knows what viruses are. It will be your job to find out."

Scientists had been trying to find out something about viruses ever since 1892, when the first of the strange agents—that virus which causes mosaic disease in tobacco plants—was detected by a Russian scientist, Dmitri Iwanowski. This young investigator actually reported the "most astounding observation" that the tobacco infection was caused by something so small that it would pass through a filter fine enough to trap any known microbe. Unfortunately, Iwanowski ruined the impact of his discovery by refusing to believe it himself; he suggested that something must have gone wrong with his equipment.

Six years later, a Dutch investigator named Martinus Willem Beijerinck independently made the same observation with the tobacco mosaic virus, but he had faith in his own results, insisted they were accurate, and accordingly is generally recognized today as the discoverer of the viruses.

Quickly other diseases—foot-and-mouth disease in cattle and yellow fever in man—were also found to be caused by viruses, and the virus rush was on. For the next 30 years or so, virus experts devoted themselves mainly to finding new viruses, learning how they were carried by mosquitoes and flies and lice, and seeing how they attacked the brains, spleens and livers of their victims. There were a few preliminary attempts to determine the size of these strange things, and to see how they were affected by chemicals, but otherwise the true nature of the viruses remained a complete, tantalizing mystery. No one knew whether they were incredibly small organisms or fantastically active chemicals.

Stanley started work in this chaotic, controversial field in 1932. He began with the tobacco mosaic virus—it was readily available, it could be grown in enormous quantities on tobacco plants, it was highly infectious, and it could be measured with considerable accuracy—and began to purify and concentrate it. In the short time of two and a half years, he came up with the astonishing answer.

He had finally trapped the elusive virus.

He had it in the bottom of a test tube—a clump of shining white crystals that looked like so much sugar or Epsom salts.

THE MYSTERIOUS VIRUS, then, was not an exceedingly small microbe but a chemical with truly fantastic properties. Its crystals could be stored in a bottle on a laboratory shelf for long periods without change, but when they were dissolved again in water, diluted as much as a million million times, and daubed on the leaves of tobacco plants, they would multiply and spread with unbelievable speed.

"Under the proper conditions," Stanley said, "these crystals seemingly had the power to spring into lifelike activity."

Stanley first showed that the tobacco mosaic virus was some kind of protein. Later the virus was proved to be a nucleoprotein, composed of protein plus nucleic acid, and therefore was related to those heredity carriers, the genes and chromosomes, which are also nucleoproteins and which are self-duplicating chemicals. And then Stanley and Dr. Arthur Knight carefully analyzed several different viruses, and several different strains of the same virus, and found small but significant chemical differences between them.

"For the first time," they said afterward, "it was possible to correlate definite changes in chemical structure with hereditary mutations. We had our entering wedge into the chemical study of heredity." And they had a start toward chemical control of heredity.

The scientists suggested that the sudden appearance and disappearance of a deadly strain of influenza virus, the conversion of the virulent smallpox virus into the mild cowpox virus, and the sudden appearance of a killing strain of polio virus were all heredity changes—all caused by small but vital changes in the chemical structure of the disease agents.

"Once we learn to control these changes," Stanley said, "we will have in our grasp the power to produce virus strains with great destructiveness, as well as the power to produce mild strains with the greatest practical value for medicine."

Such mild strains are particularly valuable in the development of disease-preventing vaccines. Stanley himself became involved in vaccines early in

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World War II when the Rockefeller Institute was asked to change its virus research and create a safe, potent vaccine against influenza. Stanley and his co-workers immediately shelved their tobacco mosaic work, turned to influenza virus, and quickly developed a highly purified, highly potent vaccine which has since been used successfully on millions of Americans.

For his discoveries—notably the first crystallization of a virus and the proof of its chemical nature—Stanley was awarded the 1946 Nobel Prize in Chemistry and a host of other prizes and honorary degrees.

ONE OF THESE honorary degrees was awarded to him by the University of California. Flying westward to collect this honor in the spring of 1946, he was grounded for several hours at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Along with him was a tall, deep-voiced man who introduced himself as Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California.

"We'll meet officially when I hand you that degree," Sproul said, "but we won't have much chance to visit then. Let's sit down here and talk."

Urged by the university president, Stanley enthusiastically described his work, his ideas for future research, and his hopes to see a great new institute for virus studies. Three hours later, when the men were finally told that their plane was ready for departure, Sproul said to him, "You've got some exciting plans. Maybe we can help you do something about them."

The outcome of that unplanned conference in the Cheyenne airport was the creation of the University of California Virus Laboratory, with Wendell Stanley as its director. The largest institute of its kind in the world, devoted entirely to fundamental virus research, the $2,000,000 laboratory was financed by the state of California and by special grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, the American Cancer Society, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the American Cyanamid Company.

Working now in this laboratory are about 60 scientists, including some of the world's most distinguished virus experts.

Typical of the laboratory's outstanding research is Dr. Robley Williams' virus-photography work, and the isolation, identification and finally the crystallization of polio virus, which is now leading to improved polio vaccines. In still other investigations, Stanley and his colleagues are studying other viruses which cause infectious diseases, which cause cancer in experimental animals, and which may possibly control cancer. Their goal is a chemical understanding of these viruses, of how they operate, how they multiply, how they cripple and kill their victims.

"Once we find—chemically—how a virus can cause a disease," says the scientist, "then we may be able to change the virus chemically and use it as a vaccine to prevent the disease. Once we find—chemically—how a virus can cause a cancer, then we may be able to change the virus chemically and use it against cancer."

It was this basic, fundamental research program which led the University of California workers to the recent feat of taking the two apparently lifeless, inert chemicals and combining them in a test tube to re-create the tobacco mosaic virus, that historic experiment which may well be man's first major step on the way to synthetic life.

The experiment was conducted by Dr. Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat, a German-born biochemist and physician, who came to the laboratory in 1952.

Before Fraenkel-Conrat performed his test-tube wizardry on the tobacco mosaic virus, electron photographs made at the University of California suggested that the tobacco mosaic virus is an enormous molecule composed of a protein coiled like a tight spring around an inner filament of nucleic acid. Other experiments had shown that, in the test tube, one chemical treatment would chew off the outer coating of protein, leaving the inner nucleic-acid filaments intact, while a different chemical treatment would largely spare the protein but completely ruin the nucleic acid.

These were the discoveries that formed the basis for Fraenkel-Conrat's experiment—plus an ample measure of care, ingenuity and good luck.

In March of 1955, he took a solution of tobacco mosaic virus and treated it with a synthetic detergent—a soapless soap—at just the right temperature for just the right time. This chewed off the outer coating of protein and practically pulverized it, leaving the nucleic acid unharmed.

Then he took another solution of tobacco mosaic virus and treated it with alkali, at just the right temperature for just the right time. This broke the protein into relatively large chunks, but it demolished the nucleic acid.

He checked each of these two solutions. Under the electron microscope, Dr. Williams found no sign of intact virus in either solution. Neither of the solutions infected tobacco plants when tested in the usual way. Both solutions were seemingly "dead."

Then, predicting to a laboratory assistant, "This is ridiculous—it can't possibly work," Fraenkel-Conrat mixed the two solutions in what he calculated to be the proper proportions and adjusted the acid concentration.

In a few minutes, his assistant said, "Something's happening. The solution is getting shiny and opalescent."

That was on a Thursday. On Friday morning, the mixture was carried to the experimental greenhouse on the roof and delicately applied to the tender new leaves of young tobacco plants. On Monday morning, the treated leaves were speckled with hundreds of tiny, gray-black dots. The strange chemical produced in the test tube was clearly on the rampage, growing on the leaves, spreading like a plague and multiplying at a fantastic rate.

The scientist wrote hopefully in his notebook: *"Synthetic virus!"*

Later, additional evidence came from electron microscope photographs which revealed the presence of rod-shaped virus particles in the solution.

This is not truly a complete synthesis. By using relatively complex starting materials—hunks of protein and intact nucleic acid—Fraenkel-Conrat achieved what he and other chemists describe as a partial synthesis or reconstitution. But he and his fellow investigators claim there is no reason why both a protein and a nucleic acid cannot be synthesized eventually from scratch and then combined to form a virus in a total synthesis.

BY SEPTEMBER OF 1955, Fraenkel-Conrat had taken the protein from one strain of tobacco mosaic virus and the nucleic acid from a different strain, combined them, and obtained a synthetic "hybrid" virus.

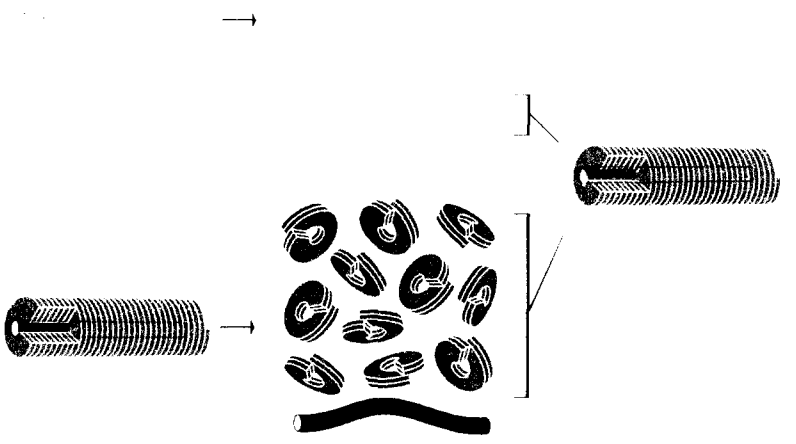
Last February he also revealed that the nucleic acid calls the signals on which disease—mosaic disease, for example, or measles—will be produced. It also appeared that the protein may determine which victim—a tobacco plant or a petunia—will be attacked. More recent evidence has indicated that the nucleic acid alone, under certain conditions, can cause infection.

So far, it has been impossible to create a hybrid which will breed true, but many of the University of California scientists are convinced that this task, the chemical production of heritable changes, will eventually be accomplished by altering the nucleic-acid structure. This alteration may sound like just one more step in some reasonably tricky chemistry, perhaps like making a somewhat better cortisone or a slightly more explosive bomb. It is infinitely more than that. Because of the close relationship between the nucleic acids in viruses and the nucleic acids in genes and chromosomes, the control of these complex chemicals may give man a power beyond his wildest dreams.

"You begin to get the idea," one scientist said, "when you realize that in the detailed structure of these few molecules lies the difference between a healthy cell and a sick cell, or a normal cell and a cancer cell, or Jack the Ripper and a buttercup."

For this reason, claims Wendell Stanley, the viruses offer knowledge that may make the atomic bomb and nuclear energy pale into insignificance. They are providing major clues to the secret of life itself. THE END

The death—and rebirth—of two strains of a virus



How two strains of a virus are put together to make a hybrid virus is indicated by this diagram. The tobacco mosaic virus has two parts, a cover of protein coiled about a rod of nucleic acid. Two strains of this virus are shown at left with protein partially cut away to reveal inner filament of acid. Each strain in turn is then broken down (center), and the acid rod of the upper strain is recombined with reconstituted protein of the other strain to produce hybrid

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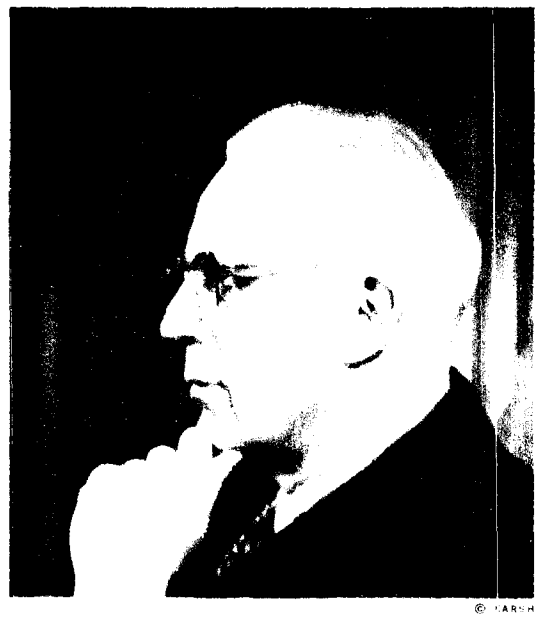
A SLUR ON A GREAT AMERICAN



Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States

EVER SINCE GOVERNOR EARL WARREN of California was nominated as Chief Justice of the United States and confirmed, without a dissenting vote, by the Senate, certain elements have been sniping at him in an obvious effort to discredit him with the American people.

Two leaders of the malcontents—Senator James O. Eastland (D-Miss.) and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis.)—put words to their feelings recently and suggested that the Chief Justice was linked to the Communist party in some kind of close, if undefined, spiritual liaison.

"I'm not accusing him of being a party member," said Eastland, "but he takes the same position they do when he says the Communist party is just another political party."

Said McCarthy: "In their [the Communists'] book, Earl Warren is a hero. I don't accuse him of being a Communist, but there is something radically wrong with him. The court has sunk to a new low since Warren took over."

The matter under immediate discussion was a Supreme Court decision holding, in effect, that President Eisenhower had gone beyond the intent of Congress when he undertook to apply a security statute to all government employees. The Supreme Court ruled it was Congress' intent, in passing the law, to make only those in sensitive positions subject to summary security dismissal.

The decision was not written by Chief Justice Warren; the majority opinion was presented by Justice John Marshall Harlan. Congress, in any event, had ready recourse: it could, if it desired, specify its intentions one way or the other. But Senators McCarthy and Eastland quite obviously had another objective that day aside from the refocusing of a particular law. They wanted to discredit Earl Warren.

"I don't accuse him of being a Communist, but . . ."

Let's look at these words. This is a sly, crooked phrase, about as close as a man can come, within the laws of libel, to accusing another man of treason without having a shred of stuff to back it up. It implies that Earl Warren is, or has been, tainted in some degree with Communism. This is nonsense—a slippery, smearing, dangerous kind of nonsense.

The Supreme Court is today, as it has been since our founding fathers established our tripartite system of government nearly two centuries ago, the bulwark of strength of our American system of liberty. Any man nominated to be its Chief Justice must undergo the most searching scrutiny by our Senate. Earl Warren underwent this searching scrutiny three years ago, without the discovery of a single bit of adverse evidence sufficient to cause one senator to raise a hand to protest his confirmation. On the contrary, the record of Earl Warren as laid before the nation and illuminated by the Senate hearings is that of one of the great living Americans.

Warren came to national prominence as a racket-busting district attorney of Alameda County. He rose to attorney general and was three times elected governor of California. His social philosophy differed then, as now, from that of the reactionary wing of his own Republican party, as it differed, then as now, from that of the Eastland brand of Democrat. Here is the essence of that philosophy as he once related it to the problems facing the Republican party:

"I think a lot of Republicans have been careless and politically foolish in the way they have confused social progress with Socialism. In my opinion it does the party harm to yell about Socialism every time a government, federal, state or local, does something to serve its people in the fields of health, job security, old-age security, child care, conservation, intelligent use of water resources or in any other general fields in which government today must operate because individuals can't do what is needed for the greatest good of the greatest number.

"I am totally opposed to Socialism, which means abolition of the free competitive enterprise system, government control of property, government regulation of daily lives, and eventually dictatorship. A Socialist nation cannot possibly continue for long without dictatorial powers invested in its administrators. But social progress is a process within the limits of our constitution, and our entire system of freedom. I am convinced that social progress is the only way under freedom to avoid periodic excesses. A free society is dynamic. It will not tolerate stagnation. It demands progressive change.

"A mistake is made in trying to smear the word 'welfare.' If I were a private citizen I'd be pretty sore at my government if it were not concerned about my welfare. That's what government is for. That's what the preamble to the Constitution says our government is framed for—to promote the general welfare. In my opinion, if the Republican party is to enjoy the confidence of the people, we must convince them that it is concerned with their welfare, and that it stands for sensible social progress."

As a part of his concern for the public welfare Warren has believed deeply in justice for the individual: ". . . one law for all men and equal opportunity in life for all men."

Out of these deep convictions have sprung the major works of his career: his programs for the care of the mentally ill, reform of the prisons and prison system; establishment of California's highly successful State Adult Authority and State Youth Authority; the massive improvement of the state's education system, and the raising of teachers' salaries; the programs for improved care of the aged, and alleviating the plight of California's large migratory agricultural population.

Out of these convictions, in another sense, sprang his immense highway-building program, along with the most economical and efficiently run government the state had ever seen.

Out of these convictions, too, came Warren's stubborn refusal to require the faculty of the University of California to take a special loyalty oath not required of other groups; out of them came the Supreme Court decisions, so rankling to Senator Eastland, requiring an end of segregation in the public schools; out of them came his concurrence in the Harlan opinion calling, in effect, for due process of law in the removal of suspected disloyal persons from nonsensitive government jobs.

Chief Justice Warren, on testimony of his close associates, regards his job as supremely important—not less so than that of the President. If the President's responsibility is to run the nation from day to day and year to year, it is the responsibility of the Chief Justice and his colleagues, in Warren's judgment, to make certain that the nation moves on to the future with its principles and the precious heritage of its founders intact.

The Justices of the Supreme Court are human, and not sacrosanct. There is room for any honest man to disagree with their decisions or their viewpoints. But when any man wrapping himself in the toga of a United States senator implies, baselessly, that an infection of Communism exists in the Supreme Court he is going far beyond mere personal disagreement; he is undermining the confidence of the American people in their own government.

Fortunately, enough dust has settled since Senator McCarthy's heyday for the vast majority of Americans to see clearly that this kind of reckless, baseless slur works to the same end that the Communists, with their own reckless, cynical tactics, have been striving toward for years. This is why we have long considered Senator McCarthy the best friend the Kremlin has in the United States.

The protection of our liberties and institutions from the tactics and insinuations of the McCarthys and Eastlands is just as important as their protection from the Marxist-Leninist cynicism of fellow travelers. Happily, the American people have been working effectively on both fronts. Communists and fellow travelers have been steadily weeded out of the government by the lawful devices available for that purpose, while the indecencies of McCarthy and Eastland have fallen steadily into deeper disrepute.

We are not desperately concerned for Chief Justice Warren; the mud will wash off without leaving a stain on the reputation of this fine American. We simply want to nail any last-minute desperate effort by the frantic fringe to reverse the healthy trend toward sound, civilized Americanism.

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What's *your*
warm weather favorite?

Gin Rickey — *Gin and Tonic* — *Tom Collins* — *Dry Martini* — *Gin Fizz*

Gin and Tonic threatens Tom Collins

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Hiram Walker goes to the ends of the earth—to Spain, Morocco, Italy, and Indo-China—for choice botanicals. Imported in vintage years, the botanicals are used in the world's largest beverage distillery to create a gin of special quality and rare delicacy.

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WITH IMPORTED BOTANICALS
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